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CONTENTS.

	PAGE		PAGE
Alaska, Colonial Lessons of, <i>David Starr Jordan</i>	577	Confessions of a Summer Colonist, <i>W. D. Howells</i>	742
Alcalde's Visit, The, <i>Mrs. Schuyler Crowninshield</i>	697	Confessions of Three School Superintendents	644
America, England and, <i>A. V. Dicey</i>	441	Control of the Tropics, The United States and the, <i>Benjamin Kidd</i>	721
America, The Essential Unity of Britain and, <i>James Bryce</i>	22	Correspondence of George Sand, The, <i>Irving Babbitt</i>	569
American Commerce, New Opportunities for, <i>Worthington C. Ford</i>	321	Decadence of Spain, The, <i>Henry Charles Lea</i>	36
American Evolution, The, <i>James K. Hosmer</i>	29	Development of our Foreign Policy, The, <i>Horace N. Fisher</i>	552
American Science, Fifty Years of, <i>W. J. McGee</i>	307	Driftwood, <i>H. Phelps Whitmarsh</i>	221
Among the Animals of the Yosemite, <i>John Muir</i>	617	End of the War, and After, The	430
Among the Birds of the Yosemite, <i>John Muir</i>	751	England and America, <i>A. V. Dicey</i>	441
Anglo-American Friendship, The, <i>Carl Schurz</i>	433	English Culture, The Proper Basis of, <i>Sidney Lanier</i>	165
Animals of the Yosemite, Among the, <i>John Muir</i>	617	English Historical Grammar, <i>Mark H. Liddell</i>	98
Art, Psychology and, <i>Hugo Münsterberg</i>	632	Essential Unity of Britain and America, The, <i>James Bryce</i>	22
Aspects of Thackeray, Some, <i>Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.</i>	707	European Experience with Tropical Colonies, <i>W. Alleyne Ireland</i>	729
Astronomer, Reminiscences of an, <i>Simon Newcomb</i>	244, 384, 519	Fifty Years of American Science, <i>W. J. McGee</i>	307
At Natural Bridge, Virginia, <i>Bradford Torrey</i>	112, 257	Foreign Policy, The Development of our, <i>Horace N. Fisher</i>	552
At the Twelfth Hour: A Tale of a Battle, <i>Joseph A. Altsheler</i>	541	Gladstone	1
Autobiography of a Revolutionist, The, <i>P. Kropotkin</i>	346, 472, 761	Government of Newly Acquired Territory, Our, <i>Carl Evans Boyd</i>	735
Bagehot, Walter. See Wit and a Seer, A.		Howe, Julia Ward, Reminiscences of, <i>Julia Ward Howe</i>	833
Battle of the Strong, The, <i>Gilbert Parker</i>	78, 269, 394, 500, 654, 839	Hunt, Leigh, and Stevenson, Some New Letters by, <i>Ethel Alleyne Ireland</i>	122
Bellamy, Edward, <i>W. D. Howells</i>	253	Intellectual Movement in the West, The, <i>Hamilton Wright Mabie</i>	592
Birds, Flowers, and People, <i>Bradford Torrey</i>	489	Jew in America, The Russian, <i>Abraham Cahan</i>	128
Birds of the Yosemite, Among the, <i>John Muir</i>	751	Kropotkin, Prince, <i>Robert Erskine Ely</i>	338
Bismarck, <i>William Roscoe Thayer</i>	411	Landscape as a Means of Culture, The, <i>N. S. Shaler</i>	777
Bismarck as a National Type, <i>Kuno Francke</i>	560	Lawyer with a Style, A, <i>Woodrow Wilson</i>	363
Botching Shakespeare, <i>Mark H. Liddell</i>	461	Letters by Leigh Hunt and Stevenson, Some New, <i>Ethel Alleyne Ireland</i>	122
Britain and America, The Essential Unity of, <i>James Bryce</i>	22	Letters of Carlyle, Unpublished, <i>Charles Townsend Copeland</i>	289, 445, 673, 785
Burne-Jones, Sir Edward, <i>William Sharp</i>	375	Lights and Shades of Spanish Character, <i>Irving Babbitt</i>	190
Byron, An Unpublished Poem by, <i>Pierre la Rose</i>	810	Little Henry and his Bearer, <i>Flora Annie Steel</i>	814
Byron, The Wholesome Revival of, <i>Paul Elmer More</i>	801	Money, War and: Some Lessons of 1862, <i>J. Lawrence Laughlin</i>	47
California and the Californians, <i>David Starr Jordan</i>	793	My Friend Ah-Chy, <i>Christina Ritchie</i>	197
Carlyle, Unpublished Letters of, <i>Charles Townsend Copeland</i>	289, 445, 673, 785	Natural Bridge, Virginia, At, <i>Bradford Torrey</i>	112, 257
Carlyle as a Letter-Writer, <i>Charles Townsend Copeland</i>	687	Navy in the War with Spain, The, <i>Ira Nelson Hollis</i>	605
China, The Vivisection of, <i>Elisée Reclus</i>	329	Neglected Aspects of the Revolutionary War, Some, <i>Charles Kendall Adams</i>	174
Colonial Lessons of Alaska, <i>David Starr Jordan</i>	577	New Letters by Leigh Hunt and Stevenson, Some, <i>Ethel Alleyne Ireland</i>	122
Colonies, European Experience with Tropical, <i>W. Alleyne Ireland</i>	729	Newly Acquired Territory, Our Government of, <i>Carl Evans Boyd</i>	735
Commerce, New Opportunities for American, <i>Worthington C. Ford</i>	321	New Opportunities for American Commerce, <i>Worthington C. Ford</i>	321
Commodore, The, <i>Justine Ingersoll</i>	235		

Old World in the New, The, <i>Benjamin Ide Wheeler</i>	145	Spanish Character, Lights and Shades of, <i>Irving Babbitt</i>	190
Our Government of Newly Acquired Territory, <i>Carl Evans Boyd</i>	735	Stevenson, Some New Letters by Leigh Hunt and, <i>Ethel Alleyne Ireland</i>	122
Proper Basis of English Culture, The, <i>Sidney Lanier</i>	165	Summer Colonist, Confessions of a, <i>W. D. Howells</i>	742
Psychology and Art, <i>Hugo Münsterberg</i>	632	Ten Beautiful Years, <i>Mary Knight Potter</i>	822
Reminiscences of an Astronomer, <i>Simon Newcomb</i>	244, 384, 519	Thackeray, Some Aspects of, <i>Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.</i>	707
Reminiscences of Julia Ward Howe, <i>Julia Ward Howe</i>	833	Three School Superintendents, Confessions of	644
Revolutionary War, Some Neglected Aspects of the, <i>Charles Kendall Adams</i>	174	Tinkling Simlins, The, <i>Mary Tracy Earle</i>	225
Revolutionist, The Autobiography of a, <i>P. Kropotkin</i>	346, 472, 761	Trend of the Century, The, <i>Seth Low</i>	153
Riley's, Mr., Poetry, <i>Bliss Carman</i>	424	United States and the Control of the Tropics, The, <i>Benjamin Kidd</i>	721
Rostand, M. Edmond, <i>Ellery Sedgwick</i>	826	Unity of Britain and America, The Essential, <i>James Bryce</i>	22
Russian Jew in America, The, <i>Abraham Cahan</i>	128	Unpublished Letters of Carlyle, <i>Charles Townsend Copeland</i>	289, 445, 673, 785
Sand, George, The Correspondence of, <i>Irving Babbitt</i>	569	Unpublished Poem by Byron, An, <i>Pierre la Rose</i>	810
School Superintendents, Confessions of Three	644	Vivisection of China, The, <i>Elisée Reclus</i>	329
Science, Fifty Years of American, <i>W J McGee</i>	307	War, and After, The End of the	430
Shakespeare, Botching, <i>Mark H. Liddell</i>	461	War and Money: Some Lessons of 1862, <i>J. Laurence Laughlin</i>	47
Some Aspects of Thackeray, <i>Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr.</i>	707	War with Spain, The Navy in the, <i>Ira Nelson Hollis</i>	605
Some Neglected Aspects of the Revolutionary War, <i>Charles Kendall Adams</i>	174	Where Angels Fear to Tread, <i>Morgan Robertson</i>	206
Some New Letters by Leigh Hunt and Stevenson, <i>Ethel Alleyne Ireland</i>	122	Wholesome Revival of Byron, The, <i>Paul Elmer More</i>	801
Soul's Pilgrimage, A: Extracts from an Autobiography, <i>C. F. B. Miel</i>	62	Wife of his Youth, The, <i>Charles W. Chesnut</i>	55
Spain, The Decadence of, <i>Henry Charles Lea</i>	36	Wit and a Seer, A, <i>Woodrow Wilson</i>	527
Spain, The Navy in the War with, <i>Ira Nelson Hollis</i>	605	Yosemite, Among the Animals of the, <i>John Muir</i>	617
		Yosemite, Among the Birds of the, <i>John Muir</i>	751

POETRY.

After the Day's Business, <i>Richard Hovey</i>	288	Old Homes, <i>Madison Cawein</i>	855
Craven, <i>Henry Newbolt</i>	284	Quatrain, <i>John Albert Macy</i>	776
Democracy, <i>William Prescott Foster</i>	287	Sermon of the Rose, The, <i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	429
Glamour, <i>Elizabeth Wilder</i>	540	Soil-Song, <i>John B. Tabb</i>	393
Happiness, <i>Josephine Preston Peabody</i>	855	Summer Died Last Night, <i>Maude Caldwell Perry</i>	750
In Bay Street, <i>Bliss Carman</i>	108	To Those who Know, <i>Henrietta Christian Wright</i>	362
Messmates, <i>Henry Newbolt</i>	616	Youngest Son of his Father's House, The, <i>Anna Hempstead Branch</i>	110
Name of Old Glory, The, <i>James Whitcomb Riley</i>	727		
Neptunian, <i>P. H. Savage</i>	285		
Night, <i>Katharine Coolidge</i>	288		
Old Broideries, <i>Josephine Preston Peabody</i>	286		

CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

Bibliomania, Concerning	141	Scorning Shakespeare's Marriage Dictum	860
Heroine of the Future, The	139	Two Stages of a Hero, The.	859
Last Chapter, The	856		

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GLADSTONE.

AMONG the countrymen of Mr. Gladstone it will be long before even-minded views can be taken of his character, his genius, and his career. They will remember him as he appeared to them in the heat of passionate conflicts, like St. Michael in the eyes of one party, like Apollyon in the sight of the other; and the good and great imperfect man that he was is little likely to be shown in truth to either. Nor will his work be justly measured or the spirit of his life revealed by cold criticism from Germany and France. More than other public men of our time he needs to be studied with a sympathy dispassionate but warm, and with an interest impartially keen. If such a study is possible anywhere, it ought to be possible in America, and the purpose of this article is to make the attempt.

On the side of both father and mother Mr. Gladstone was of purely Scottish descent: "half Highland and half Lowland," as stated by himself; half Celtic and half Teutonic, as the significance of the fact may be better expressed. His remote paternal ancestors were lairds of considerable estate, but the ancient stem had thrown branches into trade, and the statesman sprang from one of those. John Gladstone, his father, began life and commercial experience at Leith, but removed to Liverpool at the age of twenty-two, and entered, in the corn trade, upon a career of great success. He passed in due time to the front rank of the merchant princes of the

rising city, and became a man of both weight and power, as much by the force of his character as by the measure of his wealth. When the oracles of Liverpool were questioned, as they often were, by heads of government and committees of Parliament, on matters of fact and policy touching finance and trade, John Gladstone was sure to be heard. His interests had passed far beyond the trade in corn. He was a sugar-planter, with great estates and many hundreds of slaves, in Jamaica and Demerara; he was an owner of ships; he had capital in banks, and varied ventures in many parts of the world. Nor did the powerful, pushing Scotchman confine the working of his energy to these money-getting affairs. He was active and aggressive in the politics of the day,—conspicuous in the hottest fighting, and continually exposed to the roughest handling in local caricature and abuse. He came to Liverpool, it is said, a Presbyterian and a Whig. He had grown to be a Churchman and a Tory of the stiffest creed. Political distinction was beyond the reach of such talents as he possessed, but as one of the pillars of the party his standing was marked, and he received a baronetcy for reward. He sat in Parliament twice (elected in 1818 and 1820), not for his own city, but for more pliant boroughs at Lancaster and Woodstock, and had little to say or do in the great assembly, so far as can now be seen.

Apparently, Sir John Gladstone was

a man of more force than fineness in the qualities that marked his character. Even seventy years ago the best of moral fibre could not reasonably be looked for in a British capitalist who drew profit from the labor of slaves. If the slave-owning of the elder Gladstone had been only a minor incident of his undertakings and kept in the background of his life, it might claim little notice; but it took importance from its magnitude, and from the prominence of his opposition to all measures in behalf of the slaves. He maintained the discipline of the lash on his plantations to the last, and his great Demerara estates acquired a sinister notoriety in the abolitionist reports of the day. At the end, when compensated emancipation was decreed by the British Parliament, he received more than £75,000 for the slaves that had been solely his own, besides large shares of payment that came to him through his partnership in other estates.

To this thrifty and resolute Scottish merchant of Liverpool there were born four sons, of whom the youngest was William Ewart, so named after one of the father's Scottish friends. The birth of William Ewart Gladstone occurred on the 29th of December, 1809. Before he reached the age of twelve he was sent to join two of his brothers at Eton, and from Eton he passed to Oxford in January, 1828, entering as a commoner of Christ Church. He came, no doubt, prepared by all the influences of his home, to accept the spirit of the university with a complete surrender to it of heart and mind. He had been reared in an atmosphere of political Toryism, the rank quality of which can easily be conceived. He was now brought into another of like kind, but more penetrating, because of the different elements, scholastic, ecclesiastical, and social, that were subtly distilled into it. Oxford was on the eve of the singular movement of Church revival to which its name was afterward given. The publi-

cation of the Tracts for the Times was not yet begun, but much of the feeling that inspired them must have been already in the air. It is true that Mr. Gladstone has said, in *A Chapter of Autobiography*, that when he resided in Oxford, from 1828 to 1831, "no sign of it [the Tractarian Movement] had yet appeared;" but where Newman was preaching, where Pusey was teaching, and where students like Henry Manning and James Hope (the Hope-Scott of later times) were his close companions, there must have been currents in motion around him that set strongly toward the channels of the agitation of 1833. At all events, it is certain that young Gladstone became inspired at Oxford with a passion of belief in and devotion to the Church. By nature he was strongly inclined, it is clear, to religious feeling, and to the attitude of mind which makes religious faith easy. But there cannot be a doubt that the influence of the university turned most of his natural religious fervor into a kind of passionate Churchmanship, which became the dominant strain in his conservatism, and the dominating force in his life for many subsequent years. To understand this principal and most powerful effect upon him from Oxford is nearly to understand Mr. Gladstone, and perhaps to obtain a key to the most puzzling parts of his career.

While everything in his history has gone to prove that he was formed by nature for the activities and contentions of public life, he felt at the university so strong an impulsion toward clerical duties that nothing but the strenuous opposition of his father, it is said, prevented his taking them up. Nevertheless, he prepared himself well, with the opportunities of Oxford, for his future parliamentary work. He was an excellent student, and grounded himself broadly in the learning which gave an endowment of relief to his laborious years. He made the most of the debating clubs,

where he shone with a distinction that opened Parliament to him almost on the instant of his quitting the university, from which he bore away the high honors of a "double first."

If there was a Tory in England more petrified in his Toryism than any other, it was the Duke of Newcastle. Down to the middle of the year 1832 his Grace had owned, as he conceived, the parliamentary borough of Newark-upon-Trent, dictating the votes of his tenants, and sternly evicting them when they dared to exhibit political opinions of their own. But now his dictatorship in the borough was menaced most seriously by an intermeddling act. The great Reform Bill had been passed, and became law on the 7th of June, 1832, the year in which young Mr. Gladstone finished his studies at Christ Church. That act enlarged the suffrage in every borough, and it animated the independence of tenant voters everywhere. The Duke of Newcastle might still depend upon an influence in Newark too powerful to be easily overcome, but his past security was in doubt. He looked about for some young and ardent mouthpiece of the grim old political faith, whose eloquent, persuasive tongue might help to keep the householders of Newark in line. Young Gladstone was found to satisfy the ducal want, and he received an invitation to stand against a Whig nominee at the coming general election appointed to be held near the end of the year. He accepted the invitation without hesitancy, was duly elected by a considerable majority of votes, and took his seat in that first reformed Parliament of Great Britain which assembled on the 20th of January, 1833.

Here, then, he stood, at the age of twenty-three, — in the doorway of manhood, and yet on the threshold of a political career. Doubtless it seemed a happy fortune that opened Parliament and public life to him so soon, but assuredly it was not. No man of that age,

when half the plantings of boyhood are still unripe in him, is prepared to give binding pledges to any party or creed; least of all is one ready who comes fresh, like the Gladstone lad, from a conservatory culture of the Oxford sort. He needed some years for the maturing of his convictions as his mind matured, and he lost freedom for that. He was committed, — bound fast to the political dogmas of his father, of his university, of his patron the Duke of Newcastle, compelled to make a record on them to which the criticising future would never fail to point.

Nor was this the worst. Macaulay, in his trenchant way, has described the malign intellectual effect of an early cultivation of "the talent for debate." "We should sooner expect," he says, "a great original work on political science — such a work, for example, as the *Wealth of Nations* — from an apothecary in a country town or from a minister in the Hebrides than from a statesman who, ever since he was one-and-twenty, had been a distinguished debater in the House of Commons." The moral mischief that proceeds from the same cause has been pointed out by Mr. Bagehot in his essay on Peel. Neither Macaulay nor Bagehot has overstated the hurt of conscience and mind to which a young politician is exposed, and especially when he enters the arena of parliamentary debate at an immature period of life. Mr. Gladstone was thrust into those dangers at the age of twenty-three. It is necessary to remember the fact, whether we conclude that he resisted and escaped them, or that he suffered by them and bore their marks. All this came upon him, moreover, at precisely the time when England was undergoing an extraordinary emancipation of mind. The passing of the Reform Bill was the breaking of a great dam. The floods were let loose. The old bounds and landmarks were being swept away. The old beaten paths of mental habit were

being broken up. And behind it all was no mere weather-change in the British region of politics, but a tremendous historic readjustment of equilibrium in the moral atmosphere of civilization, bringing everything in the political world, and many things outside of it, into question and dispute. The reactions from the French Revolution were totally spent, and the re-reactions were moving mightily on. But the young man Gladstone, in the midst of the surge and tempest of such a time, alive to it, excited by it, in every fibre of his sensitive being, had been chained fast by the Duke of Newcastle to a stake in the sands! Of course he had no consciousness of his state of duress. He felt free, when he pointed his lance in defense of ground which he could not desert if he would, but the duress was an unfortunate fact.

There was no lack of reformatory work waiting for Earl Grey's Ministry and the reformed Parliament of 1833. Nothing seemed to exist, in Church or State, that did not need to have wrongs, abuses, demoralizations, stupidities, or iniquities reformed out of it. The government and its mixed majority of Whigs and Radicals did their duty with resolution, driving measure after measure through the Commons, and generally through the House of Lords, while the Tory minority, under Peel, as valiantly, but vainly, opposed. Gladstone, of course, flinched from nothing in the opposition. He made his record, with his party, against a clearing out of obnoxious sinecures; against a restriction of flogging in the army; against a removal of Jewish disabilities; against reforming the Irish Church, to diminish its oppressiveness; against admitting Nonconformists to the universities without a religious test; against an inquiry into the operation of the Corn Laws; against shortening the seven years' duration of Parliaments; and, most notably, perhaps, against the immortal act which emanci-

pated every slave in the British colonies on the first day of August, 1834. In opposing this latter measure Mr. Gladstone made his first important speech, taking ground, not against ultimate emancipation, for which he expressed an ardent desire, but against haste in the liberation of the blacks, demanding time for their preparation to be free.

In view of what came after, it was a curious record that he made in those first two years of his parliamentary life, and in no part more curious than in what related to the Irish Church. That Church was an Establishment for the religious satisfaction of about one tenth (then) of the people at whose cost it was maintained. It supported twenty-two bishops, with incomes amounting to £150,000 a year, and fourteen hundred benefices, endowed with £600,000 a year; in addition to which there was levied a "cess," or tax, for its benefit, which yielded £60,000 or £70,000 more. The Ministry proposed to reduce the bishoprics to twelve, to abolish the Church cess, and to tax bishops and benefices for the sum needed to repair churches and meet similar needs. That Gladstone should oppose even a measure so moderate in its approach to common justice and common sense as this was a necessary consequence of the view of the Established Church that he had taken into his mind, and which all his opinions must be forced to fit. "I do not hesitate," he said, in speaking on the bill, — "I do not hesitate to say that I consider that Establishment to be essentially sacred in its nature." As a sacred institution, he could not consent to the touch of a profaning hand upon it. So long as he held that view it determined his stand on all questions of Church grievance in Ireland, on all issues with Dissent in England, and on many questions besides. To loosen its hold on his mind would be to set him intellectually free in many directions and over a sweeping range of political thought.

The ministerial majority in Parliament was made up of incongruous elements that could not act together long. Parties on both sides, in fact, were in a transitional state. There were Whigs who found themselves brought into association with more radicalism, or political liberality, than they liked, and there were Tories who had begun to sicken of the rankness of the Toryism of old times. The name "Tory," indeed, was losing countenance. Mr. John Wilson Croker, in 1831, had suggested the name "Conservative" as a substitute, and the new name was gradually expelling the old from common use, while "Liberal" was soon to obtain recognition as the naturally opposite term. In a slow but sure way, old Whigs too sharply driven and younger Tories too sharply curbed were getting ready, without knowing it, for an exchange of place. Meantime, both parties were shambling along in a loose, undisciplined way, hard to control. After several changes in his cabinet, Lord Grey resigned in July, 1834, and the Ministry was reorganized, with Lord Melbourne at the head. But in November King William, who did not love the reformers, thought matters among them were in such a state that he might venture to dismiss the whole Ministry, which he did in a summary way, calling Wellington and Peel to take the government in hand. Peel, who was in Italy, hastened home and assumed the lead. Among those whom he invited to subordinate places in his administration was Gladstone, whose great ability he had easily discerned. He made him Under-Secretary for War and the Colonies, but the honor was briefly enjoyed. Parliament had been dissolved, and the country appealed to. It resented the unconstitutional act of the King in throwing out a Ministry to which the majority in Parliament was still affording support, and it gave its decision against him. Peel, in a famous manifesto to his constituents at Tamworth, had vainly cut

himself clear of the antique Toryism to which the bulk of his party adhered, proclaiming an open-minded disposition toward many reforms in State and Church. The Liberals were sent back with a renewed majority in Parliament. The stubborn Sir Robert held his ground against them until the 8th of April, when he had to resign, after defeat on a question concerning the appropriation of surplus revenues of the Irish Church.

King William was then compelled to receive Lord Melbourne again into the premiership, with Lord Palmerston in the foreign office and Lord John Russell in the leadership of the House. The strife of parties continued on much the same lines as before, with much the same state of imperfect combination among the elements of which the parties were composed. Irish questions were kept persistently at the front by O'Connell's agitations, the great rock of difficulty being always the Irish Church. The Irish land question had not yet arrived within sight. Mr. Gladstone, who had been easily reflected from Newark, stood fast by his old beliefs. Opposing the appointment of a committee to consider the burning question of Church rates, he went so far in his speech as to deny that the motive for resistance by Dissenters to the payment of rates for supporting a church in whose doctrines they did not believe was a scruple of conscience, entitled to be recognized as such.

On the 20th of June, 1837, the King died, and Queen Victoria came to the throne. Parliament was dissolved, as required by law, and the Melbourne Ministry, manifestly in favor with the young Queen, received approval at the ensuing election from the popular vote. But its moderate majority in the Commons was far from solidity still, and a formidable minority was led against it by Peel, whose party controlled the Lords. It had troubles to face in Canada, in Jamaica, and in Ireland. The

difficulties beyond the Atlantic were sharply threatening, but there was sincerity in the disposition to cure their causes, and they were dealt with in a fairly effectual way. The troubles in Ireland were chronic, and nobody in power dared thrust his hand down to the roots of them. Destitution in the wretched island had become frightful, beyond the ability of words to describe. Instead of trying to purge the foul system of things, which paralyzed industry and made a starved population inevitable, the government framed an English-patterned poor law for the country, to ornament it with workhouses and to officialize the pauperization of its people. The taking of tithes from Roman Catholic peasants for a Protestant priesthood produced incessant rage and rioting, and the tithes were millions in arrears. Instead of extinguishing the intolerable wrong, as a pestiferous relic of hateful times, the government made provision for the conversion of tithes into rent charges, and paid part of the arrears to tithe-owners from public funds. Nothing in domestic matters was boldly or thoroughly done, nothing strongly, nothing with agreement in the ministerial ranks. Russell could control the shaping of measures in Parliament not much more than Peel. The strength of the latter grew, while that of the former was weakened, and at last, in May, 1839, the Ministry, in disgust with the situation, resigned. Then came the queer incident of the "Bed-chamber question." Peel, called to take the government, feared the disturbing influence of the Whig ladies who surrounded the Queen, and asked permission to make some changes in the household of her Majesty. The Queen refused consent, and Sir Robert withdrew from his undertaking. Lord Melbourne and his associates, with sore unwillingness, but gallantly, resumed the burdens of office, and struggled on for two years more, until the spring of 1841. Then a vote of want of confidence was carried against

them, and they went to the country with a new appeal. This time they lost the verdict of the elections, and Peel came down to Parliament with a strong majority at his back. Again, and now quite as a matter of course, Newark and the Duke of Newcastle returned Mr. Gladstone to his seat.

The epoch of the Ministry organized under Peel in 1841 proved to be one of lasting importance in English history. The government had great problems to deal with, great difficulties to encounter, and its dependence was upon a party incapable of comprehending a problem or recognizing a difficulty when it rose. But the abilities and qualities of Peel were singularly fitted to the situation in which he found himself placed. For some time past he had been shaping his mind to the acceptance of changes in public policy from which there was no escape. It was an open and an honest mind, with great power in the practical application of principle to circumstance, but with no originality and no imaginative warmth. He got light on new questions in a very slow mode. He was no discoverer of the inward truths in politics, and was late in seeing them, after other open-minded men had found them and shown them to the world. But when the revelation did reach him, he received it in a fearlessly honest way. He had no weak carefulness for his own consistency. Again and again in his career he yielded himself to conversions which the small-minded have sneered at, which the impenetrable-minded have called treacherous, but which candid minds must greatly admire. We may doubt whether any other character in statesmanship could have been so useful to England as was that of Peel, during the period of extraordinary change in which he served it. With the remarkable hold that he had on the Tory party, through its utter inability to do anything in Parliament without him, his deep and strong conservatism on one side, and his slow but

intrepid open-mindedness on the other, would seem to have had an equally great part to play in accomplishing reforms for the time without too much haste.

To serve under such a leader as Sir Robert Peel was one of the fortunate happenings of Gladstone's life. His, too, was a conscientious mind. We may sometimes have to doubt an equal directness in its working, as compared with the inflexible candor of Peel; but the desire for right was controlling in both. Gladstone was intellectually more alert, and he possessed an imagination that was lacking in his chief. In temperament he was a far more impressionable man, and much more disposed by his nature to become responsive to the expanding and liberalizing tendencies of his age. That natural disposition in him was still oppressed by one tyrannical prepossession of mind; but its liberation approached, and the younger and the elder statesman were soon attuned to a harmony of coöperation which developed the best powers of the one as much as it assisted the work of the other.

The intensity of belief in a divine commission of the Established Church with which Gladstone left Oxford had been deepened, if possible, by the influence of his Tractarian friends. He had not enlisted with them in their "movement" by any public act, but his sympathy was understood. In 1838 he satisfied his devotion to the national establishment of religion by an independent offering toward the exaltation of it, in his book on *The State in its Relations to the Church*. The book would have been forgotten long ago, if Macaulay had not immortalized it by a review, and if the political enemies of the author had not found satisfaction so often in recalling its doctrines to mind. It was written to demonstrate that the propagation of religious truth is one of the chief ends of government; assuming, of course, that religious truth is embodied purely in the doctrines and teachings of the Eng-

lish Church. Wide interest was excited by the work when it appeared, and no little approval was given to it; but more disapproval, apparently, and much criticism that was sharp. It offended all evangelical opinion, whether in the Church or out of it, while its ground of argument was unsatisfactory to the Tractarian party, whose faith in the Anglican Church depended wholly on the evidence to be found of its true descent from the primitive Church. A defense of the Establishment on semi-political lines received no warm welcome at their hands. In the political world it was coldly discussed, as something likely to damage the prospects of the writer, and Peel, especially, is reported to have dismissed it with an impatient remark.

But whatever the effect of the book on Mr. Gladstone's reputation, he undoubtedly was yet, in 1841, as Macaulay had described him in 1839, "the rising hope of those stern and unbending Tories, who follow, reluctantly and mutinously, a leader whose experience and eloquence are indispensable to them, but whose cautious temper and moderate opinions they abhor." Peel can have had no jealousy of him, and he knew his worth. He knew, too, far better than Gladstone himself, the kind of public service for which he needed to be trained. It is said that the young statesman coveted the post of Chief Secretary for Ireland, and that it was denied to him. The Premier was too wise for the mistake which that appointment would have been. While Gladstone remained unable to see anything in Ireland except through the painted windows of the Irish Church, the place he sought might easily have been fatal to his future. He did not know it then, but he must have seen in after years that he owed gratitude to the shrewd wisdom of the chief who assigned him, in the making up of the administration of 1841, to the vice-presidency of the Board of Trade, where his duties came nowhere into touch with

questions concerning the Church, and where the strongest of his faculties were brought into full play. He became absorbed in economic studies at once, and was insensibly drawn away from those matters of ecclesiastical and theological consideration which had oppressed and hampered his mind. He now found the class of subjects that he could handle with the finest skill, the details that he could master with the greatest power, the kind of exposition in which he could shine with most distinction in debate. He had been led into the right path at a critical parting of the ways. He had entered upon his real career.

At the same time, the Church, as a national establishment of religion, was being shown to him in a new light, by workings within it which disappointed expectations and beliefs that had been the firmest in his mind. The Oxford movement was proving to be a movement Romeward, and the revival attempted in it had shaken instead of strengthening the English Church. The drift of feeling and the drift of events were going plainly against that conception of the Church which had been the dominating idea in Mr. Gladstone's mind. Twenty-seven years later, in *A Chapter of Autobiography*, he wrote his own account of the change then beginning to be wrought in his political view of the Established Church.

Summarized in a few words, the truth appears to be that Mr. Gladstone was now coming to the recognition of facts in the light of which the Church could not be any longer the main object in his political views. To remove it from that place in his thought was to take the corner-stone from his conservatism, and to make inevitable a general crumbling of the alien fabric of inherited and accepted opinions. In coincidence with this release, as it may be called, occurred the circumstance of his appointment to an office that drew him into the imperious current of economic discussion which

swept England in those years. It was a discussion more certain than any other that can be imagined to wash British Toryism of the old sort out of a candid, intelligent brain. It had been doing so with Peel; it was to do so with Gladstone; and the evolution of the future leader of English Liberalism from "the young man" who in 1839 could be called "the rising hope" of "stern and unbending Tories" was practically accomplished in that fourth decade of his life.

Within the limits of this article the story of Peel's Ministry and its achievements cannot be told. Of the depression and distress that England had suffered since 1837; of the disorder that increased; of the conflicting agitations that ran politically into Chartism and commercially into the overpowering work of the Anti-Corn-Law League; of the gradual surrender of Peel to the free-trade doctrines of Cobden, Bright, Villiers, and the irresistible league; of his measures, beginning with the sliding-scale of corn duties and the significant tariff revision of 1842, and ending in 1846 with the great act which uprooted protectionism from British policy, and put the seal of its surpassing wisdom on the supremacy of England in the trade of the world,—the tale has been often told, and is familiar to most readers of the present day. Gladstone kept step with his leader, and was the ablest of lieutenants in the whole advance. With every stride forward they left more of the heavy-footed squires of their own country party behind, and drew more of their support from the party they were expected to oppose. It was treason they committed, if we take the judgment of the deserted Tories on what they did; it was patriotism they exemplified, if the history of England from that day till now is permitted to testify.

While Gladstone was thus finding the way to his ultimate career, the rival most contrasted to him, and destined to

dispute power with him most strenuously in the coming time, was doing the same. Disraeli, who entered Parliament in 1837, had thus far made no particular mark in the House. He had amused and interested certain circles by the rather heavy satire and enigmatical doctrine of his political novels, and the acrid wit of phrase-making in his speeches was considerably enjoyed; but of political weight it is manifest that he had none. He was a free-lance in the House, not to be counted on by any party or by any faction of a party. He played with some of the doctrines of radicalism at one moment, as though they were the joy and hope of his life, and tickled the country squires at the next with a coddling of their dearest beliefs. But when it began to be seen that the "stern and unbending Tories" were about to lose their "rising hope" as well as their departing chief, and that a desperate need of leadership and debating talent was soon to be felt in that venerable party of the past, Disraeli sank himself comfortably into the cool embrace of conservatism, as fast as Peel and Gladstone and other men of shining ability rose out of it. It was so obviously the opening of opportunity, the offered place of little competition, the ground of advantage for dexterous talents like his, that he must have laughed at the humor of ingenious Fortune when she beckoned him to the half-deserted camp. Those were the days when he first won the heart of bucolic conservatism by the stinging phrases that he flung at the "organized hypocrisy" of perfidious ministers; by the lively scorn that he heaped on the bourgeois policy of free trade; by the happy art with which he painted for protectionism and the landed interest a picturesque and historical background of feudal origin and obligation, to distract attention from their want of economic support.

In the last hours of the great battle for free trade Peel lost the help of Glad-

stone. The latter had been advanced in 1843 from the vice-presidency to the presidency of the Board of Trade, which gave him a cabinet seat. In 1845, on Peel's proposal to increase the government grant of money to the Roman Catholic College of Maynooth in Ireland, and to establish three non-sectarian colleges in that country, Gladstone felt impelled to resign, in order, as he afterward explained, to place himself in a position of freedom to consider his course "without being liable to any unjust suspicion on the ground of personal interest." But, being free, he determined to give support to the bill, and did so by voice and vote. Soon afterward the crisis of the corn-law question was reached in Peel's cabinet; two of its members resigned, and Mr. Gladstone, as Secretary for the Colonies, came into the vacancy left by Lord Stanley, the Lord Derby of later years. Acceptance of this office involved the resignation of his parliamentary seat. Naturally, the Duke of Newcastle declined to support his reelection from Newark, and Mr. Gladstone, unwilling to make a contest for the seat, retired. In the great debate of the session of 1846 his voice was not heard. Peel carried his bill in May; but the Protectionists had their revenge next month, when the Liberals joined them in defeating a coercion bill for Ireland, compelling the Ministry to resign.

The new government, formed by Lord John Russell, with Lord Grey and Lord Palmerston for his strongest associates, had no party majority of their own to depend on in the House; but the fallen minister and his followers gave them a generous support. They held the reins for nearly six years, in the face of Irish difficulties terribly increased by the famine, and of a commercial crisis in England that followed closely after. A general election held in the fall of 1847 confirmed their tenure, and Mr. Gladstone was returned to Parliament by election of the University of Oxford.

The next few years were not eventful ones in his life, though an eventful time in European history. It was the period of many revolutions, of the Schleswig-Holstein war, and of the *coup d'état* in France. Spending the winter of 1850 with his family at Naples, Mr. Gladstone made a searching investigation of the monstrous oppressions of the government of King Ferdinand, and an exposure of them in letters to the Times, which stirred all Europe, creating a public feeling that even King "Bomba" could not disregard. Later in that year the death of Sir Robert Peel occurred, and the members of his personal following in Parliament, known then and for some time after as "Peelites," were left in an uncertain position. They were on a middle ground in politics, between defined Conservatives and Liberals, binding themselves to neither. They were now less likely to act *en masse* than when their chief remained to lead them, but they formed a factor to be reckoned with still. They prevented a change of Ministry in 1851 by their refusal to join hands with the Protectionist-Conservative party; and when, next year, the Russell Ministry fell, it was Stanley (now become Earl of Derby) and Disraeli who undertook the government, the Peelites remaining with the opposition. The experiment of Conservative administration lasted only from February till December. Disraeli, who had realized his ambition and become the leader of his party in the House, undertook the Exchequer, and brought in a budget of extraordinary cleverness in its trick-playing with protection and free trade. It was shattered by Gladstone, in a speech that revealed fully for the first time his never equaled power in the handling of the subjects of public finance. The too ingenious budget was thrown out by a majority of nineteen, and the Derby-Disraeli Ministry gave place to one headed by the Earl of Aberdeen, in which Peelites were in coalition with Whigs.

The new Ministry represented the first stage in the organic construction of the Liberal party of future politics. Mr. Gladstone now stepped into Mr. Disraeli's place as Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the rivalry of the two men became pronounced. True rivals in finance, or in any of the higher spheres of statesmanship, they could never be, for one was scientific where the other was ingenious, and warmly earnest where the other was coolly shrewd; but in the great arena of parliamentary debate they were to head the strife of parties for many years to come.

The budget brought forward by Gladstone in April, 1853, is one of the recognized masterpieces of national finance, and the speech in which he unfolded it was the first of many that are supreme examples of political oratory in their kind. That no other financier in history, so sound in his mastery of principles and so strong in his knowledge of facts, has ever been able to make them a subject of delightful eloquence, in the degree to which they were made so by Mr. Gladstone, seems beyond dispute.

If the government of Lord Aberdeen was financially strong, it was otherwise weak. It allowed England to be drawn into an alliance with the parvenu Emperor of the French, and into a war with Russia that had no justifiable cause and no useful result. It exasperated the nation by its mismanagement of the war, and by the consequent sufferings to which the army in the Crimea was exposed. In February, 1855, it was voted out of office, and a reorganization of Ministry under Lord Palmerston occurred, after Derby and Russell had each attempted the task without success. Mr. Gladstone and other Peelites withdrew, disagreeing with Palmerston's consent to a committee for investigating the condition of the army before Sebastopol. There was evidently some bitterness in the disagreement; for Greville, in his diary, July 29, 1855, says, "Gladstone & Co.

may now be considered as being in decided opposition," and remarks, "The breach between them and the Whigs is very wide, and the Derbyites hate them with intensity, while they are too weak to form a party of their own." Their opposition, however, does not seem to have gone far in animosity, and Gladstone's attention must have been much diverted from political affairs; for it was in this period that he wrote his *Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age*. Palmerston and his colleagues controlled the government for three years. They brought the Crimean war to a close, and carried British rule in India through the appalling crisis of the Sepoy revolt. Their Ministry was succeeded in the early part of 1858 by a new undertaking of Conservative administration, with Derby and Disraeli at its head. Mr. Gladstone was still further removed from parliamentary occupations for a time by a mission of importance which he accepted, as Lord High Commissioner to the Ionian Islands, with results that led subsequently to the withdrawal of the British protectorate, and the annexation of the islands to the kingdom of Greece. During one session skillful management enabled Disraeli to avoid vital issues with the majority against him in the House. But when, in the next session, he attempted a piece of strategy, bringing in a new Reform Bill for the confusion of the Liberals, it was a characteristic performance, and it characteristically failed. Like his budget of 1852 it was found to be a too ingenious piece of work, and it was condemned by the House. Lord Palmerston took the premiership again, with the reconciled Peelites among his coadjutors, bringing a great array of talent into the Ministry. Mr. Gladstone was once more Chancellor of the Exchequer, and presently heightened his fame as a minister of finance by his co-operation with Cobden in negotiating the treaty of commercial reciprocity with France, and by his eradication of the

last remnants of protective duty from the British tariff, accomplished in the budget of 1860. This budget carried with it, among its intended results, a great lowering of the price of paper, thus bringing in the era of cheap newspapers and books, which was most obnoxious to conservatism and gave rise to a fierce struggle with the House of Lords.

Of events that belong in this period, the most important were those connected with the civil war in the United States. The attitude of Mr. Gladstone toward the issues in that conflict was a matter of the deepest interest to Americans then, and has been hardly less so since. That the British government as a whole, and its members generally, should be coldly neutral in form, and plainly unfriendly to the United States in fact, could occasion not much surprise. They represented socially a class or caste in which that prevalent feeling toward the republic was very little disguised. But Americans had been acquiring an idea of Mr. Gladstone which led them to expect something different from him, — something more in the spirit of Bright, of Cobden, and of Goldwin Smith, — and they felt a sore disappointment and resentment when he declared, in a speech made at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in October, 1862, that Jefferson Davis "had made an army, had made a navy, and, more than that, had made a nation." It was half true, and it could easily seem wholly true at the time; but it was not what a friend of the American Union would say. It was virtually a recognition of the Southern Confederacy, and it had enormous significance and weight, coming from a man in Mr. Gladstone's official place and with the personal influence that he possessed even then. Some years afterward, Mr. Gladstone took pains to disclaim unfriendly intentions in what he said, confessed the mistake of the opinion he had uttered, and attempted an explanation which saddens one a little in reading, because it limps so lamely. "I must

confess that I was wrong," he said; "that I took too much upon myself in expressing such an opinion. Yet the motive was not bad. My sympathies were then — where they had long before been, where they are now — with the whole American people. I, probably, like many Europeans, did not understand the nature and the working of the American Union. I had imbibed conscientiously, if erroneously, an opinion that twenty or twenty-four millions of the North would be happier and would be stronger — of course assuming that they would hold together — without the South than with it, and also that the negroes would be much nearer to emancipation under a Southern government than under the old system of the Union, which had not at that date been abandoned, and which always appeared to me to place the whole power of the North at the command of the slaveholding interests of the South. As far as regards the special or separate interest of England in the matter, I, differing from many others, had always contended that it was best for our interest that the Union should be kept entire." Now, really, this is not a convincing plea. The Newcastle utterance was too emphatically favorable to Mr. Davis's "nation" to be quite in agreement with the feelings here described. Yet, after all, the offense of Mr. Gladstone ought not to be an unforgivable one. In the autumn of 1862, after McClellan's Peninsular campaign, after the second Bull Run, after Lee's invasion of Maryland, it was hard for the firmest foreign friends of the Union to have faith in its restoration, and confidence in the effectiveness of President Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, then just put forth. The influence needed to keep alive foreign faith in the Union cause was a deep and dire hatred of slavery, but hatred of slavery was mild in Mr. Gladstone, if not wanting entirely. He was removed by less than thirty years from the time

when his family drew no small part of its wealth from slave labor, and it is natural to suppose that he was less likely than other Englishmen of kindred character to be prejudiced against the Confederacy by its "corner-stone." But that he was ever inspired by a mean sentiment of hostility to Americans and their country cannot be reasonably believed. The signs of disposition in his whole life are against that interpretation of his words. He spoke from an unsound judgment, most unwisely; and that is a sin for which he has needed forgiveness more than once. If he had been entirely a wise man, he would not have been a great orator, he would not have wielded the extraordinary power of his enthusiasms, he would not have been Gladstone. Because he was Gladstone, Americans can forget his Newcastle words with no great difficulty.

Parliament was dissolved by expiration of its term in 1865, and at the following general election Mr. Gladstone lost his Oxford seat. His opinions had become too liberal for the university, especially since misgivings with regard to the Irish Church had begun to find expression in his speeches, and it cast him out. But Lancashire gave him a seat, and he was thenceforth more entirely untrammelled as a representative than he had ever been before. The last thread of connection with the conservatism of his early life had been cut. He took his stand definitely, ere long, by the side of John Bright and the more advanced of the Liberal leaders, as one of the tribunes of the common people. Palmerston died in October, 1865, and Russell came to the head of the government. The introduction of a bill to answer the long-resisted demand for a further reform and extension of the elective franchise was decided upon, and Mr. Gladstone brought it forward in the House. It proved to be too conservative to interest the Radicals greatly, but too radical for the more conservative

Liberals, and the overthrow of the government was brought about by it. The death-blow was given by a few professed Liberals, led by Mr. Lowe, who got the name of "Adullamites" from one of the witty speeches of Mr. Bright.

Lord Derby and Mr. Disraeli now formed another Ministry, which endured for a little more than two years. It promptly took up the agitated question of reform, and, by making large concessions to the Liberals, passed a bill that went much farther in the democratic direction than the measure lately defeated, and which caused deep Tory disgust. The first appeal made to the new constituencies thus created proved fatal to the responsible authors of the bill. This occurred in 1868, on a question involving the fate of the Church establishment in Ireland. Mr. Gladstone had become convinced that justice to Ireland and peace in that country were impossible without the disestablishment of the church which nine tenths of the Irish people abhorred. He introduced resolutions, accordingly, and carried them against the government. A dissolution of Parliament was the consequence; but it was postponed until November, when elections were held under the new law. They resulted in a large Liberal majority, distinctly given in support of the policy of Irish Church disestablishment proposed by Mr. Gladstone.

That gentleman was now, conspicuously and beyond question, the head of the party that had triumphed in the elections. It was inevitable that he should take direction of the government, and the way was naturally opened by the recent retirement of Lord John Russell from public life. In the cabinet which he formed, on the Queen's invitation, several men of subsequent note were first brought to the political front, — Lord Hartington, Mr. Goschen, Mr. Lowe, Mr. Forster, and Lord Dufferin, of the number, — while Mr. Bright made his entry into cabinet office as president of

the Board of Trade. Mr. Gladstone, in his fifty-ninth year, was now at the summit of his intellectual powers, but not yet at the zenith of his renown. From the height of his supreme office, he exercised after this time, over England, an influence that grew to be more dominating than any known in English history before, unless the very different influence of the Pitts may possibly be compared with it.

From 1868 to 1874 this first Prime Ministry of Gladstone was filled with great tasks, heroically undertaken and performed. First, of course, was the disestablishment of the Irish Church, in which the national mandate was obeyed. At this time he published the Chapter of Autobiography, already cited, to answer the critics who denounced his change of attitude toward the Protestant establishment in Ireland since the long-past days when it had seemed a sacred thing in his eyes. Disestablishment delivered Ireland from one oppression; another, more productive of misery, though not more exasperating, remained. The Irish land system, contrived and perfected, without conscience, in the interest of a half-alien landlord class, living generally elsewhere, and caring nothing for the country or the people, was iniquitous almost beyond belief. Tenants had no defined tenure and no rights under it. Landlords held unlimited power to rob them of improvements, exact extortionate rents, evict them at will. It was an old wrong, — older than the English colonial slavery that had been dead for a generation, and which had been scarcely more cruel, — but it had cried to deaf ears until now. And now the cry from Ireland, of all her grievances, had grown louder than it was even in the days of Daniel O'Connell. A resounding, threatening echo to it was coming back from the millions of emigrated Irish in America. Instead of being weakened by the prodigious movement of her population to the New

World, Ireland had gained from it a new strength for resistance to her unending oppression. The Irish in America had prospered. Great numbers of them had just gone through a soldierly training in the American civil war. They had money and men and captains to offer to any movement on behalf of Ireland that could be set on foot. From this stimulation came the Fenian conspiracy of 1865-69, which at least compelled the giving of more serious thought in England to Irish grievances than had been given to them before. Mr. Gladstone and others of like mind had now arrived at the determination that those grievances should be removed, that the Irish people should be pacified by justice, and that the chronic disease of hatred in one part of the United Kingdom toward the other part, poisonous and imperiling to the whole body politic, should be radically cured. He addressed himself to the difficult problem of the reform of the Irish land laws with characteristic thoroughness, personally mastering the subject in its technical details and in its legal and historical ramifications so completely that his knowledge, when he dealt with it, was overwhelming to his opponents and amazing to his friends. His Irish land bill was introduced in February, 1870, in a speech of which the biographer of the late Mr. W. E. Forster has said: "A crowded House had sat entranced whilst Mr. Gladstone had given that wonderful account of the provisions of his Irish land bill, which is regarded by many competent critics as the most remarkable of his oratorical achievements." He seemed to be always able to arouse new admiration by each effort that he made; and the more stubborn the subject, the more fascinating his eloquence became. Contest over the bill consumed some months, but it was passed in the August following. That it only half succeeded in its aims is hardly strange. The power of the landlords to oppress their tenants was too great to be

baffled on the first attempt. They found loopholes in the act, and contrived means to evade its intentions in many exasperating ways. But the great fact that English statesmen and the English people had begun to show in earnest a will to do justice to Ireland, and that landlords and clergy were no longer to be undisputed in its affairs, had a potent effect. Deep discontent remained, but the violent spirit in it was sapped. Fenianism died out, and no really revolutionary undertaking has assumed form since. The movement for home rule grew up in place of the struggle for national independence; and though Ireland became afterward a more troublesome factor in British politics than ever before, this was because it had been fairly brought into the national politics instead of being thrust outside.

One thing more Mr. Gladstone attempted to do for Ireland, by the creation of a national university, broad enough to cover colleges of all creeds; but the attempt failed. For education in England, his government took the first great and difficult step toward the institution of a national system of elementary schools. The scheme of its education bill, framed and carried through by Mr. Forster, perpetuated the Church schools, and received more Conservative than Liberal support, being bitterly opposed by a strong radical party which had been striving for a national system of strictly secular schools; but it was the beginning of duty in a matter that had suffered shameful neglect. Introduction of the ballot, abolition of the sale and purchase of army commissions, and settlement of the Alabama claims by the Treaty of Washington with the United States were among the other notable achievements of the Gladstone government. It seems to have tired the nation at last with an excess of good work, and early in 1874 the Premier felt called upon, without immediate provocation from Parliament, to make an appeal to

the country, to test public opinion on his policy, including measures to come. The elections were adverse, and he resigned. Mr. Disraeli was called to the premiership, and formed a strong Ministry, with a strong majority in Parliament to give it support.

Release from office brought with it to Mr. Gladstone a longing for still further release from the labors and responsibilities of his leadership in the Liberal party. With all the intensity of his life in Parliament, it had never been the whole of life to him. He had kept large reserves of other interests, to which he always turned with delight in every hour of escape from official cares. The tastes of the student were never extinguished in him by the busy habits of the man of affairs. And now, at sixty-five, after the accomplishment of so many of his parliamentary aims, a great desire to bring more of the sweetness of rest and letters and domestic privacy into the remaining years of his life came upon him. It is not hard to see that this desire was most natural to him, at that point in his life, though it might not last; and yet, when he announced his wish to withdraw, "at no distant time," from "all the responsibilities of leadership," every possible motive of meanness was looked for by his political enemies to explain the act. In his own party, hardly less than consternation and hopelessness was caused by the thought of losing him from the place of command; but he persisted in claiming his release. "I see no public advantage," he said, "in my continuing to act as the leader of the Liberal party, and at the age of sixty-five, after forty-two years of a laborious public life, I think myself entitled to retire on the present opportunity. This retirement is dictated to me by my personal views as to the best method of spending the closing years of my life. . . . I should, perhaps, add that I am at present, and mean for a short time to be, engaged on a special matter

that occupies me closely." The special matter referred to proved to be the pamphlet on *The Vatican Decrees* which he published soon after. It represents the kind of occupation to which he hoped to give the remainder of his life.

Soon after the opening of the session in 1875 Mr. Gladstone stepped down to a follower's place in the Liberal ranks, and the Marquis of Hartington took, reluctantly, the leader's post. Lord Hartington (now Duke of Devonshire) is an able man; but he had little of Gladstone's strength in debate, and nothing of his enthusiasm. There was no moral momentum in his nature to carry him and his party forward to higher ground and further ends. Half the vigor of English Liberalism was soon found to have disappeared, and Disraeli's task of government was made easy to him by a languid opposition. In domestic matters the new Premier pursued a course to be generally admired, particularly in the passing of important measures of sanitary reform; but he looked to foreign affairs for the distinction of his Ministry. It was in this period of his administration that the terms "Jingo" and "Jingoism" came into use, and the barbaric war spirit that they signify was deliberately instigated and used by Disraeli at the time. He had appealed to it in the elections which brought him into power. As stated by his Tory biographer, Mr. Kebbel, he had spoken to the British workmen "of England; of her glory and her duty; of the imperial inheritance which their ancestors had won, and which they must transmit to their posterity; of the proud position which she occupied among the nations of the world, and of the divine mission which it was her privilege to fulfill in the spread of civilization and religion." "In an age of economy and materialism," exclaims Mr. Kebbel, "of cheap breakfast-tables and bread-and-butter prosperity, these accents fell upon the public ear, long unaccustomed to such sounds,

with thrilling power." So England cheered and shouted, and sang music-hall songs, for the time, over a splendid "imperial policy," of protection to the rotten despotism of the Turk, of antagonism to Russia, of advance to "a scientific frontier" for India, of ownership in the Suez Canal, of extended South African possessions. In the midst of the glory of it, Mr. Disraeli crowned his career in a fitting way by accepting an earldom from the Queen, and sinking his plebeian name in the title of Lord Beaconsfield.

Meantime, Mr. Gladstone had been drawn back irresistibly into the practical leadership of the Liberal party by excitements incident to Turkish affairs, caused especially by the atrocities in Bulgaria. He could not keep out of the fray, nor enter the fray without being in the front of it. His voice rang out against longer adherence to a shameful protectorate over the Turk, maintained to keep the carcass of his dead empire in the way of a Russian advance to the Mediterranean. Jingoism fell before the assaults of common sense and Christian feeling. In vain were there banners and trumpetings when Lord Beaconsfield came back from the settlement of the Treaty of Berlin, boasting of "peace with honor." The country at large saw emptiness in the outcome of his imperial policy, and gave its preference to the homely "bread-and-butter prosperity" that seemed to be slipping away. Elections held in 1880, on the dissolution of Parliament, were overwhelmingly in favor of the Liberals. Mr. Gladstone's Midlothian speeches had been the inspiration of the campaign, and had given its programme to the party. It was possible for no other man to command the political situation, and no other could take the responsibility of government. He could not escape from it if he would.

The brief retirement of Mr. Gladstone to a less burdened life was then

followed by the most troubled and trying period of his career. It is doubtful if any statesman was ever more painfully harassed by more varied misfortunes and difficulties, more innocently as to the causing of most among them, than was Gladstone in the five years of his second administration. From the "spirited policy" of his predecessor he received a fine legacy of troubles: a British army trapped in Afghanistan; a Boer war, provoked by wrongs which a just British government must redress; a situation in Egypt leading to the Arabi revolt, to its necessary suppression by British troops, to consequent responsibilities on the Nile, demanding the withdrawal of Egyptian garrisons from the Soudan, to Gordon's mission to Khartoum, to his beleaguering by the Mahdists, and to the rescuing expedition which came too late. The anxieties and the storms of party malice which these events produced were enough to bow the shoulders of a younger man than Mr. Gladstone, but they may have seemed light to him compared with the tempest from Ireland that broke upon his government.

The Land Act of 1870 had proved to be abortive legislation. At the trial before the Parnell commission in 1888 Sir Charles Russell produced abundant evidence of its failure to give tenants the protection designed. It had probably, on the whole, made matters in Ireland worse by excitement and disappointment of hopes, and by provoking what seemed to be a conspiracy in the meaner class of landlords to drive the Irish peasantry to despair. Evictions in 1880 were double the yearly average of the preceding quarter-century. Statistics submitted to the Parnell commission show an average in Connaught, between 1853 and 1878, of 960 evictions per year, increased in 1880 to 1995; in Munster, 1076, increased to 2345. In December, 1880, General Gordon, who is a witness to be trusted by all the world, visited the southwest of

Ireland, "in the hope," as he said, "of discovering how some settlement could be made of the Irish question, which, like a fretting cancer, eats away our vitals as a nation." On his return he wrote as follows to the *Times*: "I have come to the conclusion that, first, a gulf of antipathy exists between the landlords and tenants of the northwest and west and the southwest of Ireland. It is a gulf which is not caused alone by the question of rents; there is a complete lack of sympathy between the classes. . . . Second, no half-measure acts which left the landlords with any say to the tenantry of those portions of Ireland will be of any use. They would be rendered, as past land acts in Ireland have been, quite abortive, for the landlords will insert clauses to do away with their force." He concluded by saying that "the state of our fellow countrymen in the parts I have named is worse than that of any people in the world, let alone Europe," and that yet "they are patient beyond belief, loyal, but at the same time broken-spirited and desperate." Action in Ireland against this terrible state of things was being doubly organized, with two aims, soon to be combined in one. The Land League of Michael Davitt set itself in array against landlordism as a curse to be wholly rooted out, while the party for Home Rule, now consolidated under a new and masterful leader, Mr. Parnell, made the concession of a separate legislature to Ireland its ultimate demand. The league and the party were allied and powerfully equipped with means for making themselves felt.

This was the Irish situation that confronted Mr. Gladstone when he resumed the task of government. He formed a Ministry that seemed promising of great sympathy and generosity in treatment of the hard problems involved. Mr. Forster, Quaker-bred, and especially known to the Irish people as their well-proved friend, was given the direction of mea-

sures for Ireland in the important Chief Secretary's place. Mr. Bright came into the cabinet; likewise Mr. Chamberlain, representing extreme Birmingham radicalism, and close in relations with the Irish party; while Sir Charles Dilke, of kindred politics, held a lower administrative place. Ireland seemed to be well befriended in the government, yet no government before was ever involved in an antagonism so bitter with its subjects in the Celtic isle. The very cordialities that were in the situation at first proved mischievous in the end. The Irish expected too much from the government, and too soon. The government, on its side, expected too much trust in its friendly spirit and too much patient waiting. Mr. Forster, especially, would seem to have looked for a faith in himself that was not manifested to his satisfaction. So feelings that were sympathetic at first soon cooled, and an estrangement began that quickly grew to hostility of the fiercest kind. The government, unwilling to take up at once the troublesome project of a new land bill, passed a bill through the House making temporary provision of redress for the persecuted tenants. It was killed by an overwhelming majority in the House of Lords. This let loose the impending storm. Ireland had been wakened from despair to hope, and now hope gave way to wrath, and wrath bred violence, and violence provoked the chastising arm of oppressive power. The scenes of murder and riot that ensued, the dynamite explosions, the organized "boycotting," the systematized suspension of rent payments, and all the varied contrivances of disorder that added ruin to ruin in Ireland during the next few years are remembered well. So, too, are the scenes that followed in the British Parliament. The sixty-two representatives of the Home Rule party, led as a solid phalanx by Mr. Parnell, and determined that no other business should be done while Irish questions suffered neglect,

practically paralyzed the House for weeks by their tactics of obstruction. Then the Speaker, taking power arbitrarily into his hands, broke the rules of the House, silenced the obstructionists, and enabled the Ministry to pass a coercion bill which gave them despotic powers. Armed with these powers, Mr. Forster applied them with unmerciful severity. An obstinate Yorkshire nature underlying his Quaker culture was roused, and he acted in the spirit of a Tory of some past generation. He filled the prisons with "suspects," including Mr. Parnell and other Irish leaders, for a time, and persisted in stubborn blindness to the fact that terror can never make peace.

Of course, Mr. Gladstone, as the head of the government, must be held to account for the sad blundering of this unhappy time. It is said that he never believed in the repressive policy of Mr. Forster; and that is probably true. But he countenanced it too long — allowed it to go too far — for his own fair fame. One feels, too, in reviewing the story, that if he had realized the threat of the situation at an early day, and had brought his whole energy and influence to bear on its difficulties in the beginning, there might have been a very different course of events. It is quite possible that he did not willingly believe in the completeness of the failure of his own Land Act of 1870, and met the demand for its revision too indifferently because too skeptically. This may not be so, but it seems to be a reasonable conjecture; there is some suggestion of it in the awakened vigor with which Mr. Gladstone pressed a new land bill through both houses of Parliament between April and August of 1881, immediately after Mr. Forster's coercion bill, and while the bludgeon that the latter fashioned was being most roughly used. Naturally, under the circumstances, the new act, which created a tribunal to adjudicate rents, was an inadequate piece of

work. It was repudiated by the Irish Nationalist members, who refused to vote on the second reading of it, while it drew fresh denunciations from the landlords and their friends. Mr. Lecky, holding a brief for the latter, devotes a considerable section of his work on Democracy to an argument, which we venture to call fallacious, against this act, as being in violation of contract between the British government and the purchasers of property in Ireland under the Incumbered Estates Act of 1849. As a matter of fact, the principle of the Land Bill of 1881 has been practically maintained by Conservatives as well as Liberals in legislation since, and provisions to improve its working have been added by both.

The policy of Mr. Forster was pursued unrelentingly until April, 1882. Then some kind of overture from Mr. Parnell, in Kilmainham prison, was welcomed by the government, and a truce was arranged which brought active hostilities between the contending parties to an end. Mr. Forster, refusing assent to it, resigned, and Lord Frederick Cavendish was appointed to his place. The assassination of the new Secretary, quickly following, in Dublin, caused no renewal of the state of war, but rather, by the horror of it, sobered all parties in the political world. Parliament was able once more to give attention to neglected affairs. The session of 1883 produced the important law by which corrupt practices in English elections have been effectually suppressed. In the next year's session a bill for further enlargement of the elective franchise was passed by the Commons, only to be rejected by the Lords, with a consequent excitement the most threatening to the Upper House that had ever appeared. Public demonstrations of feeling had their warning effect, and the franchise bill, — the third Reform Bill of English history, — passed again in November, was accepted by the peers, with a supplementary act which

distributes more fairly the parliamentary seats.

In the winter of 1885, failure to rescue General Gordon from Khartoum, added to other causes, turned public feeling very strongly against the government, and in June it resigned, after a vote carried against it in the House. The Conservatives formed a Ministry under Lord Salisbury (Lord Beaconsfield being no more), and were in power during the following seven months. Elections for a new Parliament — the first under the extended franchise — were held in November, and resulted in a singular situation. The Conservatives, now helped by the Irish vote in England, made gains in the towns, while the Liberals swept the counties. At the same time, in Ireland, the Home Rulers elected eighty-five of the one hundred and three in the total representation of the island, and held the balance of power. The Liberal vote in the House of Commons was almost equaled by the combined vote of Conservative and Irish members. It was plain policy for the latter to return to their former alliance with the Liberals, and they did so. The Salisbury Ministry went out of office in the following January.

And now came the part of Mr. Gladstone's public life which brought both his statesmanship and his character most seriously and most bitterly into dispute. Called again, for the third time, to be Prime Minister of England, he accepted the great office virtually at the hands of the Irish party, without whose support it could not be held, and with it he accepted their programme of home rule for Ireland. It is believed by his enemies that greed of power was the prevailing motive to this course, whatever reasons in its favor he might have persuaded himself to see; and it is possible that the purity of the convictions on which Mr. Gladstone acted at this juncture may always be called in question. But if we weigh all the circumstances

without prejudice, we find no just reason for a suspicion of his absolute sincerity. The most reasonable assumptions are entirely in his favor. It is *not* reasonable to suspect that in his seventy-seventh year, after harvesting all the honors that public life could yield to him, after escaping from a Ministry that had nearly broken him with its many troubles, — it is *not* reasonable, in the light of all that we know of his character and his studious tastes, to suspect that he was drawn back to the strife and labor of parliamentary government by a merely personal ambition so strong as to warp the convictions of his mind. It *is* reasonable to suppose that he felt a great ambition to end the unendurable conflict between the members of the United Kingdom; and no ambition could be more honorable than that, whatever thought of self might mix in it. There are facts, too, which show that Mr. Gladstone had been seeking light on the question of Irish home rule for some years. Mr. Justin McCarthy has given some of them in his recent *Story of Gladstone's Life*. Back in 1882, Mr. McCarthy tells us, when the Home Rule members were a minority of the Irish representation in Parliament, the Premier questioned him one day as to the ground on which they could claim to speak and act for the Irish people. "How am I to know?" he asked. The reply was: "Give us a popular franchise in Ireland, and we shall soon let you know whether we represent the Irish people or whether we do not." Three years later Gladstone gave the popular franchise to Ireland as well as to Great Britain, and the elections then held raised the Home Rule representation to more than four fifths of the whole. That the mind of Mr. Gladstone had been meantime in a waiting state on the subject, and that this proof of Irish sentiment was decisive to him, does not seem to be fairly open to doubt.

But the wisdom of Mr. Gladstone's

course is more questionable than the sincerity of it. The subject on that side is too large for this article, yet a few words must be said. In his first plan, submitted to Parliament on the 8th of April, 1886, he proposed to give Ireland a distinct legislature, with substantial independence in the control of its domestic affairs, but to silence its voice in the larger affairs of the United Kingdom by taking its representation in the Imperial Parliament entirely away. The Liberal party was broken by the startling proposition. Eighty-five of its members seceded and joined the Conservatives to defeat the bill. Mr. Gladstone appealed by a dissolution, and was beaten in the country overwhelmingly. The seceding Liberals, taking the name of "Unionists," formed a coalition with the Conservatives in a Ministry which held the government, under Lord Salisbury, for six years, until the Parliament expired. Then Mr. Gladstone, still full of vigor, and firm in his resolution to give home rule to Ireland, renewed his appeal to the people. The elections of 1892 went against him in England, but favorably in Scotland and Wales, and strongly favorable in Ireland, of course. Without the Irish members he would be heavily outvoted in the House; with them he had a majority of forty-two. On this dubious verdict he undertook his fourth Ministry, and brought forward his second home rule bill. It was radically different from the first in plan, giving Ireland eighty members in the House of Commons at London (with no vote there on matters affecting Great Britain alone), and a domestic legislature of two houses at Dublin. The Commons passed the bill, and the Lords, as expected, threw it out. Mr. Gladstone saw the uselessness of a dissolution, or of agitation against the peers. He went stoutly through other business of the session to the end, and even to April of the following year. Then he resigned. He had finished his political career.

As proved by the result — doubly proved by all that has appeared since — England was very far from willingness to give Ireland the demanded home rule. Beyond doubt, the unwillingness was greater than popular votes or parliamentary votes disclosed. The amazing influence of Mr. Gladstone, his unequaled persuasiveness, his overpowering prestige, had almost carried his party with him against its will. No other man could have made a show of approach to success in what he undertook. As a *tour de force* in popular leading it has never, perhaps, been surpassed. But that kind of triumph thinly gilds the actual failure. Had Mr. Gladstone been a statesman more calculating of consequences, either political or personal, more sagacious, either in public views or in party views, more prudent, either selfishly or patriotically, it can hardly be believed that he would have framed his measures as he did, or attempted them at the time. Nor, from an American standpoint, does England seem blamable for the rejection of them. We are experienced in the working of home rule with national unity; we know federalism in theory and in practice; but there is nothing in our experience or our political philosophy to give us an understanding of the theory or a belief in the practicability of either of the constitutional projects of Mr. Gladstone "for the future government of Ireland." Whether Ireland, under the first of them, would be a part or not a part of the United Kingdom — a dependency or a nation — is puzzling to our comprehension. Whether England, Wales, and Scotland, denied home-ruling legislation by the second scheme, while Ireland rejoiced in it, would hold an equality of rights and a peerage of rank in the United Kingdom, is no less a problem. Of either plan, the incongruity, the inconsistency with any principle, the departure from all experience, seem most extraordinary.

In these home rule measures Mr.

Gladstone had set his hand for the first time to an important undertaking of constructive statesmanship; and the verdict must be that he was not equal to it. His life-work has been in reforming statesmanship. In that he has had no peer. He has been, we may say, the greatest of those peaceful revolutionists who lift and carry nations forward, out of old conditions into new; who reconcile their institutions with advancing time, and make them participant in the progress of the world. But this reparative work, most useful, perhaps, that true statesmanship can do, wins commonly less of the admiration of mankind than the framing of political systems and the building of states. Bismarck and Cavour, among Gladstone's contemporaries, are more than likely to rank above him, in present and in future opinion, as belonging to an order of statesmen that is superior in its kind. The justice of that opinion is far from sure. It turns mostly upon a question of weight in moral qualities that are widely opposed. But the fact of it is to be recognized; and so, too, is the fact that when Gladstone attempted a serious work of constructive statesmanship he failed.

A grievous ending for so great and so noble a career! It ought to have been ended for him in the serene contentment of some crowning success. In no procession of noisy triumph, but by some flower-strewn and beautiful way he should have gone to his retirement with a happily satisfied heart. He had done so much for England, — for Britain, for Ireland! He had labored so long, so hopefully, so valiantly, so hard! He had struck, without favor or fear, at so many wrongs! He had remembered so faithfully the whole people, and borne so calmly the selfish resentments of a selfish class! He had warmed the very heart of the world so often with his generous enthusiasms! He had been for half a century so inspiring a figure in the eyes of all mankind, so chivalrous

in standing for Right! One feels that there might fitly have been a trooping of all the people of British race to say Hail and Farewell to him when he went out of public life.

Gladstone's place in English history will be high, and it will be quite apart from any other. He will have no near companionship in his fame. It will be, we think, an eminence assigned to moral qualities more than to intellectual powers. The very sincerity that his enemies have denied to him will be counted perhaps the loftiest of his claims. It will be seen that few men of brilliant gifts and great ambitions have sought with his earnestness for the Right in what they did, or have stood with his courage by what they found it to be. When he braved the scorn and anger of the Church which has always been more to him than to most of its priests, and challenged by the same act his own past, in order to do justice to the people of another creed, and when he made a righteous peace with the Boers in the face of a storm of English wrath, he rose to a greatness in character that will be measured in future time with clearer eyes than now.

The persuasive witchery of his eloquence will be poorly understood by generations to come. It is not found in the word, the phrase, the argument, or the thought. It came for the most part from the spirit that warmed the breath of the man, sounded in his voice, looked out of his eyes. It was personal to him, largely drawn from the moral qualities that seemed to be his greater distinction. No man of his day has had such power of persuasion as he. It may not be too bold to say that no man of any time has surpassed him in that power. Yet he was never logically strong. His argumentative writings, the most carefully and deliberately composed, show defects of reasoning that are marked. From controversy with an antagonist like Professor Huxley he was sure to come with

wounds. Yet his masterful influence over minds of every class is a certain fact. It was once said by somebody that "Gladstone could persuade anybody to anything, — himself included ;" and no doubt the epigram carries a significant truth. Fashion a man finely and largely, and make him to be tensely strung in every part of his whole nature, but inject a little, barely a little excess on the moral and emotional side, — a little more of feeling, with pressure of conscience behind it, than logical judgment can quite control, — and we shall have the persuasive man who is over-

persuasive sometimes to himself. On the great scale, as in Gladstone, it produces a rare and splendid power for the kind of work he had to do, — a rare and splendid character for the delight and admiration of mankind. It kept him in the strength and beauty of youth till he died. It did more ; for he was younger in spirit, younger in the generousities and hospitalities of his mind, when his work was finished than when it began. He, at least, in this questioning nineteenth century, found well-springs of faith in both God and man, and drank of them to the end.

THE ESSENTIAL UNITY OF BRITAIN AND AMERICA.

THE editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*, a magazine which has always sought to treat current questions in a broad and impartial way, asks me to say a few words on a subject which is much in men's minds on both sides of the Atlantic, — the underlying unity of the English and American peoples, and the causes which have produced that sympathy between them which has been so conspicuously displayed during the last few months.

The sense of unity and sympathy between these two peoples ought in reason and nature always to have existed. It has, in point of fact, existed to a much greater extent than has been generally realized. No American can travel in England, no Englishman can travel in America, without realizing it as a stronger force than he could have gathered from a study of the history of the countries since their political separation.

There is indeed much reason for thinking that the irritation which has sometimes been shown in each country at the language used by the government or the newspapers of the other has been due

largely to the undercurrent of affection which each felt for the other, and which made unfriendly or affronting expressions more resented than similar language would have been from a nation less closely bound by the ties of blood and literature and historical tradition. However, despite this occasional irritation, the sense of the essential unity of the two branches of the same stock has been growing steadily stronger in Britain during the last twenty years, and the events of these last months have made it more palpably evident in both countries. It is chiefly of Britain, and of the causes which in Britain have been quietly strengthening and ripening this sympathy, that I shall attempt to speak.

Among the changes that have marked our century, no other is so remarkable as the narrowing of the world by steam and electricity, and the bringing of distant countries into close relations with one another. Even the age which saw the discovery of America and the opening of the ocean route to India saw no such revolution in the conditions of industry, trade, and politics as our time

has witnessed. It was first in the economic and social sphere that the results of this revolution were perceived. They have now become enormously significant in politics also. The great nations of Europe have stretched forth their arms over the whole globe, and have parceled out among themselves those of its territories which had been previously inhabited by savages or possessed by weak semi-civilized powers, bringing under their control even those regions in which a few of the weaker powers have still been permitted to retain a nominal independence. Russia, which was first in the field, has obtained the whole of northern and large parts of western and eastern Asia. England, besides planting self-governing colonies in North America and Australia and South Africa, holds India with its huge and industrious population, large tracts of tropical Africa, and many important posts in other quarters. France has taken a vast area in North Africa, as well as parts of Central Africa and Indo-China. Germany has acquired three wide dominions in Africa, and has begun to appropriate points of vantage elsewhere. Meanwhile, the United States, which in 1798 had only just begun to spread out her population behind the Alleghanies, has now filled the Mississippi Valley, developed the best parts of the Rocky Mountain plateau, and established populous and flourishing communities along more than a thousand miles of the Pacific coast; having, moreover, to the south of her, all the way to Cape Horn, states of only second or third rate strength.

These five nations have now become world powers in a new sense of the word, each — but especially Russia, Britain, and the United States — holding a considerable fraction of the total area of the world. So far as we can foresee, it is in the hands of these five powers that the destiny of the world as a whole will lie, so much stronger are they than any of their competitors.

The great stage is now almost cleared of minor actors, and each of the five great nations looks round on the others, measuring their respective strength, conjecturing their respective purposes, and considering what will be the future relations of each to each. Of the four European powers, no one has any special affinity for any other. They are mutually jealous, and two of them are even hostile to one another. The alliance of Russia and France is not an alliance of natural friendship or sympathy, but is based on the feelings which France entertains toward Germany, and is, moreover, threatened by the divergence of interests and of traditional policy in the Turkish East, which has been a factor in the past, and may reappear as a factor once more.

England has no reason for hostility with any other power. She possesses at least as much territory as she can hope successfully to defend, administer, and develop. Despite the excited language in which some of her writers and speakers occasionally indulge, her people as a whole desire peace and friendship with all other states, and feel that the duty that lies before them is rather to discharge well their existing responsibilities than to seek the further extension of those responsibilities. Nevertheless, England feels that she is regarded by the other three powers — whether justly or unjustly I will not now inquire — with a jealousy which might readily pass into unfriendliness. She perceives that these powers think their interests opposed to hers, although, in truth, peace, confidence, and unshackled commerce are the highest interest of all countries.

In this state of facts, England has been forced to look round and consider with which of the four other world powers she has most natural affinity, and with which of them there is the least likelihood of any clash of interests. That one is unquestionably the United States. We in England have always

believed that the special mission of the United States was to build up a vast free, industrious, enlightened, and prosperous community in her magnificent domain between the two oceans, and to set to other peoples an example of orderly self-government, and the elevation of the masses of the people to the highest point yet attained of material well-being and intellectual development. This is a task sufficient to employ the energy of the United States for generations to come; and some of us have thought that it will ultimately be accompanied by the extension of her influence over the Spanish states of Central and South America, reclaiming those regions from misgovernment or barbarism by an infiltration of the surplus population of North America. We have never believed that Canada would raise a dispute between the United States and Britain, because to seize Canada against the will of the Canadian people would be utterly opposed to the first principle of American policy, while to retain a self-governing colony by force against the will of its people would be no less inconsistent with British policy. We have therefore held that the United States would continue to think that she had all the territory she needed. If, however, she should desire to acquire such a transmarine dominion as the Philippine Islands, we should see no possible ground for objection by Britain to such an act. Some of us who know the United States, and love her next to our own country, might think such a step fraught with future difficulties, and might regret it in the interest of the United States herself. But Britain would regard it, so far as her own political and commercial position was concerned, with nothing but satisfaction. Thus the English have seen, and see to-day, no ground for a collision of political interests between themselves and the American republic, and when they study the chessboard of the world they feel the contrast between her posi-

tion toward them and that of the powers of Continental Europe.

That narrowing of the world, however, whereof I have spoken, and the sudden prominence upon its stage of a few great powers and races, has had another effect. It has intensified the self-consciousness and the patriotism of each of the races, rousing in each a stronger sentiment of the unity of the race and of the splendor of the part it has to play. Each recalls with a keener pride its achievements in the past; each is more eager to sustain its greatness in the future. Now, although there are five great world powers, there are only four great world races; for one of the races has embodied itself in two powers, and has built up the North American republic and the oceanic empire of Britain. There has indeed been a large infusion of other elements into the population of the United States, but those elements are mostly drawn from the same sources, Teutonic and Celtic, which form the population of the British Isles, and all have been, or are being, moulded into the same normal American type. That type differs less from the normal British type than the Englishman of Hampshire differs from the Scotchman of Fife or the Irishman of Galway; and the differences which separate the average Englishman and the average American are as nothing in comparison with those which separate either of them from members of any of the other great races. The influences of climate and institutions which tend to differentiate them are less potent than the influences of literature and thought which tend to assimilation. Here in England, at any rate, we never think of natives of the United States as different from ourselves, and when we speak of "foreigners" we do not include Americans. Accordingly, whenever we think of what is called — the term may not be a correct one, but it is the best we have — the Anglo-Saxon race, to which we belong,

we think of it as a whole, though it dwells on opposite sides of the Atlantic. We think of it as one race, one in character, in temper, in habits, in beliefs, in ideals. That intensified race consciousness which the rivalry of the other great races has produced, that feeling of pride in the occupation and development of the earth's surface which has grown with the keener competition of recent years, have deepened the sense of solidarity in the scattered members of the race, and drawn Englishmen nearer and nearer to the great branch in the United States, now larger than their own, as well as the smaller branches in Canada and Australasia. Thus it is not with jealousy, but with admiration and sympathy, that the extraordinary progress of the United States in wealth, power, and population has been regarded by the great mass of our people. They have thought of the two countries as partners and fellow workers in securing the ascendancy of the language, the free institutions, the ideas, which they themselves cherish, and with whose power and progress they believe the future welfare of humanity to be involved.

To any one who remembers the days of the war of secession the contrast between the sentiment of Britain then and the sentiment now is very striking. It is true that even in 1863 — and this is a fact not realized in America as it deserves to be — the masses of the people hoped for the victory of the North, because they felt that the North stood for human rights and freedom. Those who advocated the Southern cause never ventured to hold an open public meeting, while hundreds of such meetings were held to send good wishes to those who fought against slavery. But it must be admitted that the bulk of the wealthier classes of England, and the newspapers written for those classes, did in those days say many offensive things regarding the United States, and sometimes conveyed the impression — erroneous though that

impression was — that England as a whole had ranged herself on the side which every one now admits to have been adverse to the progress of the world and to the welfare of the South itself. Why did the wealthier English class err so grievously? Partly from ignorance, for in those days the United States were little understood in Europe; partly from its own political proclivities, which were not generally for freedom. But since 1863 Britain has passed through great political changes. The parliamentary suffrage has been so extended as now to include the immense majority of the working classes, both in town and in country. Members are far more observant of the wishes of their constituents, far more anxious to consult and regard them, than they were in the old days. The political influence of great landowners has almost disappeared. Many laws have been passed for the benefit of the laboring man which no one dreamed of in 1863. Britain has in fact become virtually a democracy, though the affection and reverence felt for the present sovereign have made the Crown more popular than ever. Britain is indeed in some points more democratic than the United States, for her legislature is not restrained by any such constitutional provisions as limit the powers of Congress. Thus there has come about a notable change in the tone of British public opinion. In 1863 the masses of the English people were with Mr. Lincoln, but their sentiment told very little on the wealthy and the newspapers which the wealthy read. Now the masses have become politically predominant, and public opinion has adapted itself to the new conditions. The old fear and jealousy of democratic institutions have vanished, because these institutions have come, and have obviously come to stay. So far from being dreaded as a fountain of democratic propaganda, America is looked on as a champion of popular government against the great military mon-

archies of Continental Europe, and as the only great country which, like Britain, has recognized that the freedom of the individual citizen as against the official is the basis of all truly free government. Accordingly, one chief cause of that change in the ruling sentiment of England toward America, which in 1898 has rejoiced those of us who remember 1863, is the change in the political conditions of England herself.

There remains one other force which has drawn the two peoples together, and it is perhaps the most hopeful of all, because it is independent of material interests and of politics. It is the better knowledge which they are coming to have of each other. The habit of travel has prodigiously increased within the last forty years. Americans come over in thousands, not only for business, but for pleasure, and find themselves more at home in England than they did before. Englishmen go in far larger numbers to the United States, for instruction and pleasure as well as for business, and return with more accurate ideas about the United States than they had before. Each man diffuses these ideas in his own circle, and thus the whole nation has come to know its Western kinsfolk in a perfectly new way, and in a way in which it does not and cannot know any nation of the European continent. In former days each people drew its impressions of the other from the action of the government and the language of the newspapers; and both the action of the government and the language of the newspapers tended to misrepresent each to the other. Governments are brought into contact by differences; and they are obliged to deal with matters of difference in a cold, dry way. Each tries to drive a hard bargain; each gives its views in dispatches which are in substance, sometimes even in style, much like the letters written by attorneys on behalf of their contending clients. Each is in danger of importing into its diplo-

macy the manner and methods of party politics; and the methods of party politics do not tend to amenity or good feeling. Newspapers, on the other hand, which might have been thought a better index of popular sentiment, are prone to dwell on points of difference more than on points of agreement. It is perhaps easier, it is certainly more tempting, to carp and cavil and satirize than it is to praise; and the journalist is apt to think that his talent and his vigor are better displayed in sharp criticism than in kindly appreciation. Besides, it is, unluckily, the bitter things that are said in one country about another that are most frequently copied into the newspapers of the latter. Here in Europe half the ill feeling that exists between the nations is due to the goadings of the press, though our own (if an Englishman may be permitted to say so) is in this respect less blameworthy than the journalism of France or Germany or Russia. But every one who knows the educated class in any country will agree that the tone of its feeling toward other countries is more generous, more friendly, more large-minded, than could be gathered either from the action of its government or from the columns of its newspapers. It is therefore an immense gain that Englishmen and Americans are now learning to know one another through direct personal contact, and that the spirit of that cordial welcome which a man from either country finds when he travels in the other is coming to be recognized as the real and genuine spirit which animates both nations; and after a recent visit to Canada, I will venture to say that this is now the prevailing spirit among Canadians also.

This truer insight has enabled us in England to realize the substantial identity of thought and feeling between the two peoples. Let me take as an example the way in which the most terrible event of recent times impressed them both. The massacres of the Eastern

Christians which took place in 1895 and 1896 excited little commiseration, little indignation, in Continental Europe. The press in Germany and France and Austria, guided by the wishes or hints or commands of the governments of those states, did its best to conceal the facts from the public. A few noble and earnest men, mostly Roman Catholic priests or Protestant pastors, in France, in Germany, and in Switzerland, appealed to their fellow countrymen to move the governments to interfere and to send help to the sufferers. But their voices found only a faint response. Far otherwise in Britain and in the United States. The governments of both those countries did indeed attempt, or accomplish, much less than was hoped and wished. But the peoples were stirred by a horror and an anger which pervaded every class. Untrammelled by any considerations of political expediency, their hearts spoke out in the cause of justice, humanity, and freedom; for they believed that it is justice, humanity, and freedom that ought to guide the policy of nations. Here, as in so many other instances, it was shown how unlike their neighbors in Continental Europe, and how like their kinsfolk in America, the British are. It is in this community of ideas and feelings, this similarity of instinctive judgments, that the unity of the peoples best appears. The sense of identity has deeper and better foundations than the pride of Anglo-Saxon ancestry and the spirit of defiance to other races.

The circumstances of the friction occasioned by the Venezuela boundary question toward the end of 1895 illustrate the way in which the sentiment of friendliness had ripened in Britain. The President's message and the action of Congress were received in this country with amazement. Few persons had the least idea that any serious disagreement between the two governments would or could arise over a matter which had attracted no attention here. With the

shock of surprise there was a shock of grief that Congress should apparently treat lightly a contingency so lamentable as a collision between the two nations. But there was no outbreak of hostile feeling toward the United States. The general feeling was that there must be a great misconception somewhere, and that, so far as national honor permitted, every step ought to be taken to remove the misconception, and set matters right between nations made to be friends. Very shortly afterward, there occurred, on the part of a great Continental state, what our people deemed a provocation. It was resented with a promptitude and a warmth in excess of its real importance, but which showed how different was the sentiment which the words of a Continental power, theretofore friendly, excited from that which prevailed where our own kinsfolk were concerned. And (unless my recollection is at fault) the possibility of some joint action of European powers directed against Britain immediately caused a revulsion of opinion in the United States in favor of Britain, like that which softens a man's heart toward a relative with whom he has had a coolness, so soon as he finds that the relative is threatened from some other quarter.

The alliances of nations are usually based upon interest alone, and last no longer than the cause which has produced them. A coincidence, or at least an absence of any conflict, of interest is the almost indispensable condition of cordial relations. But when other ties than those of common material benefit exist, their existence may give to those relations a greatly increased strength and permanence; just as, if one may compare great things with small, a partnership in business succeeds better and lasts longer when its members have a personal regard for and a personal trust in one another. Now the United States and Britain have nowhere in the world any conflicting interests. They have in

some directions identical interests, as for instance in the maintenance of open markets for their goods. They are in some respects complementary to each other; for while the United States is the great food-raising and cotton-growing country of the world, Britain is the great consumer of sea-borne food and of raw cotton; and as the one is rapidly becoming the chief among the producers of the world both in the agricultural and in the mineral department, so the other is by her mercantile marine the chief distributor. Each has the strongest interest in the welfare of the other; and we have repeatedly seen how powerfully the commercial prosperity or depression of the one tells on the trade of the other. Thus there exists, as regards political interest, a basis for the establishment of the most close and cordial relations between the two countries, — a basis independent of the chances and changes of the moment, because it is due to permanent conditions. But above and beyond this coincidence of interests there is the community of blood, the similarity of institutions, and that capacity for understanding and appreciating one another which is given by a common tongue and by habits of thought and feeling essentially the same. Nature and history have made each profoundly concerned in the well-being of the other. No true American could see without the deepest grief the humiliation and suffering of the ancestral home of his race. No true Englishman but would mourn any grave disaster that could befall the people which it is one of the chief glories of England to have reared and planted. Seventeen years ago, in addressing an American audience, I ventured to express the belief that if ever England was hard pressed by a combination of hostile European powers America would not stand by idle and unconcerned, and the reception given to those words confirmed my belief. The sympathy of race does not often affect the relations of states,

but when it does it is a force of tremendous potency; for it affects not so much governments as the people themselves, who, both in America and in England, are the ultimate depositaries of power, the ultimate controllers of policy.

War between two nations is a deplorable event, whatever the causes and the circumstances. But as evil sometimes comes out of good, so events which in themselves are unfortunate may become the parents of good. Thus the outbreak of hostilities between the United States and Spain gave occasion for the display of a feeling in England, not against Spain, but of interest in the United States, which was not only general, but conspicuously spontaneous. It was the sudden and indisputable evidence of a sentiment we believed to exist, but which had never before been made so manifest. It was promptly and heartily reciprocated in the United States. And now many voices have been asking what durable expression can be given to this feeling shared by the two peoples, and to what account, permanently helpful to both, it can be turned. As Mr. Olney has pointed out, in the thoughtful and weighty article which he contributed to the May number of *The Atlantic Monthly* (an article whose friendly tone has been cordially appreciated in England), there are some obvious difficulties in the way of a formal alliance. Those difficulties are not insurmountable, and if such an alliance were ultimately to be formed, instead of threatening other states it would be a guarantee of peace to the world; for each nation would feel itself bound to justify its policy to the public opinion of the other. Meantime, there are things which may be done at once to cement and perpetuate the good relations which happily prevail. One is the conclusion of a general arbitration treaty, providing for the amicable settlement of all differences which may hereafter arise between the nations. Another is the agreement to render services to each other: such,

for instance, as giving to a citizen of either nation a right to invoke the good offices of the diplomatic or consular representatives of the other in a place where his own government has no representative; or such as the recognition of a common citizenship, securing to the citizens of each, in the country of the other, certain rights not enjoyed by other foreigners. But the greatest thing of

all is that the two peoples should realize, as we may hope they are now coming to do, that whether or no they have a formal alliance, they may have a league of the heart; that the sympathy of each is a tower of strength to the other; that the best and surest foundation of the future policy of each is to be found in relations of frank and cordial friendship with the other.

James Bryce.

THE AMERICAN EVOLUTION.

DEPENDENCE, INDEPENDENCE, INTERDEPENDENCE.

How ought we, great-grandsons, to judge the cause of American Independence, the cause for which our fathers fought a hundred years ago? Says an excellent English writer of the present year: "To whoever believes in progress along the slow but sure lines of natural evolution, the breach between the two great branches of the English-speaking race, which never seems thoroughly able to heal, must always appear one of the most calamitous events in the world's history."¹ To this view few Americans will subscribe: the triumph gained by our fathers we believe to have been for the good of the world. But the question as to whether the Revolution turned out well or ill can be regarded as one by no means yet settled among thoughtful men. It well deserves to be studied and restudied; it will not be out of place, perhaps, to outline the case once more, though it may be for the thousandth time. It is still possible to present it from a point of view unfamiliar; but though unfamiliar, it is hoped the view will not be unwelcome.

What the Revolution gained was government of the people, by the people, and for the people. It is right to be-

¹ H. E. Egerton: *A Short History of English Colonial Policy.*

lieve that in any Anglo-Saxon community Abraham Lincoln's "plain people" can be trusted to govern themselves, and that power to do so should belong to the masses, each man having his vote. Undoubtedly, such a democracy is often unlovely in its manifestations. Emerson quoted approvingly Fisher Ames as saying that "a monarchy is a merchantman which sails well, but will sometimes strike on a rock and go to the bottom; while a republic is a raft which would never sink, but then your feet are always in the water." The discomforts of the raft are indeed great, and the feet of those who are embarked upon it have never been wetter, probably, than at the present hour. Many who until now have floated upon the raft confidently begin to feel that it must be forsaken. When such a leader as Herbert Spencer declares that his faith in democracy is gone, and that we are on the highroad to military despotism, — believing apparently that it will be a better consummation than a continuance of present conditions, — ordinary men cannot be blamed for feeling some doubt about institutions heretofore cherished and implicitly trusted. We are, however, on the raft for good and all. We must make the best

of it; whatever defections may occur, it is unmanly for Americans to be faint-hearted. When all is said that can be said, democracy exhibits no disadvantages which cannot at once be paralleled or surpassed in the experience of aristocracies and monarchies. In an Anglo-Saxon community, inheriting as it does the traditions of two thousand years of self-government, the people can and ought to take care of themselves; and it is culpable faint-heartedness to believe that the elements other than Anglo-Saxon which have flowed in upon us have so far canceled or emasculated Anglo-Saxon virility that we need to be taken in hand by a master.

Unquestionably, a state of dependence during the first century and a half of America was a salutary, indeed an indispensable thing. During the early days a powerful foe might at any time easily have wiped out the English colonies; the tenure hung upon a very light thread. As time advanced, and France, during the reigns of Louis XIV. and Louis XV., became ambitious in America, the peril from the foreign power was imminent. However well the provinces may sometimes have fought the French, they were utterly unable of their own strength to keep the foreigner at bay. Even the capture of Louisburg, the most conspicuous military feat of the provincials, could never have been achieved without the support of the British fleet. In the hard campaigns that followed, the provincials played a very secondary part; often enough, the French, with their Indian allies, were on the threshold of success. The line of posts stretching from New Orleans to Quebec was in the way to be strongly confirmed, and the disunited and discouraged populations scattered along the seaboard seemed on the point of subjection. When Braddock failed, when Montcalm won at Ticonderoga, when Pontiac threatened Detroit, all was precarious for English America. But at last British soldiers under General

Forbes captured Fort Duquesne; British soldiers under Colonel Bouquet broke the Indian spirit at Bushy Run; British soldiers, again, under Wolfe won at Quebec, — and after that everything was secure. We scarcely realize to-day how precarious the Anglo-Saxon hold upon America was up to the capture of Quebec. Says an intelligent writer: "The conjunction of the genius of Pitt and the genius of Wolfe was almost miraculous, and that conjunction alone it was that ruined the cause of France."¹ It was only by a hair's breadth that America was saved to the Anglo-Saxons. The colonies alone, at this time, poor and without cohesion, were quite powerless to cope with the danger. But for their dependence upon the arm of the mother country they would have been lost.

The necessity for this dependence came to an end through the conquest of Pitt and Wolfe; but the habit had been formed, and was slow in yielding. When, a little later, under the initiative of Samuel Adams, independence became a popular cry, it was only after long hesitation, and in spite of the resistance of a mass of the best people of the country, who were never able to see that independence had become expedient. But the time had come for America to enter upon the second phase in her evolution. The "Anglo-Saxon schism" came to pass. Shall we say with Mr. Egerton, and with many another good Englishman whose heart yearns toward the brethren who became estranged, that it was "one of the most calamitous events in the world's history"? While reciprocating the brotherly yearning, Americans should think that no mistake was made; it is well that the schism came. A people sprang into being the breath of whose nostrils became, instead of provincialism, the noblest national spirit.

To use a figure no homelier, perhaps, than that of the raft, which Emerson

¹ W. F. Lord: *Lost Empires of the Modern World*, p. 224.

takes so approvingly from Fisher Ames, a political construction for a vast multitude should be after the model of the "bob-sled" of the lumberman of the Northwest. If the vehicle were in one frame, the load pressing from above and the inequalities of the road beneath would rack it to pieces at once; let there be runners, however, before and behind, each pair distinct and independent, yet linked by appliances always flexible but never parting, all immediately goes well. Among the stumps and gullies of the rough track, the contrivance, readily yielding, yet never disconnected, easily bears on its weight of timber; the shortest corners are turned, the ugliest drifts surmounted. That Anglo-Saxondom was sundered is not a subject for regret. In one frame, so to speak, it could not do its work. That its burden might be well and safely borne the division into two was salutary, indeed inevitable. What is to be regretted is that the severance involved bloodshed, and produced a hatred which rankles yet. The split should not be utter. While the two frames are separate an indestructible link should connect them, allowing to each free play while making the two after all one.

But without stopping to consider a proposition to us so obvious as the benefit to America herself of becoming independent, let us inquire for a moment as to the effect of the American revolt elsewhere than at home. Charles James Fox is said to have exclaimed once, "The resistance of the Americans to the oppression of the mother country has undoubtedly preserved the liberties of mankind!" If such a declaration appears too sweeping, the value of the American revolt as regards the British empire, at any rate, can scarcely be exaggerated. How has it come to pass that the magnificent freedom to-day allowed to the dependencies of England exists? Englishmen have ascribed it directly to the circumstance that the mother country learned wisdom from her

fiery experience with America. Her eyes were opened to what was and what was not possible, and it is directly as a consequence of the American struggle that she has finally established it as a principle that colonies are to be left to themselves. America by conquering secured not only her own freedom, but probably that of her fellow dependencies, — those then existing and those afterward to be established.

Perhaps still more than this can be said: did not the resistance of America save England herself? Buckle, in his *History of Civilization*, speaking of the danger to England, one hundred years ago, through the encroachments upon her liberty of royal and aristocratic power, says: "The danger was so imminent as to make the ablest defenders of popular liberty believe that everything was at stake, and that if the Americans were vanquished the next step would be to attack the liberties of England, and endeavor to extend to the mother country the same arbitrary government which by that time would have been established in the colonies. . . . The danger was far more serious than men are now inclined to believe. During many years the authority of the Crown continued to increase, until it reached a height of which no example had been seen in England for several generations. . . . There is no doubt, I think, that the American war was a great crisis in the history of England, and that if the colonists had been defeated our liberties for a time would have been in considerable jeopardy. From that risk we were saved by the Americans, who with heroic spirit resisted the royal armies."¹

But is there not something higher for nations than independence? "We are members one of another," the apostolic admonition, deserves heed from states as well as individuals. The wise and benevolent look forward to Tennyson's

¹ Vol. i. p. 345, *Am. ed.*

"Parliament of man, the federation of the world;" and as a first step toward that happy consummation, what can be better than that among nations like should connect itself with like? There is no other kinship among peoples so marked as that between the two great branches of the English-speaking race.

The notion of Anglo-Saxon brotherhood ought to have some interest for Americans. Says Sir Louis Mallet, rendering an idea of Cobden: "Coöperation, and not competition, international interdependence, and not national independence, are the highest end and object of civilization."¹ The suggestion of Sir Edwin Arnold, made to President Harrison, was that there should be an international council to arbitrate all matters in dispute, from whose decisions there should be no appeal, and this within a year or two has seemed not far from realization. Such a scheme would be a loose kind of federation; and as far as a formal bond is concerned, without doubt it would be all that is expedient. As to a union, only one purely moral is possible or desirable. For some such clasping of hands the world is certainly ripe. Through steam and electricity, time and space are annihilated. The seas no longer divide, but unite. Should the *will* for such fraternity be felt, there is no power of nature or man which could interfere to prevent. Had we but the will! We nurse too carefully old prejudices; we remember too long ancient injuries. We train our children as we were trained ourselves, to execrate all things British, and to think only of England's tyranny. We ought to know that in the Revolution possibly half of England were really on our side, regarding our cause as their own, and that the descendants of the great masses who felt with us, prayed for us, and rejoiced in our success now hold England in their own hands.

This view is so unfamiliar to Americans that it well deserves illustration.

It is not right to regard George III. as a fair representative of the England of his time, nor to think that in the great war of the American Revolution, of which, on the British side, he was the central figure, Americans were really fighting England. Says the Westminster Review: "Of course Americans regard independence as their great achievement. In this they are quite right. When, however, they proceed to regard independence as a victory gained over England, their enemy, they are surely egregiously in error. . . . At the time the United States were fighting for independence, England was fighting for her liberties: the common enemy was the Hanoverian George III. and his Germanized court. . . . When the news was brought to London that the United States had appealed to arms, William Pitt, an Englishman if there ever was one, rose in his seat in Parliament, and with uplifted voice thanked God that the American colonists retained enough of English blood to fight for their rights. Nine Englishmen out of every ten outside of court influence similarly rejoiced. Independence Day is as much a red-letter day for every genuine Englishman as for every genuine American. And so it should be. Washington but trod in the footsteps of Hampden. His task was easier than that of Hampden, and the solution he wrought, which an interval of three thousand miles of ocean practically dictated, was more thorough."²

Vast misapprehension as to the true character of the American Revolution no doubt prevails. The English radical whose words have been quoted puts the case none too strongly. A high American authority³ declares that the American Revolution was not a quarrel between two peoples, but a strife between

¹ Quoted in London Spectator, vol. lxiii. p. 381.

² Vol. cxxxi. p. 328.

³ Hon. Mellen Chamberlain in Winsor's Narrative and Critical History of America, vol. vi. chap. i.

two parties in one people, conservatives and liberals. These parties existed in both countries; the battle between them was waged not only on the fields of America, but in the British Parliament also, — some of the fiercest engagements in the latter arena. The strife took place on both sides of the water, with nearly equal step, and was essentially the same on both sides; so that if, at the close of the French war, all the people of Great Britain had been transported to America, and all the people of America to Great Britain, and put in control of British affairs, the American Revolution and the contemporary British Revolution might have gone on just the same, and with the same final result.

As to the embarrassments which the king and his ministers underwent from a powerful opposition, in their attempts to coerce America, the best historian of the eighteenth century makes out a strong case. At first the immense influence of Pitt, soon to be Earl of Chatham, then the most powerful of subjects, was on the side of America. He justified with all his eloquence the resistance to the Stamp Act, seconded by Lord Camden, who also had great influence. At the time of the tea duty there was in Parliament a strong section supporting the Americans, and outside of Parliament a still more democratic party who kept the country in alarm through fierce political agitation, — all which, as was truly said by Lord North, lured on America and blocked the efforts of the ministry.¹

In another sphere, the tried and skillful soldiers, Amherst, Conway, and Barré, did not conceal their sympathy. In the House of Commons Fox eulogized Montgomery, slain at Quebec; while the Duke of Richmond said in the House of Lords, after Bunker Hill, that the Amer-

icans were not in rebellion, but resisting acts of the most unexampled cruelty and oppression. The gleeful exclamation of Horace Walpole, somewhat later, over the surrender of Burgoyne, and the declaration of his belief that the Americans were better Englishmen than the English themselves, is very significant. "Thank God," said he, "old England is safe. I mean New England, whither the true English retired under Charles I."² In the House of Commons the American army was spoken of as "our army." William Pitt, in 1781, called the attempt to reduce America "most accursed, wicked, barbarous, cruel, unnatural, diabolical." In the ruling class, a minority containing personages of the highest rank and the ablest men in the nation had identified itself completely with the insurgents. They resisted with passion, for they came to feel — a feeling which writers like Buckle declare thoroughly justified — that the defeat of the Americans would probably be followed by a subversion of the constitution of England. Meantime, among the people, the war was to the last degree unpopular. London was sometimes at the mercy of mobs; the army could be maintained only by press-gangs, by emptying into the regiments the prisons, and by buying Hessians.

If the king and his ministers were embarrassed by an opposition, the American patriots were no less embarrassed. An energetic minority, it has been said, brought to pass the Revolution, which, proceeding especially from New England, was carried through in spite of a majority in the colonies, — a majority in great part quite apathetic, but to some extent actively resisting.³ The emigration of Tories, when the day was at last won, was relatively as great as that of the Huguenots from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes. The total num-

¹ Lecky, *Eighteenth Century*, vol. iii. pp. 403, 404.

² Walpole's *Letters to the Countess of Ossory*, December 11, 1777.

³ Lecky, *Eighteenth Century*, vol. iii. p. 458, etc.

ber is estimated to have been at least one hundred thousand. In this multitude were comprised only such, with their families, as had been active for the king. The indifferent, who had lent no helping hand to the patriots, must have been a multitude much larger; these remained behind, inertly submitting to the new order of things as they had swayed inertly this way or that, following the power and direction of the blast of war.

The war of the American Revolution, then, was a strife, not of countries, but of parties; a strife carried on both in England and in America, — bloodless in the motherland, bloody in the dependency; but nevertheless a strife carried on in each arena for the preservation of the same priceless treasure, — Anglo-Saxon freedom, — and fought through with similar spirit. On one side of the Atlantic victory came speedily. In America there were no traditions and institutions, rooted for centuries, to be upturned; and besides, there came most timely help from France. Victory in America drew necessarily with it victory in England. It has long been delayed, but it has been steadily coming, until at the present moment, as regards popular freedom, the two countries stand nearly together, — England, perhaps, though preserving monarchical forms and much social feudalism, really in advance. Popular freedom was possibly saved to England by the success of the American struggle; on the other hand, America has derived that popular freedom nowhere but from the motherland, through the struggles of her Alfred; of her Langton and the barons of 1215; of her Earl Simon; of her knights of the shire, her Ironsides, her supporters of the Bill of Rights. What a noble community is this, — common striving so heroic for a common cause of such supreme moment! How mean the nursing of petty prejudice between lands so linked; how powerful

the motive to join hand with hand, and heart with heart!

England is not only herself, at the present hour, practically a democratic republic, but is the parent of vast republics in the quarters of the earth most distant from her.¹ In America, Australia, and Africa, enormous tracts of territory, best adapted by climate and soil to the habitation of Europeans, are in the possession, and have become the seats, of vigorous and growing Anglo-Saxon peoples. The extent to which these have become endowed with the ancient freedom so thoroughly recovered by the motherland can be made plain in a few words. The old colonial empire, the thirteen colonies, which, after revolting, became the United States, had been ruled after the precedents of Spain. The dependencies were regarded as a source from which the motherland might be enriched, and their interests were neglected and sacrificed in the pursuit by the motherland of this selfish end. "Till alienated by the behavior of England, the colonists had far more kindly feelings toward her than she had toward them. To them she was the old home; to her they were simply customers."² Exasperation in the colonies was the inevitable fruit of so base a policy, and in the end England, like Spain, lost the new lands whose rights she had abused. The bitter experience, as we have seen, perhaps saved her own freedom; she derived from it also the wisdom which enabled her, when presently the vast new colonial empire fell within her grasp, so to proceed that the dependencies, instead of chafing under their bond, cherish it with warm affection, looking upon independence as a calamity rather than a blessing.

The work of our fathers, then, was to sever the English-speaking world, — a work one hundred years ago most noble and necessary to be done, for only so, in that day, could freedom be saved. At

¹ Sir T. Erskine May: *Constitutional History*, vol. xi. p. 537.

² Bryce: *American Commonwealth*, vol. i. p. 416, note.

the present time, however, may it not be the case that the work to be done is not of severance, but of union?

John Bright wrote, in 1887, to the committee for the celebration of the centennial of the American Constitution: "As you advance in the second century of your natural life, may we not ask that our two nations may become one people?"

Sir Henry Parkes, perhaps the foremost statesman of Australia, addressing the legislature of New South Wales, November 25, 1887, said still more definitely: "I firmly believe it is within the range of human probability that the great groups of free communities connected with England will, in separate federations, be united to the mother country; . . . and I also believe that in all reasonable probability, by some less distinct bond, even the United States of America will be connected with this great English-speaking congeries of free governments. I believe the circumstances of the world will develop some such new complex nationality as this, in which each of the parts will be free and independent while united in one grand whole, which will civilize the globe."

Sir George Grey, at different times governor of West Australia, of New Zealand, and of South Africa, one of the most illustrious of the men who have developed for England her great possessions in the South Pacific, contemplates an eventual though perhaps far-off league between members of the English-speaking race, in which the United States will not only be included, but, displacing England, will become the leader.

The declarations of Joseph Chamberlain, of a spirit similar to those of the statesmen just quoted, are at the present hour agitating Europe.

Gladstone once wrote:—

"If love unite, wide space divides in vain,
And hands may clasp across the flowing
main."

That clasp of hands Gladstone could not live to bring to pass; but though he is

gone, we are not therefore without resource.

Among Americans Edward Atkinson has declared: "The two great branches of the English-speaking people, politically separated by the misconceptions of a small faction which governed England during the latter part of the last century, are becoming more and more reunited through their interdependence. Their wants and their supplies are the complements of each other. . . . The time is not far distant when the control of commerce, passing more completely than ever to the English-speaking people of the world, will bring them into closer union, each branch maintaining its own form and system of government, but all working together for the benefit of all who share in the abundance of their products."¹

The idea of some reconstitution of the family bond has found expression more often from citizens of the British Empire than from Americans, though men are not wanting in America in whose minds has arisen the conception of doing away with the Anglo-Saxon schism as a thing possible and to be wished for. The prevailing mood among us, however, has been that of self-sufficiency. Absorbed with problems and interests that seem nearer, we have let the broad thought go.

But if the reader has followed with any sympathy and attention the view held in this paper, he will be prepared to see that if we form a link anywhere, our proper affiliation is with England and her children scattered east and west. There are indeed to-day, as there were in the time of the American Revolution, two Englands and two Americas. Of one England Lord Dundreary is the type; as of one America the appropriate type is the tuft-hunting daughter of the plutocrat, who will sell soul and body to get Lord Dundreary for a husband. There is, besides, the stalwart, manful England, for which stand Gladstone, John Bright, and James Bryce; as there are in America

¹ *The Century* for April, 1898.

the excellent "plain people" whom Abraham Lincoln loved and trusted. While Miss Moth flies at her aristocratic luminary, careless of the singeing she may receive, why should not the nobler England and the nobler America clasp hands?

The townships make up the county, the counties the state, the states the United States. What is to hinder a further extension of the federal principle, so that finally we may have a vaster United States, whose members shall be, as empire state, America; then the mother, England; and lastly the great English dependencies, so populous and thoroughly developed that they may fitly stand coördinate? It cannot be said that this is an unreasonable or Utopian anticipation. Dependence was right in its day; but for English help colonial America would have become a province of France. Independence was and is right. It was well for us and for Britain too that we were split apart. Washington, as the main agent in the separation, is justly the most venerated name in our history. But *interdependence*, too, will in its day be right; and great indeed will be that statesman of the future who shall reconstitute the family bond, conciliate the members into an equal brotherhood, found the vaster union which must be the next

great step toward the universal fraternity of man, when patriotism may be merged into a love that will take in all humanity.

Such suggestions as have just been made are sure to be opposed both in England and in America. We on our side cite England's oppression of Ireland, the rapacity with which in all parts of the world she has often enlarged her boundaries, the brutality with which she has trampled upon the rights of weaker men. They cite against America her "century of dishonor" in the treatment of the Indians, the corruption of her cities, the ruffian's knife and pistol ready to murder on slight provocation, the prevalence of lynch law over all other law in great districts, her yellow journalism. Indeed, it is a sad tale of shortcoming for both countries. Yet in the case of each the evil is balanced by a thousand things great and good, and the welfare of the world depends upon the growth and prosperity of the English-speaking lands as upon nothing else. The welfare of the world depends upon their accord; and no other circumstance at the present moment is so fraught with hope as that, in the midst of the heavy embarrassments that beset both England and America, the long-sundered kindred slowly gravitate toward alliance.

James K. Hosmer.

THE DECADENCE OF SPAIN.

WHEN Charles V. was obliged to renounce the dream of a universal monarchy, and to abandon the Holy Roman Empire to his brother Ferdinand, he was still able to make over to his son Philip II. territories which rendered Spain the preponderating power in the civilized world. Besides his ancestral dominions in the Peninsula, to which, in 1580, he added Portugal, Philip was master of the wealthy Netherlands, of

Milan and Naples, of the Mediterranean islands, and of the New World. His revenues far exceeded those of any other monarch, his armies were admitted to be the most formidable in Europe, and his command of the sea was disputed only by the Turk, whose navy he crushed at Lepanto, until the disasters of the Armada gave warning that the old methods of maritime warfare were becoming obsolete. In every way the supremacy of

Spain was the dread of the nations, and its destruction was the cherished object of statesmen for a century. It was not by their efforts, however, that the result was accomplished. Olivares, it is true, was overmatched by Richelieu, but Spain had a vantage-ground enabling her to hold her own against external assault. The causes of her decadence were internal; they were numerous, but may be roughly defined as springing from pride, conservatism, and clericalism.

There is a pride which spurs nations on to great achievements, which reckons nothing done while aught remains to do, and which wisely adapts means to ends. Such was not the pride of Spain: it was proud of what it had done, and imagined that its superiority to the rest of the world left it nothing more to do; it could learn nothing and forget nothing; it had varied the centuries of the Reconquest with endless civil broils, while it left the arts of peace to subject Moors and Jews, until honest labor was regarded with disdain, and trade and commerce were treated in a barbarous fashion that choked all the springs of national prosperity. Derived from this blind and impenetrable pride was the spirit of conservatism which rejected all innovation in a world of incessant change, a world which had been sent by the Reformation spinning on a new track, a world in which modern industrialism was rapidly superseding the obsolescent militarism of Spain. The phrase current throughout Europe in the last century was not without foundation, that Africa began at the Pyrenees. Last, but by no means least, was the clericalism which developed in Spain the ferocious spirit of intolerance; which in 1492 drove out the unhappy Jews, and in 1610 the Moriscos, thus striking at the root of the commercial prosperity and industry of the land; and which surrendered the nation to the Inquisition, paralyzing all intellectual movement, crippling trade, and keeping the people so completely in

leading-strings that the three generations since the Napoleonic upheaval have not sufficed for their training in the arts of self-government.

Yet the Spaniard has qualities which, if not thus counterbalanced, ought to have assured him a maintenance of the commanding position which he held in the sixteenth century. His intellect is strong and quick, his imagination is vivid, and, before the censorship of the Inquisition had curbed its expression, his literature was the most promising in Europe. When fully aroused his perseverance is indefatigable. His courage is undoubted, — not a merely evanescent valor, flaming up on occasion at the promise of success, but a persistent, obstinate, dogged quality, to be dreaded as much in defeat as in victory, and sustained by the pride of race which leads him to think all other races his inferiors. The unyielding steadfastness of the Spanish *tercios* on the disastrous field of Rocroy was paralleled in the defense of Saragossa. The exploits of the Conquistadores in the New World display a tenacity of daring amid unknown dangers which has rarely been equaled, and perhaps never surpassed. The practical efficiency of this determined valor is heightened, moreover, by a remarkable callous indifference as to the means to be employed in accomplishing a given purpose. Spanish legislation is full of the sternest laws, enacted in utter disregard of their contingent and ulterior consequences provided the immediate object in view can be effected. Alva's reign of blood in the Netherlands is typical of this fierce and cold-blooded determination to achieve a result at whatever cost of life and suffering, and the reconcentration policy of Weyler is only a modern exhibition of this inherited characteristic.

Effective as this disregard of consequences may often have proved, it was one of the elements which contributed to the decadence of Spain; for when di-

rected, as it often was, without foresight or judgment, it wrought havoc with interests of greater moment than those it served. The expulsions of the Jews and of the Moriscos are conspicuous instances of this, and, in a minor degree, the industries and commerce of the nation were perpetually wrecked by regulations, absurdly exaggerated, to serve some purpose that chanced at the moment to be uppermost in the minds of the rulers. When, to remedy the scarcity of the precious metals, repeated edicts, from 1623 to 1642, prohibited all manufactures of gold and silver, even to embroideries and gilding or plating, a flourishing branch of trade was destroyed for a time; and another was prostrated in 1683, when, to procure copper for the debased coinage of the mints, all of that metal in the hands of coppersmiths was practically sequestered, and they were forbidden even to repair old utensils. Internal industry and external commerce were thus at the mercy of an infinity of fluctuating regulations which embarrassed transactions, and deprived manufacturers and merchants of all sense of security and all ability to forecast the future. During the period when the commerce of the world was developing into vast proportions, that commerce, with its resultant wealth and the power of offense and defense derived from wealth, fell into the hands of Spain's especial enemies, England and Holland. The Spaniard, who despised industry and commerce, thrust from him the inheritance of Venice and Florence, which the discovery of the New World and the Cape route to India had offered to him: and while his rivals waxed mightily, he grew poorer and poorer, in spite of the wealth of the Indies poured into his lap.

Labor, in fact, to Spanish pride, was the badge of inferiority, to be escaped in every possible way. It is the general complaint of the publicists of the seventeenth century that every one sought to gain a livelihood in the public service or

in the Church, and no one to earn it by honest work. The immense number of useless consumers thus supported was constantly alleged as one of the leading causes of the general poverty, from which the most crushing and injudicious taxation could raise only insufficient revenues. Public offices were multiplied recklessly, and the steady increase in the ranks of the clergy, regular and secular, was a constant subject of remonstrance. In 1626, Navarrete tells us that there were thirty-two universities and more than four thousand grammar schools crowded with sons of artisans and peasants striving to fit themselves for public office or holy orders; most of them failed in this through inaptitude, and drifted into the swarms of tramps and beggars who were a standing curse to the community, while the fields lay untilled for lack of labor, and the industrial arts were slowly perishing, so that Spain was forced to import the finished products which she could so easily have made for herself. This national aversion to labor, moreover, manifested itself in an indolence which, except in Catalonia, rendered the pretense of working almost illusory. Dormer tells us of his compatriots that they did not work as in other lands; a few hours a day, and this intermittently, were expected to provide for them as much as the incessant activity of the foreigner. To these drawbacks on productive industry is to be added the multitude of feast-days, which Navarrete estimates at about one third of the working-days, rising to one half at the critical season of the harvests, — feast-days which, according to Archbishop Carranza, were spent in a debauchery rendering them especially welcome to the devil. Under such conditions it was impossible for Spain to withstand the competition of the foreigner. How rapidly its industry declined is shown by the fact that in 1644 the shipments by the fleet to the West Indies from four cities of Castile — Toledo, Segovia, Ampudia, and Pas-

trana — amounted to \$3,864,750, while in 1684 the total value of all Spanish goods carried by the fleet was only \$800,000. It is true that in 1691 Carlos II. proposed legislation to check the overgrown numbers of the clergy and the immoderate absorption of lands by the Church, but his feeble projects were abandoned.

Thus the nation possessed little recuperative power to make good the perpetual losses of its almost continuous foreign wars. Already, in the apogee of its greatness under Charles V., symptoms of exhaustion were not lacking. His election to the empire, in 1520, was an unmitigated misfortune for Spain. Involved thenceforth in the entanglements of his continental policy, the land was drained of its blood and treasure for quarrels in which it had no concern, and of which it bore the brunt without sharing the advantages. So heavy was the load of indebtedness incurred that, on his accession, Philip II. seriously counseled with his ministers as to the advisability of repudiation. Under the latter monarch downward progress was accelerated. Imagining himself to be specially called of Heaven to uphold the threatened Catholic faith, he regarded no sacrifices as too great when heresy was to be repressed. For this he provoked the Low Countries to revolt, leading to a war of forty years, with uncounted expenditure of men and money. For this he incurred the crowning disaster of the Armada, and for this he stimulated and supported the wars of the League in France. Despite the unrivaled resources of the monarchy his finances were reduced to hopeless confusion; he was a constant borrower on usurious terms, and already in 1565 the Venetian envoy reported his annual interest payments at 5,050,000 ducats, which at eight per cent represented an indebtedness of 63,000,000 ducats, — a sum, at that period, almost incredible. When the reins slipped from his grasp,

in 1598, his successor was the feeble and bigoted Philip III., and the seventeenth century witnessed the fortunes of Spain in the hands of a succession of court favorites, — Lerma, Olivares, Haro, Nithard, Oropesa, and their tribe, — mostly worthless and grossly incompetent. Financial distress grew more and more acute, aggravated by senseless tampering with the currency, which drove to other lands the precious metals of the New World, until the whole active circulation of the country consisted of a token copper coinage, the value of which the government endeavored to regulate by a succession of edicts of the most contradictory character, producing inextricable perplexity and uncertainty, fatally crippling what productive industry had survived the temper of the people and the unwisdom of legislation.

Clericalism contributed its full share to this downward progress. The intensity of the Spanish character, which can do nothing by halves, lent an enormous power for evil to the exaggerated religious ardor of the people. In the earlier Middle Ages no other European nation had been so tolerant as Spain in its dealings with the Jew and the infidel, but, under the careful stimulation of the Church, this tolerant spirit had passed away with the fourteenth century, and in its place there had gradually arisen a fierce and implacable hatred of all faiths outside of Catholicism. This fanaticism gave to the priesthood preponderating power, which it utilized for its own behoof, in disregard of the public welfare, and all doubtful questions were apt to be decided in favor of the faith. The royal confessor was *ex officio* a member of the Council of State, and under a weak monarch his influence was almost unbounded. Fray Gaspar de Toledo, the confessor of Philip III., boasted that when he ordered his royal penitent to do or to leave undone anything, under penalty of mortal sin, he was obeyed; and the fate of a kingdom thus virtually subjected to the ca-

prices of a narrow-minded friar can readily be divined. The royal confessorship was frequently a stepping-stone to the supreme office of inquisitor-general, which controlled the conscience of the nation; and as under such a régime the delimitation between spiritual and temporal affairs was most uncertain, the wrangling between the religious and secular departments of the state was incessant, to the serious detriment of united and sagacious action. When, in the minority of Carlos II., the regent mother, Maria Anna of Austria, made her German Jesuit confessor Nithard inquisitor-general, it required a popular uprising to get rid of him and relegate him to Rome, for he was speedily becoming the real ruler of Spain.

This unreasoning religious ardor culminated in the Inquisition, established for the purpose of securing the supreme good of unblemished purity and uniformity of belief. Nothing was allowed to stand in the way of this, and no sacrifice was deemed too great for its accomplishment. All officials, from the king downward, were sworn to its support, and the sinister influence which it exercised was proportioned to the enormous power which it wielded. The tragic spectacles of the *autos-de-fé* were abhorrent, but they were of little more importance than the closely related bull-fights in determining the fate of the nation, save in so far as they stimulated the ruthless characteristics of the people. The real significance of the Inquisition lay in the isolation to which it condemned the land, and its benumbing influence on the intellectual development of the people. It created a fresh source of pride, which led the Spaniard to plume himself on the unsullied purity of his faith, and to despise all other nations as given over, more or less, to the errors of heresy. It obstructed his commercial relations by imposing absurd and costly regulations at the ports to prevent the slightest chance of the introduction of heretical opinions.

It organized a strict censorship to guard against the intrusion of foreign ideas or the evolution of innovations at home. It paralyzed the national intelligence, and resolutely undertook to keep the national mind in the grooves of the sixteenth century. While the rest of the civilized world was bounding forward in a career of progress, while science and the useful arts were daily adding to the conquests of man over the forces of nature, and rival nations were growing in wealth and power, the Inquisition condemned Spain to stagnation; invention and discovery were unknown at home, and their admission from abroad was regarded with jealousy. Recuperative power was thus wholly lacking to offset the destructive effects of misgovernment, the national conservatism was intensified, and a habit of mind was engendered which has kept Spain to this day a virtual survival of the Renaissance.

All these causes of retrogression were rendered more effective by the autocratic absolutism of the form of government, which deprived the people of all initiative, and subjected everything to the will of the monarch. The old Castilian liberties were lost in the uprising of the Comunidades in 1520, and those of Valencia about the same time in the kindred tumults of the Germania, while those which survived in Aragon and Catalonia were swept away in 1707, when the War of Succession gave Philip V. the excuse for treating them as conquered provinces. Nowhere in Europe, west of Russia, had the maxim of the imperial jurisprudence, "*Quod placuit principi legis habet vigorem*," more absolute sway. The legislative and executive functions were combined in the sovereign; there were no national political life, no training in citizenship, no forces to counterbalance the follies or prejudices of the king and his favorites. Under a series of exceptionally able rulers, this form of government might have maintained Spanish prosperity and power,

while repressing enlightenment, but it was the peculiar curse of Spain that the last three Hapsburg princes, whose reigns filled the whole of the sixteenth century, were weak, and their choice of favorites, ghostly and secular, was unwise. Especially the latest one, Carlos II., brought Spain to the nadir of decadence. At his death, in 1700, the Spanish population is estimated to have shrunk within a century from ten to five millions. The prolonged War of Succession which followed partook so much of the nature of civil strife as to be peculiarly exhausting to the scanty resources left by the misgovernment of the preceding two centuries, but with the accession of the Bourbons there was a promise of improvement. Philip V. was weak, but he was not as bigoted and obscurantist as his predecessors, and his sons, Ferdinand VI. and Carlos III., were men of more liberal ideals. Especially was Carlos an enlightened monarch, who curbed to some extent the Inquisition, relaxed somewhat the rigid censorship of the press, and earnestly strove to promote the industrial development of his kingdom. Under his rule prosperity began to revive, and there seemed a prospect that Spain might assert her place among progressive nations.

The outbreak of the French Revolution, however, was the death-blow of liberalism. Dynastic considerations outweighed all others, and the rulers of Spain were especially sensitive to the dangers apprehended from the introduction of theories as to the rights of man and universal equality. Carlos III. had died in 1788, and his son, Carlos IV., was weak, bigoted, reactionary, and wholly under the influence of his favorite, Godoy, the so-called Prince of Peace. His son and successor, Ferdinand VII., was trained in the same school. After the Napoleonic invasion and the Peninsular War, his restoration, in 1814, was the signal for the sternest repressive and reactionary measures; the monarch claimed ab-

solute power, the Constitution of 1812 was set aside, censorship was revived in the most despotic fashion, the Inquisition was reëstablished, and nothing was left undone to bring back the conditions of the sixteenth century. These conditions were upset by the revolution of 1820, but restored by the intervention of the Holy Alliance in 1823, when the Duc d'Angoulême, at the head of a French army, executed the mandate of the Congress of Verona. The history of Spain since then, with its succession of civil wars, revolutions, and experiments in government, holds out little promise of settled and orderly progress. The national characteristic of indomitable pride which disdains to learn from the experience of other nations, the tendency to resort to violent and exaggerated methods, the dense political ignorance of the masses, so sedulously deprived through long generations of all means of political enlightenment and all training in political action, combine to render the nation incapable of conducting wisely the liberal institutions which are foreign importations, and not the outgrowth of native aspirations and experience. In many respects the Spaniard is still living in the sixteenth century, unable to assimilate the ideas of the nineteenth, or to realize that his country is no longer the mistress of the sea and the dominating power of the land.

There is still another cause which has contributed largely to Spanish decadence. All governments are more or less corrupt, — absolute honesty would appear to be impossible in the conduct of public affairs, — but the corruption and venality of Spanish administration have been peculiarly all-pervading and continuous. From the time of the youthful Charles V. and his worthless horde of Flemish favorites, this has been a corroding cancer, sapping the vitality of Spanish resources. It was in vain that the most onerous and disabling imposts were laid on wealth and industry; the results were always insufficient, and the national

finances were always in disorder, crippling all efforts at aggression or defense. Already in 1551 the cortes of Castile gave a deplorable account of the corruption in every branch of official life, the destruction of industry, and the misery of the people under their crushing burdens. In 1656, when Philip IV., under a complication of misfortunes, was struggling to avert bankruptcy, Cardinal Moscoso, the Archbishop of Toledo, bluntly told him that not more than ten per cent of the revenues collected reached the royal treasury. While income was thus fatally diminished, expenditure was similarly augmented through collusion, fraud, and bribery. It raises a curious psychological question, how pride and punctilious sensitiveness as to honor can coexist with eager rapacity for iniquitous gains, how undoubted patriotism can accommodate itself to a system which deprives the fatherland of the resources necessary to its existence; but human nature is often only consistent in inconsistency. To what extent this prevails at the present day must of course be only a matter of conjecture, but recent events would seem to indicate that supplies and munitions paid for are not on hand when urgently needed, and that troops in the field bear but a slender proportion to those on the payroll. When, the other day, Don Carlos alluded to "generously voted millions diverted from the fulfillment of their patriotic purpose to the pockets of fraudulent contractors and dishonest state employees, and disorder, speculation, and mendacity in every department of the public service," he merely described conditions which in Spain have been chronic for centuries.

If the above is a truthful outline of the causes of Spanish decadence, it can arouse no wonder that Spanish colonial policy has been a failure. All the defects of character and administration which produced such disastrous results at home had naturally fuller scope for

development in the colonies. The discoveries of Columbus did not open up a new continent to be settled by industrious immigrants coming to found states and develop their resources in peaceful industry. The marvelous exploits of the Conquistadores were performed in the craziest thirst for gold, and those who succeeded them came in the hope of speedy enrichment and return, to accomplish which they exploited to the utmost the unhappy natives, and when these were no longer available replaced them with African slaves. The mother country similarly looked upon her new possessions simply as a source of revenue, to be drained to the utmost, either for herself or for the benefit of those whom she sent out to govern them. Colonists who finally settled and cast their lot in the New World were consequently exposed to every limitation and discrimination that perverse ingenuity could suggest, and were sacrificed to the advantage, real or imaginary, of Spain. The short-sighted financial and commercial policy at home would in itself have sufficed to condemn the colonies to stagnation and misery, but in addition they were subjected to special restrictions and burdens. It was not until 1788 that trade with them was permitted through any port but Cadiz, whose merchants made use of their monopoly to exact a profit of from one hundred to two hundred per cent. Export and import duties were multiplied, till the producer was deprived of all incentive to exertion, and the populations were taxed to their utmost capacity, the taxes being exacted with merciless severity.

As if this were not enough, the all-pervading influence of clericalism rendered good government well-nigh impossible. Under its influence the colonial organizations consisted of sundry independent jurisdictions, incompatible with the preservation of order in any community, and especially unfitted for the administration of a colony, sepa-

rated by a thousand leagues from the supreme authority which alone could compose their differences. There was the royal representative, the viceroy or governor, responsible for the defense of the province and the maintenance of order. There was the church establishment with its bishop or archbishop, in no way subordinate to the civil power. There were the various regular orders, — Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians, Jesuits, etc., — bitterly jealous of one another and prompt to quarrel, exempt from episcopal jurisdiction, and subject only to their respective superiors or to the Pope, except when suspicion of heresy might render individual members answerable to the Inquisition. Finally, there was the Inquisition itself, which owned obedience only to the Supreme Council of the Holy Office in Madrid, and held itself superior to all other jurisdictions; for under its delegated papal power it could at will paralyze the authority of any one, from the highest to the lowest, by its excommunication, while no priest or prelate could excommunicate its ministers. It was impossible that so irrational a scheme of social order should work smoothly. Causes of dissension, trivial or serious, between these rival and jealous jurisdictions were rarely lacking, and the internal history of the colonies consists in great part of their quarrels, which disturbed the peace of the communities and hindered prosperity and growth.

In *The Atlantic Monthly* for August, 1891, I described at some length a complicated quarrel between the Franciscans and the Bishop of Cartagena de las Indias, in which both the Inquisition and the royal governor intervened, keeping the community in an uproar from 1683 to 1688. This was followed, in 1693, by an outbreak between the governor, Ceballos, and the Inquisition. In the public meat-market a butcher refused to give precedence to a negro slave of the inquisitor, who thereupon had the indis-

creet butcher arrested and confined in chains in the *carceles secretas* of the Inquisition. This in itself was a most serious punishment, for such imprisonment left an ineffaceable stigma on the sufferer and on his descendants for two generations. The governor pleaded in vain with the inquisitor, and then endeavored secretly to obtain testimony to send to Madrid, but without success, for no one dared to give evidence. The fact of his attempt leaked out, however, and the secretary of the Inquisition led a mob to the palace, and forced the governor, under threat of excommunication, to sign a declaration that he abandoned the case to the Inquisition, that all reference to it should be expunged from the records of the municipality and all papers relating to it should be delivered to the inquisitor. He submitted, and his only recourse was to write a piteous letter to the Council of the Indies. Such appeal to the home authorities was of uncertain outcome, for the inquisitors were by no means ready to submit to an adverse decision. In a complicated quarrel between the *cruzada*, the episcopal court, the Inquisition, and the viceroy of Peru, in 1729, the inquisitors of Lima formally and repeatedly refused obedience to a royal order sent through the viceroy, alleging that they were subject only to the Supreme Council of the Holy Office. In 1751 they took the same ground in a case in which the king decided against them, and they held out until 1760, when a more peremptory command was received, accompanied by a dispatch from the council which they could not disregard.

Thus, to a greater or less degree, all Spanish colonies were fields in which clericalism rioted at will. Paraguay, where the Jesuits succeeded in building up an independent theocracy, offers the most perfect illustration of the result, and a somewhat less conspicuous instance is found in the Philippines. There the missions of the Augustinian Recollects

acquired such power that the annals of that colony seem rather to be the records of the Augustinian province of San Nicolás than those of a royal dependency. This Augustinian supremacy was unsuccessfully disputed by the Dominicans, in the early years of the eighteenth century, but the Jesuits proved to be more dangerous rivals, who did not scruple, in 1736, to induce their native subjects to make war on those of the Augustinians. The banishment in 1767 of the Society of Jesus from the Spanish dominions left the field to the Augustinians, who have since held it, apparently without making effort to secure the good will of their flocks. They had their own internal troubles, however, for in 1712 the hostility between the Aragonese and Castilians led to a schism which had to be referred to Spain for settlement, when the Castilians, who were the losing party, refused to submit until the acting governor, Torralba, employed the persuasive influence of artillery. The character of their relations with the secular authority can be estimated from an occurrence in 1643, when the governor, Sebastian Hurtado de Corcuera, in preparing to resist an expected attack by the Dutch, undertook to fortify Manila. An Augustinian convent and church occupied a site required for a demilune. Corcuera offered the friars another church and 4000 pesos; but they refused to move, and obstinately remained in the convent until the progress of the works rendered it uninhabitable, when it was torn down and the materials were used in the lines. They raised a great clamor, which probably was the cause of the removal of Corcuera in 1644, when they prosecuted their grievance in court, and obtained a decree reinstating them and casting him in damages to the amount of 25,000 pesos. They tore down the fortifications, rebuilt the church, and threw Corcuera into prison, where he languished under cruel treatment for five

years. He had been an excellent administrator, and on his liberation Philip IV. appointed him governor of the Canaries.

In such a community the position of governor had few attractions for an honest man. In 1719, a new one, Bustamente Bustillo, found on his arrival that all the royal officials had been busily embezzling and pilfering, leaving the treasury nearly empty. After ascertaining the facts he set to work energetically to recover the funds and to punish the guilty, who thereupon, as seems to have been customary in such cases, sought asylum in the churches. One of them had carried with him certain official records necessary for the verification of the accounts, and these Bustillo requested the archbishop to make him surrender. The archbishop replied with a learned argument, drawn up for him by a Jesuit, proving that the governor's request was illegal. Bustillo lost his temper at this, and arrested the archbishop, who forthwith cast an interdict over the city. Then the monks and friars turned out in organized bands, marching through the streets with crucifixes, and shouting, "Viva la fé! Viva la Iglesia!" They speedily collected a mob which they led to the palace; the doors were broken in, the governor and his son murdered, and when the archbishop was released he assumed the governorship, under the advice of an assembly consisting exclusively of ecclesiastical dignitaries.

In these perpetually recurring troubles between the secular and the clerical authorities the Inquisition was not behindhand, although there was no organized tribunal in Manila. The Philippines were an appendage to the viceroyalty of New Spain or Mexico, and the Holy Office of Mexico merely delegated a commissioner at Manila to execute its orders and make reports to it. Subordinate as was this position, those who held it deemed themselves superior to the royal authorities. About 1650 the padre commissioner re-

ceived an order to arrest and send to Acapulco a person who was governor of one of the islands and commandant of a fortified town. The commissioner was also an officer of the government, and knew the risk he ran of offending the governor of the colony in not advising him of what was impending; but the obligation of secrecy in inquisitorial matters was superior to all other considerations. He quietly summoned his alcaide mayor and a sufficient number of familiars, sailed for the island, surprised the governor in his bed, carried him off, and imprisoned him in a convent until there should be an opportunity of shipping him to Mexico. The governor of the colony was Don Diego Faxardo, a violent and irascible soldier, whose term of service was a perpetual embroilment with the unruly jurisdictions under his charge, and who knew the danger of leaving a fortified post without a commander when there was almost constant war, either with the Dutch or with the natives. A rude explosion of wrath was to be expected at this contemptuous disregard of the respect due to his office and of the safety of the land, yet Don Diego so thoroughly recognized the supremacy of the Inquisition that when apprised of the affair he only chided the padre gently for not having given him a chance of winning the graces and indulgences promised for so pious a work, seeing that he would have regarded as the utmost good fortune the opportunity of serving as an alguazil in making the arrest.

Twenty years later, the Augustinian Fray Joseph de Paternina Samaniego, then commissioner of the Inquisition, was even bolder. He was ordered from Mexico to take secret testimony against the governor of the colony, Don Diego de Salcedo, and forward it to Mexico for examination by the tribunal there. This was all that a commissioner was empowered to do, and he was especially instructed to go no further; but the Au-

gustinians had had quarrels with the governor, and the whole affair was probably a plot for his removal. Fray Paternina therefore proceeded to act on the testimony, although the judge, Don Francisco de Montemayor, warned him of his lack of authority, and that such a personage as the governor could not be arrested without a special *cédula* from the king, passed upon by the Council of the Inquisition. He drew up a warrant of arrest, went at midnight to the palace with some friars and familiars, seized Salcedo in his bed, handcuffed him, and carried him off to the Augustinian convent, where the bells were rung in honor of the event. He then gave notice to the royal court that the governorship was vacant, and might be filled, which was done by the appointment of his ally, Don Juan Manuel de la Peña. He further issued an edict forbidding any one, under pain of excommunication, to speak about the arrest or about his other proceedings; and to inspire fear he brought charges against various persons, under pretext that they were inimical to the Holy Office. Salcedo's property was sequestered, to the profit of those concerned in the affair, and he was shipped by the first vessel to Acapulco, but he died on the voyage. When the news of this outrage reached Madrid by way of Flanders, the Council of the Indies complained bitterly, and asked that steps be taken to prevent a repetition of acts so dangerous to the safety of the colonies. The Council of the Inquisition calmly replied that no new instructions were needed, for there were ample provisions for filling a sudden vacancy; as for Fray Paternina, if he had gone too far he would be duly corrected. The Council of the Indies insisted, and was supported by the queen regent. Meanwhile, the Council of the Inquisition had examined the testimony taken against Salcedo, pronounced it frivolous, declared his arrest void, and ordered his property to be restored to his heirs, while Fray Paternina was to be

sent to Spain for trial. On the journey he died at Acapulco, and the matter was dropped.

Successful colonization under such a system was a manifest impossibility, and it is no wonder that the Spanish dependencies languished, in spite of their infinite potentialities of wealth and prosperity. The narrow and selfish policy of the mother country deprived the colonists of all incentives to exertion; the officials sent from Spain enriched themselves, the tax-gatherers seized all superfluous earnings; there were no accumulation of capital and no advancement. In 1736, the viceroy of the vast kingdom of Peru, Don José Armendaris, Marquis of Castel-Fuerte, in the report which, according to custom, he drew up for the instruction of his successor, described the condition of the colony as deplorable. The Spanish population was mostly concentrated in Lima; the nobles and the wealthy oppressed the poor; the corregidores and priests oppressed the Indians; the priests paid little attention to their religious duties, for they were not compelled to residence by their bishops, and were abandoned to sloth and licentiousness; the judges were venal; and the population was diminishing. The religious orders, he said, ought to be checked, and not encouraged, for in Lima there were thirty-four convents, each of them, on an average, equal to four in Spain, which was the most ecclesiastical of all lands. This monastic hypertrophy he attributed to the fact that the men had no other career open to them, and the women consequently could not find husbands. This gloomy utterance was reëchoed, twenty years later, by a subsequent viceroy, Don José Antonio Manto de Velasco.

Still more desponding is a report made in 1772 by Francisco Antonio Moreno y Escandon as to the condition of the "New Kingdom of Granada," embracing the northern coast from Pa-

nama to Venezuela, a region abounding in natural wealth. The local officials everywhere, he says, were indifferent and careless as to their duty; the people were steeped in poverty; trade was almost extinct; capital was lacking, and there were no opportunities for its investment; the only source of support was the cultivation of small patches of ground. Every one sought to subsist on the government by procuring some little office. The mining of the precious metals was the sole source of trade, of procuring necessities from abroad, and of meeting the expenses of the government; but although the mines were as rich as ever, their product had greatly decreased. Commerce with Spain employed only one or two ships, with registered cargoes, a year from Cadiz to Cartagena, whence the goods were distributed through the interior, but so burdened with duties and expenses that no profit could be made on them. If freedom of export could be had for the rich productions of the country, — cocoa, tobacco, precious woods, etc., — the colony would flourish; but there were no manufactures, and no money could be kept in the land. The missions had made no progress for a hundred years in christianizing the Indians, for the missionaries undertook the duty only for the purpose of securing a life of ease and sloth.

Such was the result of three hundred years of colonization under Spanish methods; and we can scarce wonder that, after such a training, the nations which emancipated themselves have found self-government so difficult. Under the warning given by their loss, some improvement has been made in the insular possessions which were unable to throw off the yoke, but not enough to prevent chronic disaffection and constantly recurring efforts at revolt. Spain has made of her colonies the buried talent, and the fulfillment of the parable must come to pass.

Henry Charles Lea.

WAR AND MONEY: SOME LESSONS OF 1862.

THE soundness of an institution is put to a test by the strain of a critical moment. Even in times of peace our monetary system has created grave alarm; what then must be in store for us in the emergencies of war?

In all the energetic and hopeful movement of recent years for the reform of our monetary evils, we have been holding up to view the necessity for legislative action in anticipation of a possible day of reckoning; and that day of reckoning has unexpectedly come upon us in the war with Spain. It now makes little difference whether the war be long or short, so far as concerns the existing fact of an actual currency crisis; the crisis is upon us, and our system will soon be put on trial. The preliminary appropriation of \$50,000,000 out of the Treasury balance for war expenditures was itself a step toward monetary complications, and as a hint of congressional methods is big with possibilities.

It is a matter of common knowledge that we have long been living in feverish uncertainty under a monetary system in which the standard for prices and for all complicated business transactions has been subject to doubt. No sooner had we made the paper promises of the government (which had been our standard from 1862 to 1879) as good as gold (January 1, 1879) than we began to suffer from an agitation causing fear as to whether the standard might not be changed from gold to silver. That agitation was not laid by the campaign of 1896, because no legislation (in spite of the solemn pledges of the Republican party) has since enacted the edict of the people against silver into a statute. Although a great victory for the maintenance of the existing gold standard was won, yet we are so placed to-day that its fruits may be wrested from us in the upheaval of a war with Spain

or in the disturbances produced by fiscal needs. Among the greatest disasters of war should be counted the shaking of the weak foundations on which our standard rests, and the toppling over of the edifice of our national credit.

That the continuance of the gold standard depends upon the ability of the Treasury to provide gold for all its payments is a truism which it is unnecessary to emphasize. The business world has been again and again alarmed by the ebb and flow of a fluctuating gold reserve behind our government legal tender paper; when it grew slender the loss of the gold standard seemed imminent, whereupon every effort was made to fill the Treasury and save the standard. These shocks to the nerve centres of commerce in the past few years are only too fresh in every mind. Indeed, in assigning responsibility for a declining gold reserve, the leaders of the Republican party insisted that to the deficits in the budget during the preceding administration was to be ascribed the inability to protect the standard. Now observe the attitude of Congress to-day. While, up to this time, the revenue for the present fiscal year has not risen to an equality with the expenditures, the same party (of course assisted by their opponents), without a question or an expressed doubt, supplied an appropriation in anticipation of war by taking it bodily out of the Treasury balance, without making any new provisions for obtaining means by taxation or by loans, and the straightforward measure of borrowing by bonds is even shelved in the Senate.

Here we touch the great danger of the hour, — one upon which too much stress cannot be laid: the old easy-going and fatal confusion of mind in Congress between the fiscal and the monetary functions of the Treasury, which in 1861

wrecked the credit of the United States, and led to the financial *débâcle* of 1864 when Mr. Chase resigned his portfolio in despair. Out of this confusion of mind may easily result a policy which may entail upon us evil consequences for decades to come. It will be the purpose to hide dubious schemes under the guise of patriotism. By representing as unpatriotic everything which does not tally with selfish and partisan designs, an attempt is made to deny a hearing to the teachings of experience, of reason, of sound monetary judgment, and hence of all that most concerns the honor of our country, — of all that is, in the true sense, most patriotic. If this spirit is to control our new fiscal legislation, there is grave trouble ahead of us.

It is perfectly clear, however, that the present war can be conducted without serious commercial distress other than that entailed by a diversion of industry and by increased taxation. The incidents of the day, if availed of, must be regarded as extremely favorable. The generally prosperous condition of all our industries, the quickening results of the last great harvest, which was accompanied by a strong European demand and high prices for our cereals, the unparalleled balance of \$470,000,000 of exports over imports in nine months, the consequent credits due us from abroad, and the exceptional flow of gold rising beyond \$60,000,000 to our side as soon as our credits are drawn upon, — these are fortunate conditions, for which, in this juncture, we ought to be profoundly grateful; all the more grateful because they furnish a basis upon which our fiscal affairs may be conducted with signal success, if we but avoid the fatal confusion between fiscal and monetary operations from which we have suffered so grievously in the past; if we but hold to the elementary principle that the Treasury requires in time of war a control of wealth and capital, — of goods, and not merely of the medium of exchange which performs

the subsidiary work of transferring these goods. It is not difficult to understand that, in times either of peace or of war, the one important matter is the production and possession of the articles needed by the country. Money serves only a subsidiary purpose as a medium by which these articles (expressed in terms of money) are exchanged; and a small amount of money goes on doing the vast work of exchange in an unceasing round. In days of peace, when production is normal, every one knows how desirable it is to have no disturbances in trade arising from defects in the monetary machinery. In days of war, production is even more essential than in a period of peace; the main economic difference (apart from the withdrawal of laborers) at the time being the partial readjustment of productive effort to articles for the army and navy. Hence how much more necessary it is, in the abnormal conditions of war, to be free from additional disturbances caused to industry by tampering with the standard, and thus breaking up the efficiency of the system by which exchanges are carried on! Changes in the standard would do more than merely affect the convenience of industry; by modifying the measure in which prices are expressed, they would bring in endless confusion, increase the national debt, lower the purchasing power of wages, and weaken the vital resources of the land.

In view of all our residuary legacies from the issue of inconvertible paper during the civil war, it should be superfluous to suggest that a war emergency does not necessarily require a resort to paper money or a departure from the existing standard. Unfortunately, in the minds of men, high and low, there exists an insistent belief that somehow or other paper money is an essential concomitant of war. Perhaps it arises from the remembrance that such has been the fact in most cases of war known to their experience; which may be only another

way of admitting that inefficient financial management has been the rule. At any rate, the idea which should hold possession of the national consciousness, in this affair with Spain, is that abundant means for war expenses can be provided without giving up our standard, but above all that these funds can be most easily and cheaply obtained by merely avoiding any action which can in the slightest degree be construed as disturbing the existing standard. The suggestion of increased paper issues, a menace to the existing gold reserves by appropriating Treasury balances, any proposition to use more silver, in fact any increase of our demand obligations, would create doubt as to the standard, and for that reason should be regarded as unpatriotic in the truest sense.

Instead of carrying us through the civil war, the government paper money was the one conspicuous enemy of public credit, of the soldier, and of the laborer at home. If we came through the crisis, it was solely because we withstood not only the heavy blows of war itself, but also the injuries arising from an iniquitous monetary system. In the summer of 1861, after the bankers of New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, with many doubts, had patriotically assumed the task of selling bonds for the United States to the amount of \$150,000,000, they found the community unwilling to buy them in the existing condition of government credit at the rate of interest exacted. Being under agreement to pay the Treasury for these obligations in gold, when they found their means locked up in unsalable securities they were finally obliged to suspend specie payments (on December 30, 1861). With the best of intentions, but in dense ignorance of investment requirements, Congress, by a strange fatuity, forbade the sale of bonds below par. Given a fixed rate of interest, the selling price of a bond is high or low according to the high or low credit of the issuer. Our credit in 1861 being

far from good, Congress made it impossible to sell bonds at a price which investors would pay for the fixed return, thus voluntarily cutting itself off from usual and legitimate methods of borrowing, and making little or no resort to emergency taxation. The Treasury found itself in an *impasse*; whereupon it was claimed that the issue of inconvertible paper money was a necessity. Curiously blind to the fact that the price of bonds is a market judgment as to the credit of the issuer, we refused to accept the consequences of a low credit, and a measure was proposed preëminently adapted to destroy any little credit that remained. Without trying to borrow in the way which the strongest modern nations find legitimate, desperately in need of funds, the Treasury came to the last resort of a bankrupt government, and issued inconvertible paper money. To put out paper promises to pay on demand, when all the world knew there was not a dollar of coin in reserve to redeem the paper, was a pitifully open way of advertising the hopeless condition of the Treasury. No lover of our country can look back on that spectacle without chagrin and wounded national pride. If the enemies of the United States had cunningly planned to "corner" the Treasury, they could not have gained their purpose more effectually than was accomplished by the blunders of ardent friends. A great and prosperous country, and yet unable to borrow! For the words of Charles Sumner were admittedly true then, as they are to-day:—

"Our country is rich and powerful, with a numerous population, busy, honest, and determined, and with unparalleled resources of all kinds, agricultural, mineral, industrial, commercial; it is yet undrained by the war in which we are engaged; nor has the enemy succeeded in depriving us of any of the means of livelihood. It is hard—very hard—to think that such a country, so powerful, so rich, and so beloved, should be

compelled to adopt a policy of even questionable propriety."

The disasters of the civil war will not have been in vain if they bite into our consciousness the lines of distinction between measures fit for fiscal needs — the provision of funds by taxation and borrowing — and those which have a wholly separate function in maintaining unshaken a standard for prices and contracts. The former should be kept entirely apart from the latter. Instead of trying to supply emergency needs in a way to complicate the monetary system, or to introduce a fluctuating paper for a gold standard, common prudence should have dictated a scrupulous avoidance of all measures of borrowing which in any way touched the standard. The action of our leaders in 1862 seems still stranger, when we find that these alternatives had been clearly laid before them by a deputation from New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, headed by Mr. George S. Coe and Mr. James Gallatin. In a conference with Secretary Chase explicit directions were given how the government might borrow unlimited sums without a resort to inconvertible paper, as follows: —

(1.) A tax bill to raise, in the different modes of taxation, \$125,000,000 over and above duties on imports.

(2.) No issue of demand Treasury notes except those authorized at the extra session in July last.

(3.) An issue of \$100,000,000 Treasury notes at two years, in sums of five dollars and upwards, to be receivable for public dues to the government, except duties on imports.

(4.) A suspension of the Sub-Treasury Act, so as to allow the banks to become depositories of the government of all loans, and so that the Treasury will check on the banks from time to time as the government may want money.

(5.) An issue of six per cent twenty-year bonds, to be negotiated by the Secretary of the Treasury, and without any

limitation as to the price he may obtain for them in the market.

(6.) The Secretary of the Treasury should be empowered to make temporary loans to the extent of any portion of the funded stock authorized by Congress, with power to hypothecate such stock; and, if such loans are not paid at maturity, to sell the stock hypothecated for the best price that can be obtained.

Not all these details, of course, are applicable to our existing situation, but the pith of this advice lies in the application of ordinary business methods to the operations of the Treasury, and in the avoidance of dangerous demand obligations for whose redemption no reserves have been provided. In spite of these suggestions, Congress in 1862 issued irredeemable paper money which subsequently depreciated to thirty-five cents on the dollar; and as this money was received at par for bonds, the obligations of the nation were in reality sold at less than par in gold. That is, Congress did not in fact escape the necessity of selling our bonds for what they would bring, but, by attempting to evade fundamental principles, it accomplished nothing for its purpose, while bringing wreck and ruin to the credit of the Treasury. Everything which the advocates of paper money said would not happen did happen, and in a way most dispiriting to all courageous supporters of the Union.

The danger of the hour arises from a defective because uncertain monetary system, due to the presence of the paper money which once did such damage, and to the evident force which the silver party still displays at Washington. The fear is that, in the bustle of war, attention will be directed to other things than monetary reform; and when fiscal legislation comes into the hands of enemies to our existing standard, the need of borrowing will be made an excuse for changes in fiscal measures which may prevent a proper regulation of the cur-

rency. The cunning schemer will provide the policy, while crass minds will be drawn in as tools; both must unite to work the damage. But the point is not hard to make clear, so that intriguers should find it difficult to deceive.

If our government borrows by creating a demand debt in a form to be used as currency, it mixes the borrowing, or fiscal, measure with the regulation of our monetary system, exactly when the latter should most be kept inviolate. The inherent danger of this is not far to seek. By building up a vast superstructure of demand paper and a silver currency of a value far less than its face, all depending upon a slender gold reserve for the redemption which gives it parity, an instant connection is established between every event which may affect the income or credit of the Treasury and the machinery of prices and contracts with which trade is carried on. The one important aim of Treasury management should be to keep these two matters entirely distinct. There is no reason whatever why fiscal measures for borrowing should in the slightest way be complicated with the machinery which the community has evolved as a standard and for the exchange of goods. It is the duty of the state to keep its hands off this machinery, to recognize the facts of civilized commercial experience, and to go on its way borrowing and taxing, without thought of interfering with that which is at the very base of business life. If, as now, it is not easy to maintain our standard in gold, it would be a wanton attack on industrial enterprise to make more complicated a situation already difficult.

By making a demand debt of the government serve as money, an intolerable situation is created whenever an emergency like the present conflict with Spain arises. This money, the value of which is dependent on the fiscal condition of the Treasury, is the agent by which the world of business is exchan-

ging goods, and upon whose value all prices and contracts depend. Consequently, every passing event of war or politics, every victory or defeat of our army or navy, every party success or failure, through its effect on the credit of the Treasury, passes directly — like electricity on a live wire — to the value of the paper and all fiduciary currency, and then moves swiftly on, after producing fluctuations in the standard, to all the transactions of trade and industry. It should never be that ups and downs of Treasury finance should have any connection whatever with the standard and the conduct of business. The moment our government does anything to create uncertainty in the existing standard, that moment this uncertainty changes normal business into a matter of guesswork and speculation. This is but a résumé of our experience in the civil war.

The present situation is in some respects more favorable, and in some less favorable, than that of 1861. We are fortunate in having at the head of the Treasury an experienced financier, while in 1861 we blundered because there was no leader with an intelligent knowledge of what should be done. The abundant harvest of last year and our unparalleled exports, as has been said, are causes for congratulation. But, on the other hand, the precedents of wrongdoing are present with us in the form of the United States notes and the mass of silver currency, and the monetary system is in unstable equilibrium. As every one knows, our national banknotes are redeemable in lawful money; hence their value depends upon the kind of money in which they are redeemed. Our legal tender notes (United States notes and Treasury notes of 1890) depend for their value on the sufficiency of the gold reserve in the Treasury. Moreover, the receipt of silver currency on equal terms with gold in payments to the Treasury, and the outgoing payment by the Treasury of all demand

upon it in gold, maintain the parity of \$455,000,000 of silver with gold. If the reserves behind the paper are in any way exhausted, then the Treasury cannot pay gold on demand, and the silver will no longer be kept at a value greater than its own. Clearly, our existing standard pivots on the gold reserve of the Treasury.

It may not be amiss to quote here the deliberate judgment of the monetary commission at a time when there was little thought of war with Spain: —

“The existence of a large outstanding debt payable on demand is also a source of weakness to the government in its international relations. Modern warfare is so expensive that it is almost as much a matter of money as of men. A nation suddenly confronted by the alternative of war or dishonor would be greatly handicapped by a large demand debt which it must provide for at once. Great additional force is given to this consideration by the fact that it would be scarcely possible for this nation to engage in war in its present situation — counting as part of the situation the imperfect development of clear conceptions on the subject of money in the minds of the people — without a suspension of specie payments and a resort to further issues of government notes. There is no occasion to criticise those patriotic men who believed that the issue of greenbacks was necessary to save the Union. But the world has advanced in financial knowledge and skill since then. There is no doubt that if our government were relieved of its existing demand obligations, and our currency system put in working order upon a gold basis, it would be entirely possible for us to go through a war without suspension of specie payment or any derangement of our monetary system. If war should come, the value to the country of the ability to thus avoid the indirect losses following from depreciated currency, inflated prices, and financial demoralization would be so

great that the burden of paying off now our demand obligations would be as nothing in comparison.”

The peculiarity, however, of our present situation resides in the fact that a departure from our standard may not necessarily result from additional issues of paper money as in 1862, but from an interference with the gold reserve in the Treasury which would quickly bring us to the silver standard. Whether the deflection from the existing order is produced by resort to paper or to silver, the primary effects would be much the same. To be sure, the President may still in emergencies sell bonds, under the Resumption Act, to provide gold for this reserve. There is thus no possible reason why this gold reserve, under efficient management, should be allowed to ooze away and bring us to a change of standard. There is potential difficulty, however, in the mental attitude of Congress. It has plunged us into war; it has made the expenditure of vast sums a necessary consequence. Then, what will be the disposition of Congress as to means for providing these funds?

From this point of view, the appropriation of \$50,000,000 and the attitude of the Senate are big with suggestions. The Treasury balance which had been accumulated by the sale of bonds during the last administration, to secure gold for the protection of the standard, was at once, and without debate, voted away to a very considerable extent. It is no answer if it be said that a dramatic effect was intended by giving instant purchasing power to the President, since that result could have been equally well accomplished by giving the Secretary authority to sell bonds at a proper rate of interest, and by insuring the payment of the principal in gold instead of in dubious “coin.” Therefore, this first action has in it a world of suggestiveness as to the likelihood that Congress will obtain the funds for war by means which will leave our standard intact.

How dangerous this appropriation was does not seem to be generally realized. As a matter of fact there were not funds enough in the Treasury to warrant an appropriation of \$50,000,000. The general Treasury balance at the time was about \$225,000,000. From this must be deducted the following items: —

Fractional and minor coins largely uncurrent.....	\$13,000,000
Receipts from sale of Union Pacific railway, held to pay bonds January 1, 1899.....	14,000,000
Funds held for redemption of national bank - notes to be withdrawn.....	33,000,000
Reserved in Treasury for ordinary working balance.....	40,000,000
	<hr/>
	\$100,000,000

These items, together with the \$100,000,000 held as gold reserve for United States notes, leave a balance of only \$25,000,000 subject to appropriation. That is, if \$50,000,000 were taken out of the Treasury very soon, it would either trench upon a small working balance for daily needs, or at once cut into the gold reserve now supporting our whole monetary fabric. Before all of this appropriation is called for, the Treasury must necessarily be given means of obtaining new supplies. New war appropriations for the army and navy have been made, but no new supplies have been obtained for the Treasury. Can any one be so blind as not to see why the silver group in the Senate willingly voted for such measures, which must deplete the Treasury and imperil the gold reserve, but yet refuse to vote for bonds by which alone the Treasury can obtain funds enough to prevent the dissipation of the gold reserve?

It should be borne in mind that the silver men are entrenched in the Senate, and are watching vigilantly for a chance to bring in the silver standard. Unable

to accomplish this task against the present House and the veto of the President, it would be their strategy, of course, to gain by negative what it is impossible to effect by positive measures. An upheaval brought on by war would be their opportunity; and by their control of the Senate almost any fiscal legislation is at their mercy. Having once put ourselves in the position where our Treasury requires fiscal enactments, we must accept what the Senate will allow us. It does not require much imagination to see that in this passion for war the silver group hope to find the opportunity they lost in 1896. The presence of Mr. Bryan in Washington, and the introduction by Mr. Teller of the resolution of recognition of Cuba against the wishes of the administration, showed clearly their purpose to outbid the Republican party by radical action.

The proposed scheme¹ for providing funds to carry on the war, given to the public, has in the main a rational foundation. There is, nevertheless, a lurking danger in the proposition to adapt the loan to popular subscription. For that purpose a fixed price is necessary. Fixing the interest at three per cent and the price at par by no means makes it sure that any large part of the loan will be taken, unless the national credit happens to be exactly met by this adjustment. If the market judgment varies from this rate, then we shall repeat the experience of the civil war. There is the more reason for doubt on this point, because it seems to be assumed that the act will provide for the payment of principal and interest on the bonds in "coin," on the ground that an express requirement of gold would not be adopted by Congress. But if it is well understood that the word "gold" cannot be introduced, that indicates a doubt as to the future means of

¹ (1.) An additional tax on beer of one dollar per barrel.

(2.) Stamp taxes, as in the act of 1866.

(3.) An additional tax on tobacco.

(4.) The issue of short-time Treasury certi-

ficates, bearing interest to provide for emergency needs.

(5.) A popular bond issue of \$300,000,000 in denominations of fifty dollars, bearing three per cent interest and sold at par.

payment for principal and interest. This doubt will affect the price of the bonds, and a fixed price may be again the cause of disaster.

The tax on bank checks is, of course, a tax not upon the banks, but upon those who use checks instead of ordinary forms of money. Its effect being to tax one form of currency to the exclusion of other forms, it will to that extent lower the efficiency and convenience of our monetary system. So far as it limits this means of exchanging goods, it will be a commercial disadvantage, but it will yield considerable revenue.

The possibility of enormous expenditures before we have put our monetary system in order is unpleasant to contemplate. If the need of a careful revision of our legislation had become imperative when we were at peace with the world, how much more necessary — indeed, how much more essential to our safety — is it in the presence of war! All the reasons which could be urged for monetary reform six months ago have tenfold more weight to-day. The very vitality of our credit, of our capacity to borrow, depends upon the certainty as to our standard. But Congress has not yet defined whether its bonds are payable in gold or in silver (should we by any emergency be forced to part with our small gold reserve). The unmistakable plan of the silver group in the Senate to antagonize the administration in order to gain political advantage shows what we must face.¹

When the House bill for war revenue was sent to the Senate, the finance committee changed its whole character by a bold proposition to issue \$150,000,000 more United States notes, and to coin

the "seigniorage." At this writing it cannot be known what action the Senate will take on these proposals. That a new issue of greenbacks should even be mentioned is itself the strongest argument for the early retirement of those now outstanding; because it proves, what has long been prophesied, the danger that their mere existence in our currency will suggest an improper issue in a time of emergency. As to coining the seigniorage, that is a proposal to coin what does not exist. The profits on coining silver have been covered into the general funds of the Treasury, and they have been used to meet past demands. There is little or nothing to-day in the Treasury with which to meet the difference — if called for — between the face and the market value of our silver coins for whose circulation at par we are responsible. The silver bullion now held behind the Treasury notes of 1890 is not seigniorage. To "coin the seigniorage" would increase the number of over-valued silver dollars which must be kept at par in gold, without adding one cent to the reserves held to maintain these dollars and other currency at par. In short, the two amendments of the finance committee above mentioned aim directly at weakening the power of the Treasury to keep its demand obligations redeemable in gold. What must one think of the patriotism of those who would try to take advantage of the perils of war to bring about that which they failed to obtain by the ballot in days of peace? The suggestions of the Senate committee, like the appropriation of the \$50,000,000, are ominous reminders of our errors in 1862. May we yet be saved from them!

J. Laurence Laughlin.

¹ The resolutions of the Senate, to which the Republican House did not agree, contained two plain conflicts with the Constitution, and a startling inconsistency. First, Congress has no power to recognize the independence of Cuba; and second, it has no power to call on the mili-

tia for service in Cuba. Moreover, a recognition of the Cuban republic was accompanied by a noisy announcement to that unlocated authority of the intention of the United States to regulate its affairs for it.

THE WIFE OF HIS YOUTH.

I.

MR. RYDER was going to give a ball. There were several reasons why this was an opportune time for such an event.

Mr. Ryder might aptly be called the dean of the Blue Veins. The original Blue Veins were a little society of colored persons organized in a certain Northern city shortly after the war. Its purpose was to establish and maintain correct social standards among a people whose social condition presented almost unlimited room for improvement. By accident, combined perhaps with some natural affinity, the society consisted of individuals who were, generally speaking, more white than black. Some envious outsider made the suggestion that no one was eligible for membership who was not white enough to show blue veins. The suggestion was readily adopted by those who were not of the favored few, and since that time the society, though possessing a longer and more pretentious name, had been known far and wide as the "Blue Vein Society," and its members as the "Blue Veins."

The Blue Veins did not allow that any such requirement existed for admission to their circle, but, on the contrary, declared that character and culture were the only things considered; and that if most of their members were light-colored, it was because such persons, as a rule, had had better opportunities to qualify themselves for membership. Opinions differed, too, as to the usefulness of the society. There were those who had been known to assail it violently as a glaring example of the very prejudice from which the colored race had suffered most; and later, when such critics had succeeded in getting on the inside, they had been heard to maintain with zeal and earnestness that the society was a life-boat, an an-

chor, a bulwark and a shield, — a pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, to guide their people through the social wilderness. Another alleged prerequisite for Blue Vein membership was that of free birth; and while there was really no such requirement, it is doubtless true that very few of the members would have been unable to meet it if there had been. If there were one or two of the older members who had come up from the South and from slavery, their history presented enough romantic circumstances to rob their servile origin of its grosser aspects.

While there were no such tests of eligibility, it is true that the Blue Veins had their notions on these subjects, and that not all of them were equally liberal in regard to the things they collectively disclaimed. Mr. Ryder was one of the most conservative. Though he had not been among the founders of the society, but had come in some years later, his genius for social leadership was such that he had speedily become its recognized adviser and head, the custodian of its standards, and the preserver of its traditions. He shaped its social policy, was active in providing for its entertainment, and when the interest fell off, as it sometimes did, he fanned the embers until they burst again into a cheerful flame.

There were still other reasons for his popularity. While he was not as white as some of the Blue Veins, his appearance was such as to confer distinction upon them. His features were of a refined type, his hair was almost straight; he was always neatly dressed; his manners were irreproachable, and his morals above suspicion. He had come to Groveland a young man, and obtaining employment in the office of a railroad company as messenger had in time worked himself

up to the position of stationery clerk, having charge of the distribution of the office supplies for the whole company. Although the lack of early training had hindered the orderly development of a naturally fine mind, it had not prevented him from doing a great deal of reading or from forming decidedly literary tastes. Poetry was his passion. He could repeat whole pages of the great English poets; and if his pronunciation was sometimes faulty, his eye, his voice, his gestures, would respond to the changing sentiment with a precision that revealed a poetic soul and disarmed criticism. He was economical, and had saved money; he owned and occupied a very comfortable house on a respectable street. His residence was handsomely furnished, containing among other things a good library, especially rich in poetry, a piano, and some choice engravings. He generally shared his house with some young couple, who looked after his wants and were company for him; for Mr. Ryder was a single man. In the early days of his connection with the Blue Veins he had been regarded as quite a catch, and ladies and their mothers had manœuvred with much ingenuity to capture him. Not, however, until Mrs. Molly Dixon visited Groveland had any woman ever made him wish to change his condition to that of a married man.

Mrs. Dixon had come to Groveland from Washington in the spring, and before the summer was over she had won Mr. Ryder's heart. She possessed many attractive qualities. She was much younger than he; in fact, he was old enough to have been her father, though no one knew exactly how old he was. She was whiter than he, and better educated. She had moved in the best colored society of the country, at Washington, and had taught in the schools of that city. Such a superior person had been eagerly welcomed to the Blue Vein Society, and had taken a leading part in its activities. Mr. Ryder had at first

been attracted by her charms of person, for she was very good looking and not over twenty-five; then by her refined manners and by the vivacity of her wit. Her husband had been a government clerk, and at his death had left a considerable life insurance. She was visiting friends in Groveland, and, finding the town and the people to her liking, had prolonged her stay indefinitely. She had not seemed displeased at Mr. Ryder's attentions, but on the contrary had given him every proper encouragement; indeed, a younger and less cautious man would long since have spoken. But he had made up his mind, and had only to determine the time when he would ask her to be his wife. He decided to give a ball in her honor, and at some time during the evening of the ball to offer her his heart and hand. He had no special fears about the outcome, but, with a little touch of romance, he wanted the surroundings to be in harmony with his own feelings when he should have received the answer he expected.

Mr. Ryder resolved that this ball should mark an epoch in the social history of Groveland. He knew, of course, — no one could know better, — the entertainments that had taken place in past years, and what must be done to surpass them. His ball must be worthy of the lady in whose honor it was to be given, and must, by the quality of its guests, set an example for the future. He had observed of late a growing liberality, almost a laxity, in social matters, even among members of his own set, and had several times been forced to meet in a social way persons whose complexions and callings in life were hardly up to the standard which he considered proper for the society to maintain. He had a theory of his own.

"I have no race prejudice," he would say, "but we people of mixed blood are ground between the upper and the nether millstone. Our fate lies between absorption by the white race and extinction

in the black. The one does n't want us yet, but may take us in time. The other would welcome us, but it would be for us a backward step. 'With malice towards none, with charity for all,' we must do the best we can for ourselves and those who are to follow us. Self-preservation is the first law of nature."

His ball would serve by its exclusiveness to counteract leveling tendencies, and his marriage with Mrs. Dixon would help to further the upward process of absorption he had been wishing and waiting for.

II.

The ball was to take place on Friday night. The house had been put in order, the carpets covered with canvas, the halls and stairs decorated with palms and potted plants; and in the afternoon Mr. Ryder sat on his front porch, which the shade of a vine running up over a wire netting made a cool and pleasant lounging-place. He expected to respond to the toast "The Ladies," at the supper, and from a volume of Tennyson — his favorite poet — was fortifying himself with apt quotations. The volume was open at *A Dream of Fair Women*. His eyes fell on these lines, and he read them aloud to judge better of their effect: —

"At length I saw a lady within call,
Stillier than chisell'd marble, standing there;
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair."

He marked the verse, and turning the page read the stanza beginning, —

"O sweet pale Margaret,
O rare pale Margaret."

He weighed the passage a moment, and decided that it would not do. Mrs. Dixon was the palest lady he expected at the ball, and she was of a rather ruddy complexion, and of lively disposition and buxom build. So he ran over the leaves until his eye rested on the description of Queen Guinevere: —

"She seem'd a part of joyous Spring:
A gown of grass-green silk she wore,
Buckled with golden clasps before;
A light-green tuft of plumes she bore
Closed in a golden ring.

"She look'd so lovely, as she sway'd
The rein with dainty finger-tips,
A man had given all other bliss,
And all his worldly worth for this,
To waste his whole heart in one kiss
Upon her perfect lips."

As Mr. Ryder murmured these words audibly, with an appreciative thrill, he heard the latch of his gate click, and a light footfall sounding on the steps. He turned his head, and saw a woman standing before the door.

She was a little woman, not five feet tall, and proportioned to her height. Although she stood erect, and looked around her with very bright and restless eyes, she seemed quite old; for her face was crossed and recrossed with a hundred wrinkles, and around the edges of her bonnet could be seen protruding here and there a tuft of short gray wool. She wore a blue calico gown of ancient cut, a little red shawl fastened around her shoulders with an old-fashioned brass brooch, and a large bonnet profusely ornamented with faded red and yellow artificial flowers. And she was very black, — so black that her toothless gums, revealed when she opened her mouth to speak, were not red, but blue. She looked like a bit of the old plantation life, summoned up from the past by the wave of a magician's wand, as the poet's fancy had called into being the gracious shapes of which Mr. Ryder had just been reading.

He rose from his chair and came over to where she stood.

"Good-afternoon, madam," he said.

"Good-evenin', suh," she answered, ducking suddenly with a quaint curtsy. Her voice was shrill and piping, but softened somewhat by age. "Is dis yere whar Mistuh Ryduh lib, suh?" she asked, looking around her doubtfully,

and glancing into the open windows, through which some of the preparations for the evening were visible.

"Yes," he replied, with an air of kindly patronage, unconsciously flattered by her manner, "I am Mr. Ryder. Did you want to see me?"

"Yas, suh, ef I ain't 'sturbin' of you too much."

"Not at all. Have a seat over here behind the vine, where it is cool. What can I do for you?"

"'Scuse me, suh," she continued, when she had sat down on the edge of a chair, "'scuse me, suh, I's lookin' for my husban'. I heerd you wuz a big man an' had libbed heah a long time, an' I 'lowed you would n't min' ef I'd come roun' an' ax you ef you'd eber heerd of a merlatter man by de name er Sam Taylor 'quirin' roun' in de chu'ches er-mongs' de people fer his wife 'Liza Jane?"

Mr. Ryder seemed to think for a moment.

"There used to be many such cases right after the war," he said, "but it has been so long that I have forgotten them. There are very few now. But tell me your story, and it may refresh my memory."

She sat back farther in her chair so as to be more comfortable, and folded her withered hands in her lap.

"My name 's 'Liza," she began, "'Liza Jane. W'en I wuz young I us'ter b'long ter Marse Bob Smif, down in ole Missoura. I wuz bawn down dere. W'en I wuz a gal I wuz married ter a man named Jim. But Jim died, an' after dat I married a merlatter man named Sam Taylor. Sam wuz free-bawn, but his mammy and daddy died, an' de w'ite folks 'prenticed him ter my marster fer ter work fer 'im 'tel he wuz growed up. Sam worked in de fiel', an' I wuz de cook. One day Ma'y Ann, ole miss's maid, come rushin' out ter de kitchen, an' says she, "'Liza Jane, ole marse gwine sell yo' Sam down de ribber."

"Go way f'm yere," says I; "my husban' 's free!"

"Don' make no diff'ence. I heerd ole marse tell ole miss he wuz gwine take yo' Sam 'way wid 'im ter-morrow, fer he needed money, an' he knowed whar he could git a t'ousan' dollars fer Sam an' no questions axed."

"W'en Sam come home f'm de fiel', dat night, I tole him 'bout ole marse gwine steal 'im, an' Sam run erway. His time wuz mos' up, an' he swo' dat w'en he wuz twenty-one he would come back an' he'p me run erway, er else save up de money ter buy my freedom. An' I know he'd 'a' done it, fer he thought a heap er me, Sam did. But w'en he come back he did n' fin' me, fer I wuz n' dere. Ole marse had heerd dat I warned Sam, so he had me whip' an' sol' down de ribber."

"Den de wah broke out, an' w'en it wuz ober de cullud folks wuz scattered. I went back ter de ole home; but Sam wuz n' dere, an' I could n' l'arn nuffin' 'bout 'im. But I knowed he'd be'n dere to look fer me an' had n' foun' me, an' had gone erway ter hunt fer me."

"I's be'n lookin' fer 'im eber sence," she added simply, as though twenty-five years were but a couple of weeks, "an' I knows he's be'n lookin' fer me. Fer he sot a heap er sto' by me, Sam did, an' I know he's be'n huntin' fer me all dese years, — 'less'n he's be'n sick er sump'n, so he could n' work, er out'n his head, so he could n' 'member his promise. I went back down de ribber, fer I 'lowed he'd gone down dere lookin' fer me. I's be'n ter Noo Orleans, an' Atlanty, an' Charleston, an' Richmon'; an' w'en I'd be'n all ober de Souf I come ter de Norf. Fer I knows I'll fin' 'im some er dese days," she added softly, "er he'll fin' me, an' den we'll bofe be as happy in freedom as we wuz in de ole days befo' de wah." A smile stole over her withered countenance as she paused a moment, and her bright eyes softened into a far-away look.

This was the substance of the old woman's story. She had wandered a little here and there. Mr. Ryder was looking at her curiously when she finished.

"How have you lived all these years?" he asked.

"Cookin', suh. I's a good cook. Does you know anybody w'at needs a good cook, suh? I's stoppin' wid a cul-lud fam'ly roun' de corner yonder 'tel I kin fin' a place."

"Do you really expect to find your husband? He may be dead long ago."

She shook her head emphatically. "Oh no, he ain' dead. De signs an' de tokens tells me. I drempt three nights runnin' on'y dis las' week dat I foun' him."

"He may have married another woman. Your slave marriage would not have prevented him, for you never lived with him after the war, and without that your marriage does n't count."

"Would n' make no diff'ence wid Sam. He would n' marry no yuther 'ooman 'tel he foun' out 'bout me. I knows it," she added. "Sump'n's be'n tellin' me all dese years dat I's gwine fin' Sam 'fo' I dies."

"Perhaps he's outgrown you, and climbed up in the world where he would n't care to have you find him."

"No, indeed, suh," she replied, "Sam ain' dat kin' er man. He wuz good ter me, Sam wuz, but he wuz n' much good ter nobody e'se, fer he wuz one er de triflin'es' han's on de plantation. I 'spec's ter haf ter suppo't 'im w'en I fin' 'im, fer he nebber would work 'less'n he had ter. But den he wuz free, an' he did n' git no pay fer his work, an' I don' blame 'im much. Mebbe he's done better sence he run erway, but I ain' 'spectin' much."

"You may have passed him on the street a hundred times during the twenty-five years, and not have known him; time works great changes."

She smiled incredulously. "I 'd know 'im 'mong's a hund'ed men. Fer dey

wuz n' no yuther merlatter man like my man Sam, an' I could n' be mistook. I's toted his picture roun' wid me twenty-five years."

"May I see it?" asked Mr. Ryder. "It might help me to remember whether I have seen the original."

As she drew a small parcel from her bosom, he saw that it was fastened to a string that went around her neck. Removing several wrappers, she brought to light an old-fashioned daguerreotype in a black case. He looked long and intently at the portrait. It was faded with time, but the features were still distinct, and it was easy to see what manner of man it had represented.

He closed the case, and with a slow movement handed it back to her.

"I don't know of any man in town who goes by that name," he said, "nor have I heard of any one making such inquiries. But if you will leave me your address, I will give the matter some attention, and if I find out anything I will let you know."

She gave him the number of a house in the neighborhood, and went away, after thanking him warmly.

He wrote down the address on the fly-leaf of the volume of Tennyson, and, when she had gone, rose to his feet and stood looking after her curiously. As she walked down the street with mincing step, he saw several persons whom she passed turn and look back at her with a smile of kindly amusement. When she had turned the corner, he went upstairs to his bedroom, and stood for a long time before the mirror of his dressing-case, gazing thoughtfully at the reflection of his own face.

III.

At eight o'clock the ballroom was a blaze of light and the guests had begun to assemble; for there was a literary programme and some routine business

of the society to be gone through with before the dancing. A black servant in evening dress waited at the door and directed the guests to the dressing-rooms.

The occasion was long memorable among the colored people of the city; not alone for the dress and display, but for the high average of intelligence and culture that distinguished the gathering as a whole. There were a number of school-teachers, several young doctors, three or four lawyers, some professional singers, an editor, a lieutenant in the United States army spending his furlough in the city, and others in various polite callings; these were colored, though most of them would not have attracted even a casual glance because of any marked difference from white people. Most of the ladies were in evening costume, and dress coats and dancing-pumps were the rule among the men. A band of string music, stationed in an alcove behind a row of palms, played popular airs while the guests were gathering.

The dancing began at half past nine. At eleven o'clock supper was served. Mr. Ryder had left the ballroom some little time before the intermission, but reappeared at the supper-table. The spread was worthy of the occasion, and the guests did full justice to it. When the coffee had been served, the toast-master, Mr. Solomon Sadler, rapped for order. He made a brief introductory speech, complimenting host and guests, and then presented in their order the toasts of the evening. They were responded to with a very fair display of after-dinner wit.

"The last toast," said the toast-master, when he reached the end of the list, "is one which must appeal to us all. There is no one of us of the sterner sex who is not at some time dependent upon woman, — in infancy for protection, in manhood for companionship, in old age for care and comforting. Our good host has been trying to live alone, but the

fair faces I see around me to-night prove that he too is largely dependent upon the gentler sex for most that makes life worth living, — the society and love of friends, — and rumor is at fault if he does not soon yield entire subjection to one of them. Mr. Ryder will now respond to the toast, — *The Ladies.*"

There was a pensive look in Mr. Ryder's eyes as he took the floor and adjusted his eyeglasses. He began by speaking of woman as the gift of Heaven to man, and after some general observations on the relations of the sexes he said: "But perhaps the quality which most distinguishes woman is her fidelity and devotion to those she loves. History is full of examples, but has recorded none more striking than one which only to-day came under my notice."

He then related, simply but effectively, the story told by his visitor of the afternoon. He told it in the same soft dialect, which came readily to his lips, while the company listened attentively and sympathetically. For the story had awakened a responsive thrill in many hearts. There were some present who had seen, and others who had heard their fathers and grandfathers tell, the wrongs and sufferings of this past generation, and all of them still felt, in their darker moments, the shadow hanging over them. Mr. Ryder went on:—

"Such devotion and such confidence are rare even among women. There are many who would have searched a year, some who would have waited five years, a few who might have hoped ten years; but for twenty-five years this woman has retained her affection for and her faith in a man she has not seen or heard of in all that time.

"She came to me to-day in the hope that I might be able to help her find this long-lost husband. And when she was gone I gave my fancy rein, and imagined a case I will put to you.

"Suppose that this husband, soon after his escape, had learned that his wife

had been sold away, and that such inquiries as he could make brought no information of her whereabouts. Suppose that he was young, and she much older than he; that he was light, and she was black; that their marriage was a slave marriage, and legally binding only if they chose to make it so after the war. Suppose, too, that he made his way to the North, as some of us have done, and there, where he had larger opportunities, had improved them, and had in the course of all these years grown to be as different from the ignorant boy who ran away from fear of slavery as the day is from the night. Suppose, even, that he had qualified himself, by industry, by thrift, and by study, to win the friendship and be considered worthy the society of such people as these I see around me to-night, gracing my board and filling my heart with gladness; for I am old enough to remember the day when such a gathering would not have been possible in this land. Suppose, too, that, as the years went by, this man's memory of the past grew more and more indistinct, until at last it was rarely, except in his dreams, that any image of this bygone period rose before his mind. And then suppose that accident should bring to his knowledge the fact that the wife of his youth, the wife he had left behind him, — not one who had walked by his side and kept pace with him in his upward struggle, but one upon whom advancing years and a laborious life had set their mark, — was alive and seeking him, but that he was absolutely safe from recognition or discovery, unless he chose to reveal himself. My friends, what would the man do? I will suppose that he was one who loved honor, and tried to deal justly with all men. I will even carry the case further, and suppose that perhaps he had set his heart upon another, whom he had hoped to call his own. What would he do, or rather what ought he to do, in such a crisis of a lifetime?

"It seemed to me that he might hesitate, and I imagined that I was an old friend, a near friend, and that he had come to me for advice; and I argued the case with him. I tried to discuss it impartially. After we had looked upon the matter from every point of view, I said to him, in words that we all know:

'This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.'

Then, finally, I put the question to him, 'Shall you acknowledge her?'

"And now, ladies and gentlemen, friends and companions, I ask you, what should he have done?"

There was something in Mr. Ryder's voice that stirred the hearts of those who sat around him. It suggested more than mere sympathy with an imaginary situation; it seemed rather in the nature of a personal appeal. It was observed, too, that his look rested more especially upon Mrs. Dixon, with a mingled expression of renunciation and inquiry.

She had listened, with parted lips and streaming eyes. She was the first to speak: "He should have acknowledged her."

"Yes," they all echoed, "he should have acknowledged her."

"My friends and companions," responded Mr. Ryder, "I thank you, one and all. It is the answer I expected, for I knew your hearts."

He turned and walked toward the closed door of an adjoining room, while every eye followed him in wondering curiosity. He came back in a moment, leading by the hand his visitor of the afternoon, who stood startled and trembling at the sudden plunge into this scene of brilliant gayety. She was neatly dressed in gray, and wore the white cap of an elderly woman.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he said, "this is the woman, and I am the man, whose story I have told you. Permit me to introduce to you the wife of my youth."

Charles W. Chesnutt.

A SOUL'S PILGRIMAGE: EXTRACTS FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

AFTER a youth spent in study under the curé of my native village of Vars, and in the college at Gray, near Dijon, I went up in my twenty-fifth year to continue my studies in Paris.

On arriving there — in March, 1843 — I immediately put myself under the direction of the most celebrated and certainly the most gifted of all the Jesuits I have ever met, Père de Ravignan, the Lenten preacher of Notre Dame, and the contemporary of Lacordaire, who at that time preached the Advent course in the same cathedral. It was my earnest desire to prepare myself in the best possible way to fill as worthily as I could the sacred duties of the ministry. Having made sure of a means of living by setting aside two or three hours each day to teaching, I devoted the rest of my time to personal culture. Seldom has a young man had finer opportunities for intellectual growth than I had at this time. For France, the last years of Louis Philippe were perhaps the most brilliant of the century. In every department of learning and letters talent was represented by illustrious men: in poetry, Victor Hugo and Lamartine; in Parliament, Berryer and Montalembert; in the government, Guizot and Thiers; at the Sorbonne, Cousin, Jules Simon, Lenormant, Ozanam, and Cœur; at the Collège de France, Michelet and Quinet; in the pulpit, Lacordaire and de Ravignan.

I was anxious to learn something from each of these remarkable men. My Sundays were spent in listening to famous preachers. During the rest of the week I distributed my time between the Sorbonne, the Chamber of Deputies, and the Chamber of Peers. Presently, to my great delight, I found myself in relation with such men as Berryer and Montalembert, Jules Simon and Ozanam, La-

cordaire and de Ravignan. The last, as my spiritual director, proved a warm friend as well as a wise and trustworthy guide. I retain a sweet remembrance of many intimate conversations with him. His was not only a holy but a liberal spirit. I was not surprised, later, when I heard it said that he thought of reasserting his independence by asking the general of the Jesuits to release him from his vows.

A trait which exhibited the nobility of his feelings and the largeness of his views appeared in one of our conversations. One day, troubled with doubts, I opened my heart to him, and, encouraged by his evident sympathy, ventured to ask the question, "Is there not, my father, some way of recognizing what is true from what is false in religious doctrine, by which one may avoid the necessity of constant reference to authorities, so many of which simply confuse the mind by their conflicting statements?"

"There is a way," he replied, "which in the case of such doubt I myself follow, and which I recommend to you. Every doctrine which tends to elevate the mind and enlarge the heart is true, and every doctrine which works the contrary effect is false. Follow this principle, and you will feel and be the better for it. I have done so, and am satisfied."

It was shortly before this that the Society of St. Vincent de Paul was founded. The circumstances which led to its institution are of peculiar interest. On a Sunday evening Ozanam had gathered together a few students of the Sorbonne to take tea with him. After a simple repast, he laid before them a plan by which each one was to undertake, during the coming week, to visit one or two poor families of the neighborhood, and report to him on the following Sunday. The

enthusiasm of the young men for so practical a form of benevolent work soon developed, and shortly it became advisable to form the little group into a society, the object of which should be just such simple works of charity. From that modest beginning in the library of this large-hearted man the association has grown until to-day it numbers more than two million members. You may be sure that I was glad of an opportunity to be associated with such a band of zealous men.

Another society to which it was my privilege to belong was Le Cercle Catholique de la Rue de Grenelle, which was founded at this time with the object of banding together Catholics of liberal views, clerics as well as laymen. It counted among its members such men as Lacordaire, Ozanam, Montalembert, de Falloux, de Montigny, and Riancey.

It was my honor to represent this society in Dublin at the funeral of the celebrated Irish liberator, Daniel O'Connell. Never shall I forget the sight that greeted us on our arrival in Dublin Bay. A vast throng had gathered on the quay, and after a solemn and awed silence suddenly burst into a wail of lamentation such as it is given a man only once to hear. It seemed as if the hearts of the bereaved people were breaking with grief. As the cortège moved from the quay the multitude reverently followed the catafalque, and kept up a constant dirge until the remains of their hero were deposited within the church where the funeral service was to be held on the morrow. Few things could have been more imposing than that solemn service and the great procession which attended the body to its last resting-place. It was evident, indeed, that Ireland had lost one of her chief sons, and her people mourned for him as a mother mourns for her best beloved.

Some weeks after our return to Paris, Père Lacordaire pronounced the funeral oration of Daniel O'Connell at Notre

Dame. On the evening of the same day a dinner was given to John O'Connell, son of the great statesman, by the Baron de Montigny at his superb hôtel (formerly the hôtel Montmorency) in the Rue de Babylone. Sixty guests were present, including many church dignitaries, statesmen, journalists, and other distinguished men. It was the 22d of February, 1848, — a day destined to prove a memorable one in the history of France. Shortly before we sat down, the populace had begun to assemble in the streets, and the crowds seemed to be moving toward the Champs Elysées. A valet was dispatched every quarter of an hour to bring us news of what was happening. As the reports grew more alarming, the guests became more preoccupied. After dinner the company broke up into little groups to discuss the situation. A messenger presently brought us more serious tidings, so that the Baron de Villequier exclaimed, "Why, it seems a veritable mob!" To which the prophetic Berryer replied, "Take care that it is not a revolution!" Two days later Louis Philippe was obliged to flee from the Tuileries, and restless France found herself once more a nation without a ruler.

It was during the outbreak in June of the same year that the heroic death of the saintly Archbishop of Paris, Monseigneur Affre, occurred. The soul of this devout man was deeply moved by the spirit of strife among the people. It cut him to the heart to see Paris on the verge of a fratricidal war, and God's call seemed clear to him, as the spiritual father of the community, not to spare himself in any endeavor to restore order and promote peace. Accordingly, on the morning of the 27th he proceeded to the scene of the conflict and mounted the barricades, to plead with the populace on the one hand and the soldiery on the other. Scarcely had he uttered the words "My children" when a shot fired from a neighboring build-

ing pierced him, and he fell dead before the eyes of the mob. This tragic event was enough. A horror seemed to seize every one, and from that hour the insurrection ceased. Truly the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.

It may be proper to speak a word about the power of the pulpit in Paris at this time. Perhaps the two most eminent preachers that France has produced are Bossuet and Lacordaire. Both were the pride of Dijon, their native city. The superiority of Bossuet appeared in what he said, that of Lacordaire in the way in which he said it. The latter's eloquence corresponds precisely to the word attributed to Demosthenes, and repeated by Massillon. When asked what were the essential elements of oratory, the illustrious Greek is said to have replied: First, action; second, action; third, action.

I recall an occasion when this principle in the preaching of Lacordaire was illustrated. One Sunday, Abbé Castan, nephew of Archbishop Affre, and I found ourselves almost lost in the immense crowd pouring into Notre Dame to hear the great preacher. The subject he was to treat was the struggle between good and evil, the conflict between the powers of the world and the Church of God. He opened with a paraphrase of the first verses of the second Psalm: "Quare fremuerunt gentes?" Presently, as the idea began to unfold itself to his marvelous imagination, his thought rose to such a height that my friend whispered to me, "He cannot continue in that strain!" It was true. Human language failed him. Yet, standing there, his face illumined with the great thought, his body swaying under the inspiration of the mighty truth which his tongue refused to utter, he continued his gestures with such descriptive force that, under the action of that mute eloquence, the assembly seemed to shudder. It was only a few seconds, perhaps, though it seemed to me many minutes. Then the

preacher slowly drew back his arm and solemnly laid his hand over his heart. After a moment of absolute stillness, the entire audience gave vent to its feelings in one spontaneous outburst of applause.

On the following Sunday we were again in our places, and before the address the Archbishop of Paris felt compelled to request the congregation to remember the sacred character of the place, and to refrain from any outward expression of approval. But such was the eloquence of Lacordaire in pursuing the same theme that ere long the archbishop himself was betrayed into an unconscious clapping of hands, which was enough to lift an irksome restraint from an audience hardly able to suppress its feelings.

At this time the accession to our ranks of John Henry Newman and other distinguished members of the Anglican communion inspired the champions of Romanism in France with the belief that England was ripe for the papacy. Frequent meetings were held among us, and our enthusiasm and zeal for this great end were heightened. I was free to do as I pleased at this time, and being deeply moved by the bright prospects before our Church in Great Britain I determined to give myself to the work of conversion, and to devote my energies to an enterprise which seemed destined to contribute so largely to the glory and power of the Holy See.

My friends were most cordial in their approval of this resolve, and in many happy ways expressed an interest in the step I was about to take. Some of the sweetest evidences of their regard were the books and other gifts they bestowed upon me; among them was a very tender souvenir from Charles (then Abbé) Gounod. On the evening before my departure this charming man brought me his surplice, berretta, and other personal belongings. These were the more precious to me since, shortly after this, Gounod gave up the idea of following the

sacred ministry, in order to devote himself without reserve to that noble art which has made his name immortal.

Arriving in London, I set out immediately to report myself to Cardinal Wiseman for such service as he should think me fitted to undertake. As I had not yet learned to speak English plainly, it was arranged that I should preach as occasion offered at the French church of this great capital, and on Sundays celebrate the military mass at Woolwich for the Roman Catholic soldiers of the garrison. It was not long before I gained familiarity with English, and his Eminence was able to transfer me to the charge of the Catholic mission recently established at Canterbury. Here I preached my first English sermons.

England until then had been looked upon as a missionary territory by the Latin Church, and, as was the custom in all countries of this character, the Roman authority was represented, not by bishops, but by apostolic vicars, of whom at this time there were four. In 1850 Pius IX. divided the country into Catholic provinces, and appointed a bishop for each of them. This bold act on the part of a foreign prelate aroused the indignation of the English people, and provoked widespread and violent opposition. Every evening the streets of London were thronged with long and noisy processions, in which the Pope was carried about in effigy and subjected to all manner of insult. I suffered more than I can say from this blasphemous abuse, as it seemed to me, of the head of our holy religion, and I felt it my duty to protest, no matter how insignificant my protestation might be. Accordingly, I published successively two tracts in favor of the papacy, — entitled *Rome and the Holy Scriptures*, and *Rome and the Primitive Church*, — with the hope that some Protestant minds might see the grounds of our claims and the justice of the step taken by his Holiness Pius IX.

These publications attracted more notice than I could have hoped for. By the Catholic press they were heralded as timely utterances, and were spoken of as logical and conclusive arguments for the papal supremacy. But above all other opinions I appreciated that expressed in the following letter : —

. . . I received with true pleasure your pamphlets and your good letter, my dear abbé; I thank you with all my heart. God has truly made you an Apostle of England. Continue to spread the good news. I admire the manner in which you are able to write and speak in English. The remembrance of you, be sure of it, remains faithful in the depths of my soul. Au revoir, then, till it please the Lord. Believe in my very tender attachment.

DE RAVIGNAN, S. J.

PARIS, 21 *February*, 1851.

The Protestant journals whose attention was excited by these pamphlets of course judged them differently. One among them, *Bell's Weekly Messenger*, published a series of articles in which the Scriptural texts and historic references were the object of severe criticism. The author of these articles, Mr. Charles Hastings Collette, one of the glories of Oxford, and a man deeply versed in the writings of the Fathers as well as the history of the first Christian ages, in a polite letter in which he gave me entire credit for sincerity, announced to me his intention of pointing out that the statements upon which my arguments were founded were either fabrications or else falsely stated. Sure of having advanced only those points which conform to the teaching of the most esteemed authors of Catholic history, and acting besides under the impression which prevails among Roman Catholics, namely, that honesty is not to be expected from Protestants in religious controversy, I did not feel it my duty to reply to his very civil note.

My silence did not seem to discourage him, for in the course of a few days he wrote me four other letters, which in turn failed to elicit a reply.

One morning I heard a knock at the door of the house where I lived, and, as the servant was absent, I answered the call. I found myself face to face with a gentleman of distinguished appearance, who handed me his card, and to my astonishment I read the name of my correspondent and adversary, Charles Hastings Collette. Common courtesy obliged me to receive him. Without ado he announced the purpose of his visit by repeating in a decided voice what he had written; declaring that he had perfect faith in my sincerity, that the pamphlets were marked with the stamp of honesty, and that had it been otherwise he would have disdained any dealings with me. Then he said that he was ready to prove to me that I had been mistaken in many of the texts quoted and in most of the supposed facts submitted in my argument. "Without doubt," he said, "you drew your knowledge from the most estimable sources known to you. But these sources are far too modern. I ask you but one thing, and that, as a man of honor, which I take you to be, you cannot honestly refuse me. It is to consult, not Protestant books, but the writings of Catholics of an earlier date than the Council of Trent, of whose authenticity and authority there can be no question. To this effect, I pray you to make conscientious researches in the library of the British Museum, where such documents abound. I shall secure you the necessary permission to consult these works, and as the librarian is my friend I shall ask him to help you in your investigations, and we shall see what conclusion the study will lead you to."

By refusing to accede to such a request I should have given proof of a want of love for truth; and so sure was I of my ground and of the historical

validity of my argument that I did not hesitate to follow the wish of this ardent and courteous opponent. For a fortnight I spent all of my afternoons and part of my evenings in searching those books which could enlighten me on so grave a subject. By faithful study I was able to compare the facts as I had been taught them with the facts as the early Church historians stated them. The result of this investigation was as painful to me as it was satisfactory to Mr. Collette. On all the contested points I found that the weight of authority was against my position. I will cite one decisive instance.

Among all the treatises on dogmatic theology in use, in my day, in the high seminaries of the Church, the one most esteemed was the work of Cardinal Gousset, perhaps the greatest Roman theologian of the century. In this work the sixth canon of the Council of Nice (A. D. 325) is thus written: "*Ecclesia Romana semper habuit primatum.*" From this canon one draws the irresistible conclusion that the first ecumenical council, although composed almost exclusively of bishops from the East, who would naturally look with jealousy upon the growing influence of the See of Rome, found itself obliged to witness to the truth of her supremacy by a special canon, declaring that from the *beginning* Rome had had the primacy. Surely no more positive assertion could be made of the fact which Protestant historians repudiated so decidedly.

Resting secure in my knowledge of this canon, I was almost stunned to find that the original form of the canon, as enacted by the Council, was quite different from what I had been taught. The sixth canon simply states that Rome has a relative primacy. The plan before the Council was to transform the See of Alexandria into a patriarchate, and the purport of the canon was, that as the bishop of Rome had the primacy over the bishops of the suburbicarian cities,

in the same way it was fitting that the bishop of Alexandria should occupy a similar rank with regard to the bishops of Lower Egypt. The part that had been suppressed in our manuals gave the subject an entirely different complexion.

This discovery, and others like it, gave me a most severe shock. I requested the librarian to permit me to carry away and keep until the next day the collection of the acts of councils, where I had found the canons in their original integrity. He consented, and I lost no time in finding Cardinal Wiseman. I asked him if there was any doubt as to the authenticity of the sixth canon of Nice as it is given in our manuals of theology. "None that I know of," he replied. I then showed him my volume, and said, "It is a Catholic publication; old, it is true, but only the more to be trusted on that account. Here are the terms in which the sixth canon is expressed." His Eminence appeared very much astonished, and as he remarked that I suffered from something more than astonishment he advised me not to attach too much importance to the matter. An interview with my spiritual director, Father Brownbill, gave me no more satisfaction than that with the cardinal. For the first time in my life I found myself assailed by doubt, and with no friend to turn to.

Now, to entertain doubt is regarded as one of the greatest sins by the Roman Church, a species of interior apostasy, to be dealt with in the most rigorous way; and in the teachings of the masters of the spiritual life there is, for the temptations against faith as for those against purity, one sole remedy, — flight. After a long struggle I determined to fly, and resolved to have nothing more to do with Protestants, to avoid all matters of controversy, and to devote myself exclusively to works of zeal in Catholic countries.

The times were favorable for this purpose. The Secular Jubilee was about

to be celebrated in France by missions in the leading churches. I had been invited to take part in several of these missions as preacher and confessor. This now appeared to me providential; the more so as the subjects treated in the pulpit on such occasions — sin, repentance, death, judgment, and the like — are almost strangers to controversy. I accepted the invitations, therefore, with a kind of desperate gratitude, and during more than two months passed the greater part of my time in the pulpit and the confessional.

The day came when, although I had still many engagements, I found myself completely worn out and forced to think of rest. After that, recalling the word of the sage, that the best writings on religion are those forbidden by the Congregation of the Index, I allowed myself to pass over this interdiction, and among other works to read with a lively interest *L'Histoire de la Civilisation en Europe et en France*, by M. Guizot. The manifest spirit of sincerity, the largeness of view, the historical science, which this work reveals impressed me so deeply, and produced such a change in my manner of appreciating things, that I felt sure its talented author could help me in my present dilemma. To unburden myself to this great man might seem to him a strange tribute to his genius, yet so deep was my longing for counsel and guidance just at this time that I felt such a course was justifiable, and believed that he would not take my confidence amiss.

My plea was addressed simply to M. Guizot, Paris; and though I looked anxiously and long for an answer, to my deep disappointment none came. Whether the letter never reached its destination, or whether M. Guizot mistrusted its motive, I had no means of ascertaining. I have come to believe it was never received.

Judging it inopportune to take any one else into my confidence, I resolved

to think and act for myself and on my own responsibility. The more I studied and reflected, the more my faith in the fundamental doctrines of Romanism weakened, and I felt that before long not only my opinions, but also my conscience would impose upon me the duty of abjuration. As such a step could not but bring me personally the gravest consequences, deeply afflict my best friends, and, worst of all, carry desolation into the bosom of my family, I felt bound to make a last effort by going to Rome and studying the system on the spot in its immediate application.

As I had not revealed to any of my friends what was passing within me, when they learned that I was going to the capital of the Roman world they entirely misinterpreted the object of the journey and congratulated me on my resolution. Several prelates, the Cardinal Archbishop of Besançon among them, sent me letters of recommendation of the most flattering kind. All supposed I was about to make what is called a pilgrimage *ad limina apostolorum*. They had a natural reason for believing this, as I had received from the Vatican special privileges, and more recently had been extended the widest powers in the matter of indulgences, such as the *altare privilegiatum personale*, of which I have the titles still in my possession.

It was my intention to remain six months in the Holy City. Circumstances compelled me to leave at the end of a month; yet during that brief period I saw and learned enough to satisfy me that the capital of the Roman world was the last place for one in my frame of mind to visit. It may be that I was not in a condition to judge impartially. Perhaps the temper of my thoughts was over-critical, too susceptible to adverse impressions. I had resolved, it is true, to investigate fearlessly and study frankly all that bore upon my religious position. Nevertheless, every private interest, home ties, the love and respect of friends, pre-

sent position and future prospects, would naturally have induced me to see things in their most favorable light. If the facts were to lead me to separate from the Church of Rome, it would be only because the facts were too glaring and emphatic to be glossed over.

I pass by the vexations to which, on arriving at Civit  Vecchia, I was subjected, at the hands of the gendarmes, the customs officers, and the countless horde of *faquini*. Suffice it to say that I reached the Eternal City at last, poorer in pocket, but richer in experience.

As soon as I was settled in fairly comfortable lodgings I proceeded to make myself familiar with the city. The churches first absorbed my attention. What shall I say of their dignity and splendor, their wealth and magnificence? What shall I say of the vast numbers of monks and priests and prelates who throng these stately buildings, and testify to the power and prestige of this great church, and lend an air of sanctity to its ancient seat? Certainly here the religion of Jesus should be at its best. Here we should find the purest morality and the deepest spiritual life. Here charity and good works, the distinctive marks of the disciples of Christ, should abound without measure. Rome should lead the world in all that is noble and holy and gracious in religion.

The pain of a bitter disenchantment was in store for me. I had been in the city but a few hours when a revolting sense of the unreality of its religious life took possession of me. Every day seemed to deepen that unwelcome impression. I found myself going from place to place in increasing amazement at the squalor and ignorance and vice visible and openly present at each new turn. Instead of righteousness and piety and a sweet reverence among the people, there were iniquity and uncleanness and degrading superstition. Education and self-respect, — those choice fruits of Christianity, — where had they concealed themselves?

On the one hand the luxury of the prelates, on the other the profound misery of the people; on this side churches of surpassing stateliness, on that homes of the poor, unspeakable in their filthiness; here a cleric in gorgeous attire, there a beggar in hideous and noisome rags. How could I escape the shameful meaning of such a contrast! One would indeed have had to be a slave to prejudice to overlook this disgusting travesty of the religion of Him who came to preach the gospel to the poor, to heal the broken-hearted, to set at liberty those who are bruised.

"And what do these men do, this multitude of priests?" I asked myself again and again. "Do they not see the wretched condition of the people? Have they no concern for the public distress and ignorance and immorality?" I could not discover a single sign of a real and genuine interest in such matters, nor did I learn of any organized effort to lift the people from their hapless plight. The dignitaries of the Church were occupied with other things. Their time was taken up with affairs of a more imposing nature: resplendent ceremonies, now at this altar, now at that; the keeping of great festivals and the observance of great occasions. The city seemed wholly given up to idolatry and enamored with the superb spectacle of an elaborate worship. Even this might mean something, did it only inspire the people with a deeper reverence and regard for sacred things. But it was evident that the solemn functions possessed no real solemnity; it was not awe of God that held the crowd, but a stupid wonder and admiration of those gorgeously robed men who served at the altar. At St. Peter's, the Lateran, St. Paul outside the Walls, Trinità de' Monti, it was always the same, — a wanton display of religious pomp and ceremonial, without heart, without devotion, without any spiritual reality.

On Christmas I attended the midnight office at S. Maria Maggiore. The church

was splendid with lights and ornaments; the ceremony was the greatest possible display. Among all the princes of the church I liked the appearance of the Pope alone. His face was sympathetic, and he seemed embarrassed by the many singular honors conferred upon him. The assembly had the air of taking part in some worldly gathering rather than in a religious service. The frivolity of the people, their free conversation, prevented one from believing that they were conscious of being in a holy place. One may doubt if a single soul carried away any feeling of edification.

The feast of the Epiphany found me at the Sistine Chapel. What a spectacle is that mass in the presence of the Pope! The chamberlains grouped like dogs at the feet of their masters, the cardinals; the officiating clergy carelessly lolling on the altar steps in their sacerdotal vestments, turning their backs upon the cross and the tabernacle during the singing; then that meaningless series of perfunctory honors, kissing of hands, kissing of the feet of the Pope, which seems to be given in lieu of the homage due to the Host upon the altar. Nothing is present to remind one that it is the house of God. The triple pontifical crown everywhere — on the walls right and left, at the entrance, and in the sanctuary — tells the story truly. It is not the cross of Christ, but the crown of the Pontiff, that is revered.

I came away from this service resolved to follow the direction of my own conscience, cost what it might. An accident served to help me in this decision. I was boarding in a family whose chief religious devotion seemed to consist in reciting the rosary together, in order to obtain a favorable number at Tombola. The members of the family knew that I was a priest, and having observed that, unlike other priests, I did not say the daily mass, they indicated in many ways that they were suspicious of my orthodoxy. I had reason to believe that they

would not keep this suspicion to themselves, and so I thought it well to seek another lodging.

Seeing on the door of a house on the Plaza d'Espagne the notice "Rooms to let," I entered and ascended the stairs to examine them. As I passed through the hall, my eye was caught by a door-plate bearing the inscription "Rev. Charles Baird, Chaplain of the American Legation." This discovery seemed to me providential. I had never conversed with a Protestant minister. In obedience to a strange impulse I knocked. Mr. Baird was within, and received me with marked politeness. I was a stranger, and yet I found myself in a few moments explaining to him my peculiar position. His evident sympathy and kindness inspired me to tell him all, and I felt more than repaid for my confidence by his affectionate and tender manner. After a few comforting and encouraging words, he said: "You cannot doubt my profound sympathy in the religious crisis to which you have been led, and I shall be happy to meet and talk with you again, but it must not be in this place. Everything which passes in my apartment is watched. Only a few weeks ago, a monk, tormented as you now are by doubt, and who had come to confer with me two or three times, disappeared; I have not heard from him nor of him since. I should not be surprised if it is already known that you are here. Do not return to these rooms. I will appoint a place of meeting where there will not be the same risk." I promised to do as Mr. Baird had told me, and left him my address.

Some days later, as I was walking from the Gesù to the Capitol, where two streets cross, I was suddenly accosted by two men, who threw themselves upon me, and while one covered my mouth to prevent an outcry, the other rifled my pockets. I supposed my purse had been taken; but no, it was safe in my pocket. My portfolio, containing many

precious papers, — my passport and letters of recommendation, that from the Archbishop of Besançon among them, — was gone.

I went at once to the police prefecture, hard by, and asked to speak with the prefect himself. I told him what had occurred, and he expressed surprise. He inquired if there was any money in the portfolio. I told him there was nothing but private papers and letters, valuable to me, but useless to any one else. Thereupon this worthy officer said, "If these men are ordinary thieves and find that the contents are of no value to them, they will probably bring them to us. You had better leave with us some little indemnity to pay them for their trouble."

This affair now appeared to me more serious than I had thought at first, and without further delay I sought the office of the French ambassador. Happily, he knew me, being, as I was, a member of *Le Cercle Catholique*. He seemed glad to see me, but when I told him what had just happened his countenance became grave. "Allow me to ask you a question," he said. "How do you stand from a religious point of view?" I thought it right to tell him frankly the reason for my presence in Rome. "That truly grieves me," he replied. "You know I am a Catholic. Nevertheless, in the present case I must act as an ambassador of France. I know you to be a reputable citizen. I shall give you a new passport on this condition: you must leave Rome in twenty-four hours. For that time I take you under my protection, but if you remain longer I will not be responsible for the outcome." He then told me the experience of the Abbé Laborde, who had been sent to Rome by the Archbishop of Paris to protest against the proclamation of the new dogma of the Immaculate Conception. Upon his arrival he was speedily taken in hand and shut up in the Castle of St. Angelo. He was liberated only after severe threats on the part of the French government.

On leaving the ambassador I went at once to Mr. Baird. "What has happened does not surprise me," he said, upon learning of my misadventure. "Well, now that you are in security for twenty-four hours longer we can see something of you. Come to-morrow to our service at ten o'clock. Afterward we will breakfast together, and at one o'clock you can take the diligence for Civit  Vecchia."

I acted according to the desire of my new friend, in whom I was happy to find a true Christian gentleman, and on the morrow I attended for the first time in my life a Protestant service, and that in the very centre of Romanism. During my stay in the Holy City this was the only occasion when I was truly edified and comforted by a religious service. In the simplicity and manifest sincerity of that brief period of devotion I found what I had failed to find in all the pomp and ceremony of the great churches, — an atmosphere of reverence and faith, a worship of God in spirit and in truth.

For a year and a half after my departure from Rome I lived in London and in Dublin, lecturing on French literature, and engaging as opportunity presented in work of a religious character. All this time my heart was unsatisfied, and my movements were embarrassed by the excessive zeal of some of my new-found Protestant friends. I determined, therefore, in order to find a place of freer movement, to go to the United States. Knowing that Boston was the capital of mind and the centre of culture in the great republic, I concluded to take up my residence there for a time, at least, in order to see American life and thought at its best. Of this my journal speaks more explicitly: —

November 3, 1855. Yesterday a friend took me to the home of Mr. Longfellow, the pre minent poet of the New World. He received us in the room where Washington had his headquarters, and where

a Frenchman delights to find the name of Lafayette. Mr. Longfellow invited me to dine with him to-day, so that my first dinner in the United States, outside of a hotel, was at the house of one of America's purest glories, — a house venerated as a sanctuary by his countrymen, — and in the company of several of the most cultivated minds of Boston; for Mr. Longfellow, who does nothing by halves, had also invited to this dinner the leading professors of the university at Cambridge. It was a delicate attention, too, that the dinner was prepared and served entirely *  la fran aise*. But what followed I valued and enjoyed far more than the dinner. When the twelve other guests had gone home, he asked me to remain in order that we might engage in more intimate conversation. I shall not soon forget his charming candor and warm-hearted sympathy, which quickly won my confidence and made it easy for me to speak to him of my personal experiences.

November 5. Almost by chance I was introduced to-day to the Bishop of Massachusetts, the Right Reverend Dr. Mant  Eastburn. I was not prepared for this introduction, and when it was proposed I regretted that my costume was not appropriate for meeting a person of such dignity. On seeing his lordship all awkwardness on my part disappeared. Not one distinctive mark characterized this man save his fine presence and distinguished and affable manners. The bishop spoke to me as a minister of Christ, and showed me much kindness. . . . The bishop is, with the ministers under his jurisdiction, the *primus inter pares*, a sort of elder brother. Surely, this manner of being and acting is more apostolic than that of the superb prelates under Roman authority.

November 15. The circle of my acquaintance, and I may say of my friends, is enlarging every day. They are almost without exception noble types of humanity. Yesterday I was presented to one

especially worthy, a true gentleman and a member of the American Congress, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop. To-day, the one who now occupies the pulpit of Dr. Channing, his worthy successor in noble qualities of heart and soul, Rev. Dr. Ezra Gannett, came to invite me to dine at his house with some distinguished men whom he desired me to know.

November 25. To-day I can either boast or reproach myself for having sat in the assembly of those whom the orthodox call infidels. I went to hear Theodore Parker at the Music Hall, — Theodore Parker, who is avoided and disavowed even by Unitarians. Now I must confess that in all he said there was not an idea nor a word that wounded me; on the contrary, this appeared to be just the atmosphere for my present state of mind. Mr. Parker, in my sense, is a logical and truly brave preacher; the others — I speak, of course, of the liberals — seem to draw back from the consequences of the principles they have laid down. Here is a Protestant indeed, in the full sense of the word. After the service I was introduced to Mr. Parker, who already knew something of my history, and welcomed me with marked politeness. He invited me to call upon him for a confidential talk at any time that I should feel inclined to do so.

The first year in New England was most encouraging. My literary conferences met with unexpected success. A complete course was given in the hall of the Y. M. C. A. in Boston, and various series at Cambridge, Lynn, Milton, Nahant, and Newport. From all these places the most gratifying letters came to me, quite unexpectedly, from several persons well known in the world of letters; among them, Longfellow, Theodore Parker, Dr. Hedge, Edmund Quincy, Wendell Phillips, Lothrop Motley, Bishop Eastburn, Charles Brooks, Henry Tuckerman, Robert C. Winthrop, Rufus Choate, and Edward Everett.

Two propositions were just then made to me: the one, to fill the professorship of French language and literature in Washington University, at St. Louis; the other, to establish a collegiate school for young ladies at Lexington, Kentucky.

I went to St. Louis first; but as the aspect of things there did not appear favorable, I soon left for Lexington, where I was already known to the family of Senator Duncan. I was also furnished with letters to Mr. Breckinridge, afterwards Vice-President of the Confederacy, the family of Henry Clay, and several others. One of the largest and best houses in the city was put at my disposal, and many pupils were already enrolled, when an incident happened which brought all my projects to a sudden end. One Sunday, in returning from church, I passed, without knowing it, through the slave-market. It was an open square, where many men had gathered and were employed in bartering for a female slave. Coming from Boston, where I had been associated with Wendell Phillips, Lloyd Garrison, and others of the abolitionist party, to which my heart thoroughly belonged, I could not help in some degree showing the pain and indignation I felt. This criticism stirred up bad feelings, which some of the people did not hesitate to express so openly that a friend heard their threats, and lost no time in repeating them to me. Late that night I was awakened by a soft rapping upon my window, which opened upon the broad piazza of the hotel, and I found there a young mulatto who was engaged in doing some printing for the school. He brought news of a plot to tar and feather me, and in this high-handed and desperate way to cut short my dangerous doctrines. I did not propose to retract what I had said, and so there was nothing for it but to leave the place at once.

New York seemed to me to offer not only the most favorable opportunities for my literary efforts, but also a large field

for study of the many and various phases of religious belief and activity. I had but a very few friends in that city, yet I felt that they were men whom I could trust. This confidence was not misplaced. From the moment of my arrival, Henry Tuckerman, Dr. Henry Bellows, and others took a most lively interest in my well-being. It was shortly arranged that I should give a course of sermons on unity, in the church of Dr. Bellows, at the corner of 19th Street and Fourth Avenue. These sermons met with a flattering reception, and drew many people of a liberal mind among the various Protestant denominations. As the church could not always be at our disposal, my friends made arrangements that I should use a hall in the Cooper Institute, and there continue the free and open discussion of religious doctrine and truth. I preached there during the eight months from October, 1858, to May, 1859. The success of this enterprise was somewhat remarkable. The hall, though an ample one, was on several occasions found to be too small for the audience.

My Sunday discourses might have continued indefinitely, had I not received in April of 1859 a letter from Mr. Longfellow, asking me to become an assistant professor of the French language and literature at Harvard University. As this invitation came to me entirely unsought, and was accompanied by an expression of deep affection on the part of Mr. Longfellow, I asked myself with no little concern whether I should not accept it. The thought of putting down a task so lately begun and so full of promise was distasteful to me, and I accepted Mr. Longfellow's invitation only with the determination that at some future day I would resume religious work.

Many were the expressions of regret by those who made up our little congregation that the services were to be discontinued. A generous effort was made, started by Mr. Leavitt Hunt, to

establish the enterprise upon a permanent basis; but as this came after my letter of acceptance had been sent to Mr. Longfellow, it could not accomplish its purpose.

Hardly had I begun my course of lectures at the university when a proposition was made to me by Mr. Agassiz, whose school in Cambridge will long be remembered as the leading institution in this country for the education of young women. Most of the instructors were professors at the university. Mr. Agassiz was preparing at this time to make a journey of exploration in South America, which would probably consume many months, and he came to me with the request that I should take his lecture hours in the school for a course in French literature. I at once accepted this offer, and found myself happy in a work so congenial to my training and inclinations. But another proposition followed this, which pleased me even more. The Rev. Dr. Manning, pastor of the Old South Church, a Congregationalist of the liberal school, having heard of the work I had been doing, called on me and asked me to undertake a similar work in Boston. He placed the Old South Chapel at my disposal, and the Sunday after the first of my services had been announced in the papers I found the chapel full. To take up religious work again was most agreeable to me, especially as I had not ceased to regret my enforced separation from our little band of enthusiasts in New York.

My life at Cambridge renewed many of the associations which I had found so helpful and gratifying during my first visit to Boston. Among others, it was my privilege to come in contact with that rare mind, Ralph Waldo Emerson. I recall quite distinctly a day I spent at his home in Concord. In the afternoon he proposed a walk in a grove a short distance from his home. In the middle of this bit of woods was a somewhat spacious pond, which Mr. Emerson

looked upon as a lake. We sat down on a little hill which commanded a view of it. After some moments of mute contemplation Emerson said to me, "It is now fifteen years that every day when the weather and my occupations permit I come and sit for a few moments in this place, and each time I find in this little lake some new beauty."

I made the acquaintance at this time of two other men of eminence, James Freeman Clarke and Thomas Starr King. The latter was to prove not only an agreeable companion, but a warm-hearted friend. In such an atmosphere, among men of many views, I found ample food for reflection and abundant opportunity for study in the line of both religious and political thought.

The death of Theodore Parker grieved me immeasurably. I find in my journal some expressions of my sorrow.

May 11, 1860. He is dead. What a loss! The nation will at last appreciate him. Strange circumstance! the very day they learn the sad news is the one on which the Unitarians hold their annual convention in the same hall where each Sunday people have come in crowds to hear him. It could not be said that all the Unitarians who attended this convention were in full sympathy with Theodore Parker; notwithstanding, this evening all prejudice seemed to have vanished as if by enchantment. When the news of his death became known, each speaker in turn referred affectionately and reverently to the prophet who had been taken from them, and each time the public received his name with the most heartfelt testimony of sympathy and regard. Indeed, all the interest of the meeting turned to a manifestation in favor of the reformer. . . .

The Unitarians seem to me to be the most intelligent of Protestant ministers, and in almost every instance superior men. Their liberalism is sincere; they

love and preach virtue for its own sake; their discourses are less sermons than lofty moral essays, in which the conscience as well as the mind finds much to stimulate and strengthen it. Of all those who honored me with their friendship, there was not one for whom I did not entertain a high and sincere regard; but I must mention one especially, the best man, perhaps, whom I have had the privilege of knowing, — the Rev. Dr. Gannett. I remember that on one occasion he spoke in words of the most sincere admiration of M. de Cheverus, the first Roman bishop of Boston.

Abandoned in a miserable cabin, not far from Boston, was an infirm negro. The bishop found him, and, without informing any one, every evening, after his day's duties, quietly made his way to the cabin and devoted himself to this afflicted creature; washing and dressing his sores, making his bed, and providing for his various wants. A servant, who remarked that on the bishop's return his coat was covered with dust and feathers, wondered where his master went, and followed him afar off on one of his excursions. Looking between the loose timbers which made the wall of the cabin, he saw the man of God engaged in his work of mercy.

Dr. Gannett told me this story with admiration for such devotion on the part of a prelate. Little did he suppose that I myself would surprise him in the exercise of a no less humble and Christ-like charity. I had been told that a certain German teacher, Professor Sherb, was lying ill in a cold and comfortless attic in a miserable quarter of the city, and had no one to take care of him. At my first free moment I sought the lodging of this poor man, but Dr. Gannett was there before me. I found him at the door with a broom in his hand, with which he had been sweeping the room of the invalid. I entered, and saw the sick man sitting in front of a newly lighted fire, carefully rolled up

in a blanket, eating grapes which had been brought him by the good Samaritan. The mattress had been removed from the bed, the sheets had been hung out to air, the meagre furnishings of the room had been put in order: and all this by the hand of my excellent friend, who appeared quite confused when caught in the act.

His embarrassment was not less when, on another occasion, I discovered him in one of the back streets of Boston carrying a bowl of steaming broth into a miserable-looking abode where no doubt dwelt another of his charges.

My life and work at Harvard University continued until the outbreak of the rebellion. Naturally the college life was affected by this serious trouble, and many departments of the university were virtually suspended. Among both professors and students the most ardent patriotism was manifested, and when the call came for volunteers a large proportion of our number were not slow to respond. I remember a most affecting scene which expressed the deep loyalty of both North and South to what they conceived to be right. When it became evident that the country was upon the verge of a supreme crisis and that war was inevitable, a general meeting of the students and professors was held before separating to go to their several states. Many of our men were Southerners, and it was seen that at the call of duty fellow student would be obliged to face fellow student in the impending struggle. This thought cast a very deep solemnity over our meeting, and nothing could have been more touching than to see these men embrace one another with the utmost affection on the eve of their separation.

The attitude of foreign countries toward the North will be remembered as doubtful. England was decidedly antagonistic, while France seemed to be uncertain. Her press was divided and

by no means positive in friendliness toward the cause of the Union. It seemed to me that I could be of service to my adopted country by visiting Paris and counseling with those in control of the journals of the day, some of whom I knew, with the object of winning their support for the government. I communicated with the Rev. Dr. Bellows, president of the Sanitary Commission, and suggested the advisability of the step I had in mind. He approved my project most heartily, and after a conference with the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward, commissioned me to carry out this scheme. It was arranged that I should start for Paris without delay, see in particular each of the prominent journalists, preachers, and professors who exercised any marked influence on public opinion, and work in the best way to win them to the cause of the Union.

After seven years of absence I found myself in Paris once more. My emotions cannot be described, nor is it my desire here to dwell upon the many recollections which came to me as I viewed again places so familiar and formerly so closely identified with my life. As soon as possible I sought interviews with the leading men of the liberal party: Jules Simon, Eugène Pelletan, Prévost-Paradol of *Le Journal des Débats*, Louis Jourdan of *Le Siècle*, Elisée Reclus of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, Frédéric Morin, Edouard Fauvety, Vacherot, and others, — all men of the highest standing in the world of letters. Those who had at first some doubt on the subject soon became convinced that the war was not, on the part of the North, a war for sovereignty, but a war for deliverance; that whatever might be the pretensions of parties and the particular views of many, slavery was the real cause of the struggle, and its abolition must be the ultimate result. And from that moment, with a unity and perseverance quite remarkable, all of these worthy men became earnest defenders of the Union,

whether in public journal or in private writing.

I was especially anxious to meet M. Edouard Laboulaye, for I knew him to be more than all the others interested in the conflict and in sympathy with this country. As he was not then in Paris I wrote to him at his country-seat. I received in answer a letter asking me to come to Bourg-la-Reine and spend a day with him. Of course I took advantage of this invitation, and passed seven of the most agreeable hours of my life in an uninterrupted conversation with M. Laboulaye. The chief and almost the only subject of our talk was the American republic, her trials, her hopes, her institutions. Great indeed was my surprise to find a Frenchman who had never crossed the Atlantic better acquainted with the affairs of this country than many Americans, more earnest about the maintenance of the Union than many of our celebrated politicians, and appreciating better our privileges and dangers than many of our leaders.

Of that conversation I shall relate only the rather strange circumstance which was the beginning of his acquaintance with the great men and things of this country. One day, as M. Laboulaye was looking for some curiosity or lost treasure on the shelves of a second-hand bookseller of the Quai Voltaire, he by chance opened a stray volume of sermons by William Ellery Channing. Sermons by an American preacher were a novelty to him. The sum of five cents secured the book, and while pursuing his course toward the Champs Elysées he began to read it. The more he read, the more his wonder and interest increased; so much so that he sat down under a tree, and could not stop until he had finished the volume. Happy in this unlooked-for discovery, he started to return to his house, when he encountered his friend, Armand Bertin, then the celebrated editor of the *Débats*. "Congratulate me," said M. La-

boulaye. "I have just put my hand on a great man." "Well," replied the editor, "one who meets with such good fortune is indeed to be congratulated. And who is your great man?" "Channing!" "Canning?" exclaimed M. Bertin. "A fine discovery indeed! Every one knows Canning." "I don't mean Canning, the Englishman; I mean Channing, an American preacher," and forthwith M. Laboulaye asked the privilege of writing for the *Débats* his impressions of Channing. M. Bertin assented, and three articles were successively published on the Boston divine. Several articles followed on other American celebrities, and from that time this country and her institutions became the favorite topic of M. Laboulaye's studies.

All his discoveries he communicated with true enthusiasm, first to the numerous hearers of his lectures at the Collège de France, then to the public through the journals or through his pamphlets, which were always read with avidity; and finally, on this same darling subject he published two books, destined to remain as monuments of his wonderful knowledge of and devotedness to this country, namely, *L'Histoire Politique des Etats-Unis*, a standard work of the literature of this age, and *Paris en Amérique*, the best, perhaps, of modern satires. Thus, while he remained always devoutly attached to France as a revered and cherished mother, he seemed to have loved Young America as a charming spouse.

When I returned to the United States the civil war was at its height. The attention of the whole country, North and South, was centred in the momentous struggle. Every other interest fell into abeyance before the grave and critical problem which the nation had been called upon to solve. Naturally, at such a time, the thoughts of the people, especially in the East, were not given to matters intellectual and educational. While I was casting about in some concern for an occupation, an unexpected

proposal came from my friend the Rev. Thomas Starr King, then pastor of the First Unitarian Church of San Francisco, and the leading preacher of the Pacific coast. It was largely due to his influence and eloquence that California was secured to the Union. Mr. King's plan was that I should come to San Francisco and establish a school on the plan of that of Mr. Agassiz in Cambridge. An invitation to undertake such a work was very congenial to me, and came most opportunely; I was more than glad to accept it.

From the moment of my arrival at San Francisco Mr. King threw himself with all his heart into the project before us. A fine location was chosen in a most desirable quarter of the city, South Park, and plans were prepared for a large and handsome building. In the meantime the parish house of the Unitarian Church was placed at our disposal. Here on February 1, 1864, our school was opened by Mr. King himself. The prospects were bright before us, and not the least inviting was the prospect of being in close touch with a man of such excellent spirit. From time to time we enjoyed most interesting conversations together, always on some religious, scientific, or political subject. At one of these meetings, I remember, we remained two hours in the gallery of the new church, communicating our views and sentiments in an expansion full of charm. When we got up to separate, taking both my hands in his, he said: "It is Wednesday; let it be understood that for the future every Wednesday, from two till four o'clock, we shall put aside for mutual edification and conversation like that which we have just enjoyed." Man proposes, God disposes. The following Wednesday Mr. King was lying upon his death-bed, and the Wednesday after that the soul of this man of God was in heaven.

March 4, 1864. What a date! What

a day! What a loss! The best of friends, the most ardent of patriots, the most generous of philanthropists, the good, the noble Starr King is taken from us! Could we have believed last week, when he brought us a new testimony of his precious interest, could we have thought it was his last visit, his last going out, the last occasion given us to hear his most sympathetic voice, to look in life upon his serene face! . . . All the city is in consternation. Friends meet and clasp hands with tearful eyes, but cannot speak. They say more tears have been shed to-day than during all the city's life. More than a thousand flags float at half-mast, on private dwellings as well as on public buildings. O worthy man, how deeply your people love you!

March 5. The manifestation of to-day in honor of the noble dead is not less worthy than that of yesterday. The remains are lying in state in the church which has just been completed, and seems now as if built to be his monument. A company of the first regiment of militia and the Free Masons act as a guard of honor. From noon until ten o'clock at night a long file of people continued to pass by and to gaze for the last time on the inanimate features of him who but a few days before electrified the multitude.

The following Sunday, not only the congregation, but many strangers assembled in the church at the usual hour. The pastor's gown was laid upon the pulpit. Not a word was said. Not a note was sung; only from time to time the organ was played softly, while the people sat in mute contemplation, giving their thoughts and their hearts to the noble life which had so suddenly been taken from them. The first regular service was held a week later, in memory of this holy man. The high privilege was mine, on that occasion, to voice the feelings of the people and to express their last tribute to the dead.

C. F. B. Miel.

THE BATTLE OF THE STRONG.

XXI.

"*THE Comtesse Chantavoine, — young, rich, amiable. You shall meet her to-morrow.*" Long after Philip left the duke to go to his own chamber these words rang in his ears. He felt the cords of fate tightening round him. So real was the momentary illusion of being bound that, as he passed through the great hall where hung the pictures of his host's ancestors, he made a sudden outward motion of his arms as though to free himself from a physical restraint.

Strange to say, he had never foreseen or reckoned with this matter of marriage in the designs of the duke. He had forgotten that sovereign dukes must make sure their succession even unto the third and fourth generations. His first impulse had been to declare that to introduce him to the countess would be futile, for he was already married. But the instant warning of the mind that his highness could never and would never accept the daughter of a Jersey ship-builder restrained him. He had no idea that Guida's descent from the de Mauprats of Chambéry would weigh with the duke, who would only see in her some apple-cheeked peasant stumbling over her court train.

So Philip held his peace, as he had held it upon this matter ever since he came to Bercy. It was not his way to be rash, though it was his way to be bold. There would be boldness in another direction, — in withholding the knowledge of his marriage. It was curious that the duke had never even hinted at the chance of his being already married; yet not so curious, either, since complete silence concerning a wife was declaration enough that he was unmarried. He felt in his heart that a finer sense would have offered Guida no such

humiliating affront, for he knew the lie of silence was as evil as the lie of speech.

He had not spoken, partly because he had not yet become used to the fact that he really was married. It had never been brought home to him by the ever present conviction of habit. One day of married life, or, in reality, a few hours of married life with Guida had given the sensation more of a noble adventure than of a lasting condition. With distance from that noble adventure something of the glow of a lover's relations had gone, and the subsequent tender enthusiasm of mind and memory was not vivid enough to make him daring or — as he would have said — reckless for its sake. Yet this same tender enthusiasm was sincere enough to make him accept the fact of his marriage without discontent, even in the glamour of new and alluring ambitions.

If it had been a question of giving up Guida or giving up the duchy of Bercy, — if that had been put before him as the sole alternative, — he would have decided as quickly in Guida's favor as he did regarding his commission in the navy when he thought it was a question between that and the duchy. The straightforward issue of Guida and of the duchy he had not been called upon to face. But, unfortunately for those who are tempted, issues are never put quite so plainly by the heralds of destiny and penalty. They are disguised as delectable chances, — the toss-ups are always the temptation of life. The man who uses trust money for three days only, to acquire in those three days a fortune, certain as magnificent, would pull up short beforehand if the issue of theft or honesty were put squarely before him. Morally, he means no theft; he uses his neighbor's saw until his own is mended; but he breaks his neighbor's saw, his own is lost on its

homeward way, he has no money to buy another, and he is tried and convicted on a charge of theft. Thus the custom of society establishes the charge of immorality upon the technical defect. But not on that alone; upon the principle that what is committed in trust shall be held inviolate with an exact obedience to conditions and an adherence to the spirit as to the letter of the law.

But the issue did not come squarely to Philip. He had not openly lied about Guida; as yet he had no intention of doing so. He even figured to himself with what surprise Guida would greet his announcement that she was henceforth *Princesse Guida d'Avranche*, and in due time would be her serene highness the *Duchesse de Bercy*. Certainly there was nothing immoral in his ambitions. If the present serene highness chose to establish him as second in succession to the reigning prince, who had a right to complain?

Then, as to an officer of the English navy accepting succession in a sovereign duchy in suzerainty to the present government of France, while England was at war with her, — his host had more than once, in almost so many words, defined the situation. Because the duke himself, with no successor assured, was powerless to take sides with the Royalists against the Revolutionary government, he was at the moment obliged, for the very existence of his duchy, to hoist the tricolor upon the castle with his own flag. Once the succession was assured beyond the imbecile Leopold John, then he would certainly declare against the present fiendish government, and for the overthrown dynasty.

Now, England was fighting France not only because she was revolutionary France, but because of the murder of Louis XVI. and for the restoration of that overthrown dynasty. Also she was in close sympathy with the war of the Vendée, to which she would lend all possible assistance. Philip argued that

if it was his duty, as a captain in the English navy, to fight against revolutionary France from without, he would be beyond criticism if, as the *Duc de Bercy*, he also fought against her from within.

Indeed, it was with this statement of the facts that the second military officer of the duchy had some days before been dispatched to the Court of St. James to secure its intervention for Philip's release, by an important exchange of prisoners with the French government. This officer was also charged with securing the consent of the English King for Philip's acceptance of the succession in the duchy while retaining his position in the English navy. The envoy had been instructed by the duke to offer his sympathy with England in the war and his secret adherence to the Royalist cause, to become open as soon as the succession through Philip was secured.

To Philip's mind all that side of the case was in his favor, and sorted well with his principles of professional honor. Then came up the question of his private honor. He conceived it to be a reckless sacrifice of possibilities to tell the duke of his marriage. He was engaged in a game of chances, and what might happen would all be the fortune of the dice. To tell of his marriage was to load the dice against himself; not to do so was to put his private honor in the hazard. In his momentous translation from a prison to a palace, with dazzling fortunes in view, there came upon him confusion of the judgment and of the moralities; he felt that the opportunity for speaking of the marriage had passed.

He seated himself at a table, and took from his pocket a letter of Guida's, written many weeks before, in which she said with an unmistakable firmness that she had not announced the marriage and would not; that he must do it, and he alone; that the letter written to her grandfather had not been received by

him, and that no one in Jersey knew their secret.

In reading this letter again a wave of feeling rushed over him. He realized the force and strength of her nature; every word had a clear and sharp straightforwardness and the ring of truth. She was not twenty, yet how powerful and clear was her intelligence! "A gifted creature, an unusual mind," the Chevalier du Champsavoy had once said of her in Philip's hearing. That was it: a gifted creature with an unusual mind.

All at once he had been brought to understand that a crisis was near, and he straightway prepared to meet it. The duke had said that he must marry; a woman had already been chosen for him, and he was to meet her to-morrow. But that meant nothing; to meet a woman was not of necessity to marry her. There were a thousand chances against the woman liking him; and what could she be to him, this Comtesse Chantavoine? Yet it might be necessary to give in his apparent adherence to this comedy devised by the duke, certainly until after the adoption and succession were formally arranged. Then — why, by that time he would be released, he would have to present himself in England to receive a new command, and delays, where a woman is concerned, are easy. Even supposing matters became critical, the countess herself might be in no hurry to marry.

Marry! He could feel his flesh creeping. It gave him an ugly, startled sensation. It was like some imp of Satan to drop into his ear now the suggestion that princes, ere this, had been known to have two wives, one of them unofficial. Yet he could have struck himself in the face for the iniquity of the suggestion; he flushed from the indecency of it, — and so have sinners ever flushed as they set forth on the garish road to Avernus.

Vexed with these unbidden and unwelcome thoughts, he got up and walked

about his chamber restlessly. "Guida, — the poor Guida!" he said to himself manytimes. He was angry, disgusted, that those shameful, irresponsible thoughts should have come to him. He would atone for all that, and more, when he was Prince and she Princesse d'Avranche. But nevertheless he was ill at ease with himself. Guida was off there alone in Jersey, — alone.

Suddenly there flashed into his mind another possibility. Suppose — why, suppose — thoughtless scoundrel that he had been! — *suppose that there might come another than himself and Guida to bear his name!* And Guida was there alone, and her marriage still kept secret, — the danger of it to her good name! But she had said nothing in her letters, hinted nothing. No, in none had there been the most distant suggestion. Then and there he got the letters, one and all, and read them, every word, every line, all through to the end. No, there was not one hint. Of course it could not be so; she would have — but no, she might not have — Guida was unlike anybody else.

He read on and on. And now, somehow, he thought he caught in one of the letters a new ring, a pensive gravity, a deeper tension, which were like ciphers or signals to tell him of some change in her. For a moment he was shaken. Manhood, human sympathy, surged up in him. The first flush of a new sensation ran through his veins like fire. The first instinct of fatherhood came to him, — a thrilling, uplifting feeling. But as suddenly there shot through his mind a thought which brought him to his feet with a spring.

Why, suppose — *suppose that it was so!* Suppose that through Guida the further succession might presently be made sure, and suppose he went to the prince and told him all, — that might achieve his consent in her favor; and the rest would be easy. That was it, as clear as day. Meanwhile he would hold his

peace. He would take his part in the perilous comedy; he would meet the countess, but he would force her to regard him with commonplace feelings; he would pay no real court to her; he would wait — and wait.

For above all else, — and this was the thing that clinched the purpose in his mind, — above all else, the duke at best had but a brief time to live. He saw it himself, and but a week ago the court physician had told Philip that only unusual excitement kept the duke alive; that any violence or shock, physical or mental, might snap the thread of existence. Plainly, the thing was to go on as he had been going, — to keep his marriage secret, meet the countess, apparently accede to all the duke suggested, and wait — wait!

With this definite purpose in his mind coloring all that he might say, yet crippling the freedom of his thought, he sat down and wrote to Guida. He had not written to her, according to the condition made by M. Dalbarade that during his stay at the castle he should hold communication with no one outside upon any consideration whatsoever. He was on parole: this issue was clear; he could not send a letter to Guida until he was freed from the condition agreed to by the duke for him. It had been a bitter pill to swallow; and he had had to struggle with himself many times since his arrival at the castle. For whatever the new ambitions and undertakings, there was still in the mysterious and lonely distance a woman for whose welfare he was responsible, for whose happiness he had yet done nothing, unless to give her his name under sombre conditions was happiness for her. Since his marriage, all that he had done to remind him of the new life which he had so hurriedly, so daringly, so eloquently entered upon was to send his young wife fifty pounds. Somehow, as this fact flashed to his remembrance now, it made him shrink; it had a certain cold, commercial look

which struck him unpleasantly. Perhaps, indeed, the singular and painful shyness — chill almost — with which Guida had received those fifty pounds now communicated itself to him by the intangible telegraphy of the mind and spirit.

All at once, that bare, glacial fact of having sent her fifty pounds acted as a cynical illumination of his real position. He felt conscious now that Guida would have preferred some simple gift, some little thing that women love, in token and remembrance, rather than the commonplace if necessary token of the ordinary duties of life. Now that he came to think of it, since he had left her in Jersey, he had never sent her ever so small a gift. Indeed, he had never given her any gifts at all save the Maltese cross in her childhood and her wedding-ring. As for the ring, it had never occurred to him that she could not wear it except in the stillness of the night, unseen by any eye but her own. He did not know that she had been wont to go to sleep with the hand clasped to her breast, pressing close to her the one outward token she had of a new life, begun with a sweetness which was very bitter, and a bitterness which was only a little sweet.

Philip was in no fitting mood to write a letter. Too many emotions were in conflict in him at once. They were having their way with him; and perhaps in this very complexity of his feelings he came nearer to being really and acutely himself than he had ever been in his life. Indeed, there was a moment when he was almost ready to consign the duke and all that appertained to him to the devil or the deep sea, and to take his fate as it came. But one of the other selves of him called down from the little attic where dark things brood, and told him that to throw up his present chances would bring him no nearer and no sooner to Guida, and must return him to the prison whence he came.

No, he must go on, — that was the only thing to do. Now, however, he

would write to Guida, and send the letter when he was released from parole. But how many times did he tear up the paper in vain attempt to speak to her out of the confusion of his thoughts! At last, like a hunter who, having lost his compass and his bearings, makes a dash through the wood in the bold belief that safety lies beyond if he but drive ahead, heedless, strong, enduring, so he plunged into the letter which told his wife where he was, of his opportunities, and of the brilliant outlook for them both.

His courage grew as the sentences spread out before him; he became eloquent. He told her how heavily the days and months went on apart from her. He emptied out the sensations of absence, loneliness, desire, and affection. He wondered how she fared, — wondered tenderly. All at once he stopped short. It flashed upon him now that always his letters had been entirely of his own doings; he had pictured himself always, — his own loneliness, his own grief at separation. He had never yet spoken of the details of her life, questioned her of this and of that, of all those things which fill the life of a woman, — not because she loves the little things, but because she is a woman, and the knowledge and governance of these little things are the habit and the duty of her life. His past egotism was borne in upon him now. He would try to atone for it. He asked her many questions; but one he did not ask, dared not ask, did not know how to speak to her of it. The fact that he could not say what most he wished to say was a powerful indictment of his relations to her, of his treatment of her, of his headlong courtship and marriage.

So portions of this letter of his had not the perfect ring of truth, had not the conviction which unselfish and solicitous love alone can beget. It was only at the last, only when he came to close the letter, that his words went from him with the sharp photography of his own heart. It came, perhaps, from a remorse

which for the instant foreshadowed danger ahead; from an acute pity for her; and maybe from a longing to forego the attempt to don the promised pageantry of an exalted place, and get back to the straightforward hours, such as those upon the Ecréhos, when he knew that he loved her. But the sharpness of his feelings rendered more intense now the declaration of his love. The phrases were wrung from him. His hand trembled so that his will must rule it to steadiness, and that enforced pressure seemed to etch the words into the paper. "Good-by, — no, à la bonne heure, my dearest," he wrote; "good days are coming, brave, great days, when I shall be free to strike another blow for England, both from within and from without France; when I shall be, if all go well, the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, and you my perfect princess. Good-by! Ton Philip, qui t'aime toujours."

He had hardly written the last words when a servant knocked at his door.

"His serene highness offers his compliments to monsieur, and will monsieur descend to meet the Marquis Grandjon-Larisse and the Comtesse Chantavoine, who have just arrived."

For an instant Philip could scarce control his feelings to quietness, but he sent a message of obedience, and prepared to go down.

So it had come, — not to-morrow, but to-day. Already the deep game was on. With a sigh which was half of bitter and mocking laughter, he seized the sand-box, dried the letter to Guida, and put it in his pocket. As he descended the staircase, the last words of it kept assailing his mind, singing in his brain: "*Ton Philip, qui t'aime toujours!*"

XXII.

Not many evenings after Philip's first interview with the Comtesse Chantavoine, a visitor arrived at the castle.

From his roundabout approach up the steep cliff in the dusk it was clear he wished to avoid observation. Of gallant bearing, he was attired in a fashion unlike the citizens of Bercy or the Republican military, who were often to be seen in the streets of the town. The whole relief of the costume was white, — white sash, white cuffs turned back, white collar, white rosette and band, white and red bandeau, and the faint glitter of a white shirt; in contrast were the black hat and plume, black tie, black top-boots with huge spurs, and yellow breeches. He carried a gun and a sword, and a pistol was stuck in the white sash. But one thing arrested the eye more than all else: a white square on the breast of the long brown coat, strangely ornamented with a red heart and cross. He was evidently a soldier of distinguished rank, but not of the army of the Republic.

The face was that of a devotee, not of peace, but of war, of some forlorn crusade. It had deep enthusiasm, which yet to the trained observer would have seemed rather the tireless faith of a convert than the disposition of the natural man. It was somewhat heavily lined for one so young. The marks of a hard life were on him; but distinction and energy were in his look and in every turn of his body.

Arriving at the castle, he knocked at the postern. At first sight of him the porter suspiciously blocked the entrance with his person, but seeing the badge upon his breast stood at gaze, and a look of keen curiosity crossed his face. On the visitor announcing that he was of the house of Vaufontaine, this curiosity was mingled with as keen surprise; he was admitted with every mark of respect, and the gates closed behind him.

"Has his highness any visitors?" he asked as he dismounted.

The porter nodded assent.

"Who are they?" He slipped a coin into the porter's hand.

"One of the family, — a cousin, his serene highness calls him."

"H'm, indeed! A Vaufontaine, friend?"

"No, monseigneur, a d'Avranche."

"What d'Avranche? Not the Prince Leopold John?"

"No, monseigneur; the name is the same as his highness's."

"*Philip d'Avranche*? H'm! from whence?"

"From Paris, monseigneur, with his highness."

The visitor, whistling softly, stood thinking a moment. Presently he added, "How old is he?"

"About the same age as monseigneur."

"How does he occupy himself?"

"He walks, rides, talks with his highness, asks questions of the people, reads in the library, and sometimes shoots and fishes."

"Is he a soldier?"

"He carries no sword, and he takes a long aim with his gun!"

There was a sly smile lurking about the porter's mouth. The visitor drew from his pocket a second gold piece, and, slipping it into the other's hand, said, "Tell it all at once. Who is the gentleman, and what is his business here? Is he, perhaps, on the side of the Revolution, or does he keep better company?"

He looked keenly into the eyes of the porter, who screwed up his own, returning the gaze unflinchingly. Handing back the gold piece, the man answered firmly, "I have told monseigneur what every one in the duchy knows; there's no charge for that. For what more his highness and — and those that his highness trusts know" — he drew himself up with brusque importance — "there's no price, monseigneur."

"Body o' me, here's pride and vain-glory!" returned the other. "I know you, my fine Pergot. I knew you almost too well years ago, and then you were not so sensitive; then you were a good

Royalist like me, Pergot." This time he fastened the man's look with his own, and held it until Pergot dropped his head before it.

"I don't remember monseigneur," he said, perturbed.

"Of course not. The fine Pergot has a bad memory, like a good Republican, who by law cannot worship his God, or ask the priest to visit him when he's dying, or make the sign of the cross; a red Revolutionist is our Pergot now!"

"I'm as good a Royalist as monseigneur," retorted the man, with some asperity. "So are most of us. Only — only his highness says to us" —

"Don't gossip of what his highness says, but do his bidding, Pergot. What a fool you are to babble thus! How d'ye know but I'm one of Fouché's or Barère's men? How d'ye know but there are five hundred men outside waiting for my whistle?"

The man changed instantly. His hand was at his side like lightning. "They'd never hear that whistle, monseigneur, though you be Vaufontaine or no Vaufontaine!"

His eyes were fixed on the visitor's with stubborn determination. The other, smiling, reached out and touched him on the shoulder kindly.

"My dear Frange Pergot," said he, "that's the man I knew once, and the sort of man that's been fighting with me for the Church and for the King these months past in the Vendée. Come, come, don't you know me, Pergot? Don't you remember the scapegrace with whom, for a jape, you waylaid my uncle the cardinal and robbed him, and then gave him back his jeweled watch in return for a year's indulgences?"

"But no, no," answered the man, crossing himself quickly, and by the dim lanthorn light peering into the visitor's face, "it is not possible, monseigneur. The Comte Détricand de Tournay died in the Jersey Isle with him they called Rullecour."

"Well, well, you might at least remember this," rejoined the other, showing a scar in the palm of his hand.

Recognition was instant now, and an old friendship was cemented anew. A little later there was ushered into the library of the castle the Comte Détricand de Tournay, who, under the name of Savary *dit* Détricand, had lived in the Isle of Jersey for many years. There he had been a dissipated idler, a keeper of worthless company, an alien coolly accepting the hospitality of a country he had ruthlessly invaded as a boy. Now, returned from vagabondage, he was the valiant and honored heir of the house of Vaufontaine, and the heir presumptive of the house of Bercy.

True to his intention, Détricand had joined La Rochejaquelein, the intrepid, inspired leader of the Vendée, whose sentiments became his own: "If I advance, follow me; if I retreat, kill me; if I fall, avenge me." He had proven himself daring, courageous, and resourceful. His immovable gayety of spirits infected the simple peasants with a rebounding energy; his fearlessness inspired their confidence; his kindness to the wounded, friend or foe, his mercy to prisoners, the gentle respect he showed the devoted priests who shared with the peasants the perils of war, had already made him beloved. He had also often helped to reconcile divisions, and to harmonize the varying views of the chieftains of the Vendée.

From the first all the leaders trusted him, and he sprang in a day, as had done the peasants Cathelineau, d'Elbée, and Stofflet, gentlemen like Lescure and Bonchamp, and noble fighters like d'Antichamp and the Prince of Talmont, to an outstanding position in the Royalist army. Again and again he had been engaged in perilous sorties and had led forlorn hopes. He had now come from the splendid victory at Saumur to urge his own kinsman, the Prince d'Avranche, Duc de Bercy, to join the Royalists.

It was the heyday of the cause. The taking of Saumur and the destruction of Coustard's army, together with the capture of eleven thousand prisoners, were powerful arguments to lay before a nobleman all the traditions of whose house were of constant alliance with the Crown of France, whose very duchy had been the gift of a French monarch. Détricand had not seen the duke since he was a lad at Versailles, and there would be much in his favor; for some winning power in him had of late grown deep and penetrating, and of all the Vaufontaines the duke had reason to dislike him least.

When the duke entered to Détricand in the library, he was under the influence of the convincing letter from the monks who had been engaged upon the pedigree of Commander Philip d'Avranche, and of a stimulating talk with the young English Norman himself. With the memory of past feuds and hatreds in his mind, and predisposed against any Vaufontaine, his greeting was cold and courteously disdainful, his manner preoccupied.

Remarking that he had but lately heard of Monsieur le Comte's return to France, he hoped he had enjoyed his career in — was it in England or in America? But yes, he remembered: it began with an expedition to take the Channel Isles from England, — an insolent, a criminal business in time of peace, fit only for boys or filibusters. Had Monsieur le Comte then spent all these years in the Channel Isles, — a prisoner, possibly? No? Fastening his eyes cynically on the symbol of the Royalist cause on Détricand's breast, he asked to what he was indebted for the honor of this present visit. Perhaps, he added dryly, it was to inquire after his own health, which, he was glad to assure Monsieur le Comte and all his cousins of Vaufontaine, was never better.

His face was like a leather mask, telling nothing of the arid sarcasm in his

voice. The hands were shriveled, the shoulders shrunken, the temples fallen in; the neck behind was pinched, and the eyes looked out like brown beads, alive with fire and touched with the excitement of monomania. His last words had a delicate savagery of irony, though, too, there could be heard in the tone a defiance arguing apprehension, not lost upon his visitor.

Détricand had smiled inwardly many times during the old man's monologue, which was broken only by courteous, half-articulate interjections on his own part. He knew too well the old feud between their houses, the ambition that had possessed many a Vaufontaine to inherit the dukedom of Bercey, and the duke's futile revolt against that possibility; but for himself, heir to the principality of Vaufontaine, and therefrom, by succession, to that of Bercey, it had no importance.

He had but one passion now, and it burned clear and strong; it dominated, it possessed him. He would have given up any worldly honor to see it succeed. He had idled and misspent too many years, had been vaurien and ne'er-do-well too long, to be sordid now. Even as the grievous sinner, come from dark ways, turns with furious and tireless strength to piety and good works, so this vagabond of noble family, wheeling suddenly in his tracks, had thrown himself into a cause which was all sacrifice, courage, and unselfish patriotism, — a holy warfare. The last bitter thrust of the duke had touched no raw flesh; his withers were unwrung. Gifted to thrust in return, and with warrant to do so, he put aside the temptation, and with the directness of one convinced of the righteousness of his cause, and with neither time nor temper for diplomacy in crisis, he answered his kinsman with daylight clearness.

"Monsieur le Duc," said he, "I am glad your health is good; the better it is, the better it suits the purpose of this

interview. I am come on business, and on that alone. I am from Saumur, where I left La Rochejaquelein, Stofflet, Cathelineau, and Lescure masters of the city and victors over the Republican army" —

"I have heard a rumor," interjected the duke impatiently.

"I will give you fact," continued Détricand, and he told of the series of successes lately come to the army of the Vendée.

"And how does all this concern me, Monsieur le Comte?" asked the duke.

"I am come to ask you to join us, — to declare for our cause, for the Church and for the King. Yours is of the noblest names in France. Will you not stand openly for what you cannot waver from in your heart? If the Duc de Bercy declares for us, others will come out of exile, and from submission to the rebel government, to our aid. My mission from our leaders is to ask you to put aside whatever reasons you have had for alliance with this savage government, and to proclaim for the King."

The duke did not take his eyes from Détricand's as he spoke. What was going on behind that parchment face who might say?

"Are you aware," he said at last, "that I could send you straight from here to the guillotine?"

"So could the porter at your gates, but he loves France almost as well as does the Duc de Bercy."

"You take refuge in the fact that you are my kinsman."

"The honor is stimulating, but I should not seek salvation by it. I have the greater safety of being your guest," answered Détricand, with dignity.

"Too premature a sanctuary for a Vaufontaine!" retorted the duke, fighting down growing admiration for a kinsman whose family he would gladly root out if it lay in his power.

Détricand made a gesture of impatience, for he felt that his appeal had

availed nothing, and he had no heart for a battle of words. His wit had been tempered in many fires, his nature was non-incandescent to praise or gibe. He had had his share of pastime; now had come his share of toil, and the mood for give and take of words was not on him, though to advance his cause he would still use it in time of need.

He went straight to the point now. Hopelessly he spoke the plain truth.

"I want nothing of the Prince d'Avranche but his weight and power in a cause for which the best gentlemen of France are giving their lives. I fasten my eyes on France alone; I fight for the throne of Louis, — an altar of sacrifice now by the martyred blood of the King, — not for the duchy of Bercy. The duchy of Bercy may sink or swim, for all of me, if so be it does not stand with us in our holy war."

The duke interjected a disdainful laugh.

Suddenly there shot into Détricand's mind a suggestion, which, wild as it was, might after all belong to the grotesque realities of life. So he added with measured deliberation, "If alliance must still be preserved with this evil government of France, then be sure there is no Vaufontaine who would care to inherit a principality so discredited. To meet that peril in succession the Duc de Bercy will do well to consult his new kinsman, Philip d'Avranche."

For an instant there was absolute silence in the room. The old nobleman's look was like a flash of flame in a mask of dead flesh. The short upper lip was arrested in a sort of snarl; the fingers, half closed, were hooked like talons; and the whole man was a picture of surprise, fury, and injured pride. The Duc de Bercy to be harangued to his duty, scathed, measured, disapproved, and counseled by a stripling Vaufontaine — it was monstrous!

It was the bitterness of aloes, also, for in his own heart he knew that Détricand

had spoken the truth. The fearless appeal had roused him, for the moment at least, to the beauty and righteousness of a sombre, maybe hopeless cause, while the impeachment had pierced every sore in his heart. He felt the smarting anger and outraged vanity of the wrong-doer who, having argued down his own conscience, and believing he has blinded others as himself, suddenly finds that he and his motives are naked before the world.

Détricand had known regretfully, even as he spoke, that the duke, no matter what the reason, would not now join the Royalist army; though, had his life been in danger, he still would have spoken the truth. So he had been human enough to try to pry open the door of mystery by a biting suggestion, for he had a feeling that in the presence of the mysterious kinsman Philip d'Avranche lay the cause of the resistance to his appeal. Who was this Philip d'Avranche? It seemed absurd to Détricand that his mind should travel back just then to the island of Jersey.

The dumb fury of his host was about to break forth into speech, when the door of the library opened and Philip stepped inside. The silence holding two men now held three, and a cold astonishment possessed the two younger. The duke was too blind with anger to see the start of recognition his visitors gave at sight of each other, and by a curious concurrence of feeling both Détricand and Philip avoided an acknowledgment of acquaintance. Wariness was Philip's cue, cautious wonder Détricand's attitude.

The duke spoke first. Turning from Philip, he said to Détricand, with malicious triumph, "It will disconcert Monsieur le Comte's pious mind to know I have yet one kinsman who finds it no dishonor to inherit the duchy of Bercy. Monsieur le Comte, permit me to introduce Commander Philip d'Avranche."

Something of Détricand's old self came back to him. His face flushed

with a sudden desire to laugh; then it grew pale with a kind of dumb astonishment. So this man was to be set against him even in the heritage of his family, as for one hour, in a kitchen in Jersey, they had been bitter opposites and secret rivals. He cared little about the heritage of the houses of Vaufontaine and Bercy, — he had higher ambitions; but this adventuring sailor roused in him again the private grudge he had once begged Philip to remember. Recovering himself, he said meaningly, bowing low, "The honor is memorable — and monstrous!"

Philip set his teeth, but replied, "I am overwhelmed to meet one whose reputation is known — in every tap-room!"

Neither had chance to say more, for the duke, though not understanding the cause or meaning of the biting words, felt the contempt and suggestion in Détricand's voice, and burst out in anger, "Go tell the Prince of Vaufontaine that the succession is assured to my house. Monsieur, my cousin, Commander Philip d'Avranche, is now my adopted son; a wife is already chosen for him, and soon, Monsieur le Comte, there will be still another successor to the title!"

"The Duc de Bercy should add inspired domestic prophecy to the family record in the *Almanach de Gotha*!" returned Détricand, with a cold smile.

"God's death!" cried the old nobleman, trembling with rage, and stretching toward the bell-rope. "You shall go to Paris and the Temple. Fouché will take good care of you!"

"Stop, Monsieur le Duc!" Détricand's voice rang through the room. "You shall not betray even the humblest of your kinsmen, like that monster d'Orléans who betrayed the highest of his. What is more, there are hundreds of your people who still will pass a Royalist on to safety."

The duke's hand dropped from the bell-rope. He knew that Détricand's words were true. Ruling himself to

quiet, he said, with cold hatred, "Like all your breed, crafty and insolent! But I will make you pay for it one day."

Glancing toward Philip as though to see if this would move him, Détricand answered, "Make no haste on my behalf; years are not of such moment to me as to your highness."

Philip saw Détricand's look, and felt his moment and his chance had come. "Monsieur le Comte!" he exclaimed threateningly.

The duke turned proudly to Philip. "You will collect the debt, cousin," said he, and the smile on his face was wicked as he again turned toward Détricand.

"With interest well compounded," replied Philip firmly.

Détricand smiled. "I have drawn the Norman-Jersey cousin, then!" said he. "Now we can proceed to compliments." Then, with a change of manner, he added quietly, "Your highness, may the house of Bercy have no worse enemy than I! I came only to plead the cause which, if it give death, gives honor too. And I know well that at least you are not against us. Monsieur d'Avranche," — he turned to Philip, and his words were slow and deliberate, — "I hope we may yet meet in the Place du Vier Prison, — but when and where you will, and you shall find me in the Vendée when you please." So saying, he bowed, and turned and left the room.

"What meant the fellow by the Place du Vier Prison?" asked the duke.

"Who knows, Monsieur le Duc?" answered Philip.

"A fanatic like all the Vaufontaines, — a roisterer yesterday, a sainted chevalier to-morrow!" said the duke irritably. "But they still have strength and beauty — always!" he added reluctantly. Then he looked at the strong and comely frame before him, and was reassured. He laid a hand on Philip's broad shoulder admiringly. "You will of course have your hour with him, cousin; but not, not till you are a d'Avranche of Bercy."

"Not till I am a d'Avranche of Bercy," responded Philip in a low voice.

XXIII.

With what seemed an unnecessary boldness, Détricand slept that night at the inn, the Golden Crown, in the town of Bercy; a Royalist of the Vendée exposing himself to deadly peril in a town sworn to alliance with the Revolutionary government. He knew that the town, that the inn, might be full of spies, but one other thing he also knew: the inn-keeper of the Golden Crown would not betray him, unless he had greatly changed since fifteen years ago. Then they had been friends, for his uncle of Vaufontaine had had a small estate in Bercy itself, in malicious proximity to the castle.

He walked boldly into the inn parlor. There were but three men in the room, — the landlord, a stout burgher, and Frange Pergot, the porter of the castle, who had lost no time in carrying his news; not that he might betray his old comrade in escapade, but that he might tell a chosen few, who were Royalists under the rose, that he had seen one of those servants of God, an officer of the Vendée.

At sight of the white badge with the red cross on Détricand's coat, the three stood up and answered his greeting with devout respect; and he had a speedy reassurance that in this inn he was safe from betrayal. Presently he learned that three days hence a meeting of the states of Bercy was to be held for setting the seal upon the duke's formal adoption of Philip d'Avranche, and to execute a deed of succession. These things were to be done, that is, if the officer sent to the English King should have returned with Philip's freedom and King George's license to accept the succession in the duchy. From curiosity in these matters alone Détricand would not have remained at Bercy, but he might use the

occasion for secretly gaining the adherence of officers of the duchy to the cause of the Royalists, — no hard task.

During these three days of waiting he heard with astonishment and concern the rumor that the great meeting of the states would be marked by Philip's betrothal to the Comtesse Chantavoine. He cared little about the succession; he had the consuming passion for a cause, but there was ever with him the remembrance of Guida Landresse de Landresse, and what touched Philip d'Avranche he associated with her. Of the true relations between Guida and Philip he knew nothing, but from that last day in Jersey he did know that Philip had roused in her emotions perhaps less vital than love, but assuredly less equable than friendship.

In his fear that Guida might suffer, the more he thought of the Comtesse Chantavoine as the chosen wife of Philip, the more it troubled him. For his own part, he would have gone far and done much to shield Guida from injury or insult. He had seen and appreciated in her something higher than Philip might understand, — a simple womanliness, a fine hereditary nobleness, a profound depth of character. Some day, if he lived and his cause prospered, he would go back to Jersey, — too late, perhaps, to hope for anything from her, but not too late to tell her his promise had been kept, and to pay her devout and admiring homage.

He could not now shake off oppressive thoughts concerning Guida and this betrothal. They interwove themselves through all his secret business with the Royalists of Bercy. It was a relief when the morning of the third day came, bright and joyous, and he knew that before the sun went down he should be on his way back to Saumur.

His friend the innkeeper urged him not to attend the meeting of the states of Bercy, lest he should be recognized by the spies of government. He was, how-

ever, firm in his resolution to go, but he exchanged his coat with the red cross for one less conspicuous.

With the morning of the eventful day came the news that the envoy to England had returned with Philip's freedom by exchange of prisoners, and the needful license from the English King. But other news, too, was carrying through the town: the French government, having learned of the plan regarding Philip, had dispatched envoys to forbid the act of adoption and the deed of succession. Though the duke would have defied them, it behooved him to end the matter, if possible, before the arrival of these envoys. The assembly was hurriedly convened two hours before the time appointed, and the race began between the old nobleman and the emissaries of the French government.

The assembly being opened, in a breathless silence the governor-general of the duchy read aloud the license of the King of England permitting Philip d'Avranche, an officer in his navy, to assume the honors to be conferred upon him by the duke and the states of Bercy. Then the president of the states read aloud the order of succession: —

“1. To the hereditary prince, Leopold John, and his heirs male; in default of which to

“2. The prince successor, Philip d'Avranche, and his heirs male; in default of which to

“3. The heir male of the house of Vaufontaine.”

Afterward came reading of the deed of gift by which certain possessions in the province of d'Avranche were made over to Prince Philip. To all this the assent of Prince Leopold John had been formally secured.

After the assembly and the chief officers of the duchy should have ratified these documents, and the duke should have signed them, they were to be inclosed in a box with three locks and deposited with the sovereign court at Bercy. Duplicates,

also, were to be sent to London and registered in the records of the College of Arms. The states, amid great enthusiasm, at once ratified the documents by unanimous vote. The one notable dissident was the intendant, Comte Carignan Damour, lately become a strong ally of the French government. It was he who had given Fouché information concerning Philip's adoption; it was also he who had at last, through his spies, discovered Détricand's presence in the town, and had taken action thereupon. In the states, however, he had no vote, and wisdom kept him silent, though he was watchful for any opportunity to delay the proceedings until the arrival of the French envoys. They should soon be here, and he watched the doors anxiously. He had a double motive in preventing this new succession. With Philip as adopted son and heir there would be fewer spoils of office; with Philip as duke there would be none at all, for the instinct of antipathy and distrust was mutual. Besides, he was a Republican at heart, and looked for reward from Fouché in good time.

Presently it was announced by the president that the signatures to the acts would be set in private. Thereupon, with all the concourse standing, the duke, surrounded by the law, military, and civil officers of the duchy, girded upon Philip the jeweled sword which had been handed down in the house of d'Avranche from generation to generation. The open function being thus ended, the people were enjoined to proceed at once to the cathedral, where a *Te Deum* would be sung.

The public then retired, leaving the duke and a few of the highest officials of the duchy to sign and seal the deeds. When the outer doors were closed, one unofficial person remained, — Comte Détricand de Tournay, of the house of Vaufontaine.

Détricand stood leaning against a pillar, looking complacently yet seriously

at the group surrounding the duke at the great council-table. Suddenly the latter turned to a door at the right of the president's chair, and, opening it, bowed courteously to some one beyond. An instant afterward there entered the Comtesse Chantavoine with her uncle the Marquis Grandjon-Larisse, an aged, feeble, but distinguished figure. They advanced toward the table, and Philip, saluting them gravely, offered the marquis a chair. At first the marquis declined it, but the duke pressed him, and in the subsequent proceedings he of all the number was seated.

Détricand apprehended the meaning of the scene. This was the lady whom the duke had chosen for the wife of the new prince. He had invited her to witness the final act which was to make Philip d'Avranche his heir in legal fact as by verbal proclamation, not doubting that the romantic nature of the incident would appeal to her. He had even hoped that the function might be followed by a formal betrothal in the presence of the officers of the duchy; and the situation might still have been critical for Philip had it not been for the pronounced reserve of the countess herself.

She was tall, of gracious and stately but not lissome carriage; the curious quietness of her face would have been almost an unbecoming gravity, had not the eyes, clear, dark, and strong, lightened it. The mouth had sweetness, but it was a somewhat set sweetness, even as the face was somewhat fixed in its calm. In her bearing and in all her motions there was a regal quality; yet, too, something of isolation, of withdrawal, in her self-possession and unruffled observation. She seemed, to Détricand, a figure apart; a woman whose friendship would be everlasting, but whose love would be more an affectionate habit than a passion, and in whom devotion would be strong, because devotion was the keynote of her nature. The dress

of a nun would have turned her into a saint, of a peasant would have made her a Madonna, of a Quaker would have made her a dreamer and a dévote, of a queen would have made her benign yet unapproachable. It struck him all at once, as he looked, that this woman had one quality in absolute kinship with Guida Landresse, — honesty of mind and nature; only with this young aristocrat the honesty would be without passion. She had straightforwardness, a firm but limited intellect, a clear-mindedness belonging somewhat to narrowness of outlook, but a genuine capacity for understanding the right and the wrong of things. Guida, Détricand thought, might break her heart and live on; this woman would break her heart and die. The one would grow larger through suffering; the other, narrow into a numb coldness.

So he entertained himself for the moment by these flashes of discernment, presently merged in wonderment as to what was in Philip's mind as he stood there, — destiny hanging in that drop of ink at the point of the pen in the duke's fingers.

Philip was thinking of the destiny, but more than all else just now he was thinking of the woman before him, and the issue to be faced by him concerning her. His thoughts were not so clear nor so discerning as Détricand's. No more than he understood Guida did he understand this clear-eyed, quiet, self-possessed woman before him. He thought her cold, unsympathetic, barren of that glow which should set the pulses of a man like himself bounding. It did not occur to him that those still waters ran deep; that to awaken this seemingly glacial nature, to kindle a fire upon this altar, would be to secure unto his life's end a steady, enduring flame of devotion. He revolted from her; not alone because he had a wife already, but because the countess chilled him, — because with her, in any case, he would never be able to play

the passionate lover as he had done with Guida; and not to be the passionate lover was to be no lover at all. One thing only appealed to him: she was the Comtesse Chantavoine, a fitting consort in the eyes of the world for a sovereign duke. He could not but think well of himself in this auspicious hour, more than a little carried off his feet by the marvel of the situation. But still he could think of nothing quite clearly; everything was confused and shifting in his mind.

He soon became aware that the duke was speaking, and, looking up, was conscious of the eyes of the intendant fixed upon him with a curious covert antipathy. The duke's words had been merely an informal greeting to his council and the high officers present. He was about to speak further, however, but some one drew his attention to Détricand. An order was given to challenge the stranger; but Détricand advanced toward the table, and said, "The Duc de Bercey will not forbid the attendance of his cousin, Détricand de Tournay, at this impressive ceremony?"

The duke, dumfounded, though he preserved an outward calm, could not answer for an instant. Then, with a triumphant, vindictive smile which puckered his yellow cheeks like a wild apple, he said, "The Comte de Tournay is welcome to behold the end of the ambitions of the Vaufontaines." He looked toward Philip with an exulting pride and commendation. "Monsieur le Comte is quite right," he added, turning to his council; "he may always claim the privileges of a relative of the Bereys, but the hospitality extends no further than my house and my presence, and *Monsieur le Comte will understand my meaning.*"

At that moment Détricand caught the eye of the intendant, and then he understood perfectly. This man, the innkeeper had told him, was reported to be secretly a devout Republican, and from the intendant's look he knew himself to be in immediate danger.

Without hesitation, however, bowing to all, and making no reply to the duke save a simple "I thank your highness," he took a place near the council-table.

The short ceremony of signing the deeds immediately followed. A few formal questions were asked of Philip, to which he briefly replied; afterward he made the oath of allegiance to the duke and the duchy, with his hand upon the sword of the d'Avranches. These preliminaries ended, the duke was just stooping to put his pen to the paper for signature when the intendant, as much for the purpose of annoying Philip as of still delaying the proceedings, said, "It would appear that one question has been omitted in the formalities of this court." He paused dramatically. He was only aiming a random shot; he would make the most of it.

The duke looked up, perturbed, and said sharply, "What is that, — what is that, monsieur?"

"A formality, Monsieur le Duc, a mere formality. Monsieur" — he bowed toward Philip politely — "monsieur is not already married? There is no" — He paused again.

Standing erect and rigid, with his pen poised, the duke glanced sharply at the intendant, and then still more sharply at Philip. The progress of that look had granted Philip an instant's time to recover his composure. He was conscious that the Comtesse Chantavoine had given a little start, and then had become quite still and calm. Now her eyes were intently fixed upon him.

For an instant there was absolute stillness. Philip had felt his heart give one great thump of terror. *Did Détricand know anything? Did the intendant know anything?* He had, however, been too often in physical danger to lose his nerve now. The moment was big with peril; it was the turning-point of his life, and he felt it. His eyes dropped toward the spot of ink at the point of the pen which the duke held: it fascinated him,

it was destiny. Now he took a step nearer to the table, and, drawing himself up, looked his princely interlocutor steadily in the eyes.

"Of course there is no marriage — no woman?" asked the duke a little hoarsely, his eyes fastened on Philip's.

With steady voice Philip replied, "Of course, Monsieur le Duc."

There was another stillness. Some one sighed heavily. It was the Comtesse Chantavoine.

Then the duke stooped, and wrote his signature three times hurriedly upon the deeds.

A moment afterward Détricand was in the street, making toward the Golden Crown. As he hurried on he heard the galloping of horses ahead of him. Suddenly some one plucked him by the arm from a doorway. "Inside, quick!" said a voice. It was that of the duke's porter, Frange Pergot. Without hesitation or a word Détricand did as he was bid, and the door closed behind him.

"Fouché's men are coming down the street; spies have betrayed you," whispered Pergot. "Follow me. I will hide you till night, and then you must escape."

What Pergot had said was quite true. But Détricand was safely hidden, and Fouché's men arrived too late to forbid those formal acts which made Philip d'Avranche a prince, or to capture the Vendean chief, who, a week later, once again at Saumur, wrote a long letter to Carterette Mattingley, in Jersey, in which he set forth these strange events at Berey, and asked certain questions concerning Guida.

XXIV.

Since the day of his secret marriage with Guida, Philip had been carried along in the gale of naval preparations and incidents of war as a leaf is borne

onward by a storm, — no looking back, to-morrow always the goal. But as a wounded traveler nurses carefully his hurt, seeks shelter from the scorching sun and from the dank air, and travels by little stages lest he never come at all to friendly hostel, so Guida made her way slowly through the months of winter and of spring.

In the past, it had been February to Guida because the yellow Lenten lilies grew in all the sheltered cõtils; March because the periwinkle and the lords and ladies came; May because the cliffs were a blaze of golden gorse, and the perfume thereof made all the land sweet as a honeycomb.

Then came the other months, with hawthorn trees and hedges all in blow; the lilac gladdening the doorways, the honeysuckle in bloomy thickets; the ox-eyed daisy of Whitsuntide; the yellow rose of St. Brelade, that lies down in the sand and stands up in the hedges; the mergots, which, like good soldiers, are first in the field and last out of it; the unscented dog-violets, the yellow primroses, the daffodils and snowdrops, the buttercups, orchises, and celandines; the laurustinus and privet and blackthorn hedges so green; the osier beds, and the ivy on every barn; the purple thrift in masses on the cliff; the sea-thistle in its glaucous green, — “the laughter of the fields whose laugh was gold.” And all was summer.

Came a time thereafter when the children of the poor gathered blackberries for preserves and home-made wine; when the wild stock flowered in St. Ouen's Bay; when the bracken fern was gathered from every cõtìl, and dried for apple-storing, fire-lighting, and bedding for the cherished cow, for back-rests for the veilles, and for seats round the winter fire; when peaches, apricots, and nectarines made the walls sumptuous red and gold; when the wild plum and crab-apple flourished in the secluded roadways, and the tamarisk dropped its

brown pods upon the earth. And all this was autumn.

At last, when came the birds of passage, the snipe and teal and barnacle geese, and the rains began; when the green lizard with its turquoise-blue throat vanished; when the Jersey crapaud was heard croaking no longer in the valleys and the ponds, and the cows were well blanketed, — then winter had come again.

Such were the associations of the seasons in Guida's mind until one day of a certain year, when for a few hours a man had called her his wife, and then had sailed away. There was no log that might thereafter record the days and weeks which unwound the coils of an endless chain into that sea whither Philip had gone.

Letters she had had, to be sure, — two letters; but how many times, when a packet had come in, had she gone to the doorway and watched for old Mère Rosignol making the rounds with her han basket, chanting the names of those for whom she had letters; and how many times did she go back to the kitchen choking down a sob!

The first letter was at once a blessing and a blow; it was a reassurance and it was a misery. It spoke of bread, as it were, yet it offered a stone. It eloquently, passionately told of Philip's love; but it also told, with a torturing ease, that the Araminta was under command to proceed to sea with sealed orders. And so, the letter said, he did not know when he should see her nor when he should be able to write again. War had been declared against France, and they might not touch a port nor have chance to send a letter by a homeward vessel for weeks, and maybe months. This was painful, but it was fate, and it was his profession, and it could not be helped. Of course, she must understand, he would write constantly, telling her, as through a kind of diary, what he was doing every day; and then when the

chance offered the big budget should go to her.

A pain came to Guida's heart, piercing the joy which had overwhelmed it, as she read the flowing tale of his buoyant love. She knew that she could not have written so smoothly of "fate" and "profession," nor told of this separation with so complaisant a sorrow, had she been the man and he the woman. With her the words would have been wrenched forth from her heart, would have been scarred into the paper with the bitterness of a spirit tried beyond its enduring.

With what enthusiasm did Philip, immediately after his heart-breaking news, write of what this war might do for him, — what avenues of advancement it might open up, what splendid chances it would offer for success in his career! Did he mean that to comfort her? she asked herself. Did he mean it to divert her from the pain of the separation, to give her something to hope for? She read the letter over and over again, and — no, she could not, though her heart was so willing, find that meaning in it. It was all Philip, — Philip full of hope, purpose, prowess, ambition. Did he think — did he think that that could ease the pain, could lighten the dark day settling down on her? Could he imagine that anything might compensate for his absence in the coming months, in this year of all years in her life? Oh, did he not know? His lengthened absence might be inevitable, it might be fate, but could he not see the bitter cruelty of it? He had said that he would be back with her again in two months; and now — ah, *did he not know?*

As the weeks again came and went she felt indeed he did not know.

Some natures cling to beliefs long after conviction has been shattered and disproved. These are they of the limited imagination, the loyal, the pertinacious, and the affectionate, the single-hearted children of habit; blind where they do not wish to see, stubborn where

their inclinations lie, unamenable to reason, wholly held by their legitimate obligations.

But Guida was not of these. Her brain and imagination were strong as her affections. Her incurable honesty was the deepest thing in her; she did not even know how to deceive herself. As her experience deepened under the influence of a sorrow which still was joy, and a joy which still was sorrow, her vision became acute and piercing. Her brain was like some kaleidoscope. Pictures of things, little and big, which had happened to her in her life, at moments flashed by her inner sight in furious procession. It was as if, in the photographic machinery of the brain, a shutter had slipped from its place, and a hundred unordered and ungoverned pictures, loosed from their natural restraint, rushed by.

Months had passed since Philip had left her, a month since she had received his second letter, — a month of complexity of feeling; of tremulousness of discovery; of hungry eagerness for news of the war; of sudden little outbursts of temper in her household life, — a new thing in her experience; of passionate touches of tenderness toward her grandfather; of occasional biting comments in the conversations between the sieur and the chevalier, causing the gentlemen to look at each other in silent amazement; of as marked lapses into listless disregard of any talk that went on around her.

She had been used often to sit still, doing nothing, in a sort of physical content, as the sieur and his visitors talked; now her hands were always busy, at knitting, sewing, or spinning, the steady gaze upon her work showing that her thoughts were far away. Though the chevalier and her grandfather vaguely noted the change, they as vaguely set it down to her growing womanhood. In any case, they held it was not for them to comment upon a woman or upon a woman's ways. And a girl like Guida was an incomprehensible being, with an

orbit and a system all her own, — whose sayings and doings were as little to be reduced to their understanding as the vagaries of any star in the Milky Way or the currents in St. Michael's Basin.

One evening she sat before the fire thinking of Philip. Her grandfather had retired earlier than usual. Biribi, the dog, lay asleep on the veille. There was no sound save the ticking of the clock on the mantel above her head, Biribi's slow breathing, the snapping of the log on the fire, and a soft rush of heat up the chimney. The words of Philip's letters, learned by heart, and from which she had extracted every atom of tenderness they held, were always in her ears. At last one phrase kept repeating itself like some refrain, which becomes plaintive through repetition, then torturing in its mournful suggestion. It was this: "But you see, dearest, that though I am absent from you I shall have such splendid chances to get on. There's no limit to what this war may do for me."

Suddenly Guida realized how different was her love from Philip's, how different was her place in his life from his place in her life. She reasoned with herself, because she knew that a man's life was work in the world, and that work and ambition were in his bones and in his blood, had been carried down to him through centuries of industrious, ambitious generations of men, — that men were one race, and women were another. A man was bound by the conditions of life governing the profession by which he earned his bread and butter, played his part in the world, and strove to reach the seats of honor in high places. He must either live by the law, fulfill to the letter his daily duties of the business of life, or drop out of the race; and a woman, with bitterness and tears, in the presence of man's immoderate ambition, must learn to pray, "*Lord, have mercy upon us, and incline our hearts to keep this law.*"

Quickly the whole thing resolved itself in Guida's mind, and her thinking came to a full stop. She understood now what was the right and what the wrong, and, child as she was in years, woman that she was in experience and thought, yielding to the impulse of the moment, she buried her face in her hands and burst into tears.

"Oh, Philip, Philip, Philip," she sobbed aloud, "it was not right of you to marry me; it was wicked of you to leave me!" Then in her thoughts she carried on the impeachment and reproach. If he had married her openly and left her at once, it would have been hard to bear, but in the circumstances it might have been right. If he had married her secretly and left her at the altar, so keeping the promise he had made her when she agreed to become his wife, that might have been pardonable. But to marry her as he did, and then, breaking his solemn vow, leave her, — it was not right in her eyes; and if not right in the eyes of her who loved him, in whose would it be right?

To these definitions she had come at last. It is an eventful moment, a crucial ordeal, for a woman, when she forces herself to see the naked truth concerning the man whom she has loved, yet the man who has wronged her. She is born anew in that moment: it may be to love on, to blind herself, and condone and defend, so lowering her own moral tone; or to congeal in heart, become keener in intellect, scornful and bitter with her own sex and merciless toward the other, indifferent to blame and careless of praise, intolerant, judging all the world by her own experience, and incredulous of any true thing. Or yet again, she may become deeper, stronger, sadder, wiser; condoning nothing, minimizing nothing, deceiving herself in nothing, and still never forgiving at least one thing, — the destruction of innocent faith and a noble credulity; seeing clearly and acutely the whole wrong; with a strong intelligence

measuring perfectly the iniquity, but out of a largeness of nature and by virtue of a high sense of duty devoting her days to the salvation of a man's honor, to the betterment of one weak or wicked nature.

Of these last was Guida.

"Oh, Philip, Philip, you have been wicked to me!" she sobbed.

Her tears fell upon the stone hearth, and the fire dried them, and every tear-drop was one girlish feeling and emotion gone, one bright fancy, one tender hope, vanished.

She was no longer a girl. There were troubles and dangers ahead of her, but she must now face them dry-eyed and alone. In his second letter Philip had told her to announce the marriage, and had said that he would write to her grandfather explaining all, and also to the Reverend Lorenzo Dow.

She had waited and watched for that letter to her grandfather, but it had not come. As for Lorenzo Dow, he was a prisoner with the French.

There was yet another factor in the affair. While the island was still agog over Mr. Dow's misfortune, there had been a bold robbery at St. Michael's Rectory of the strong-box containing the Communion plate, the parish taxes for the year, the offertories for the month, and — what was of moment to at least one person — the parish register of deaths, baptisms, and marriages. The box was found on the seashore, but that was all. Thus it was that now no human being in Jersey could vouch that Guida had been married.

Yet these things troubled her little. How easily could Philip set all right! If he would but come back, — that at first was her only thought; for what matter a ring, or any proof, testimony, or proclamation, without Philip!

It did not occur to her at first that all these things were needed to save her from shame in the eyes of the world. If she had thought of them apprehensively,

she would have said to herself, "How easy to set all right by simply announcing the marriage!" And she would have done so when war was declared and Philip received his new command, but that she wished the announcement to come from him. Well, that would come in any case when Philip's letter to her grandfather arrived: no doubt it had missed the packet by which hers came.

But another packet, and yet another arrived; and still there was no letter from Philip for the *Sieur de Mauprat*. Winter had come, and spring had gone, and now summer was at hand. Hay-making was beginning, the wild strawberries were reddening among the clover, and in her little garden apples had followed the buds on the trees beneath which Philip had told his fateful tale of love.

At last a third letter arrived, — bringing little joy to her heart, however. It declared love and affection, it was even extravagant in terms of affection; but somehow it fell short of the true thing, for its ardor was that of a mind preoccupied, and underneath all ran a current of inherent selfishness. It delighted in the activity of his life, it was full of hope, of promise of happiness for them both in the future, but it had no solicitude for Guida in the present. It chilled her heart — so warm but a little season ago — that Philip, to whom she had once ascribed strength, tenderness, profound thoughtfulness, should concern himself so little in the details of her life. For the most part, his letters seemed those of an ardent lover who knew his duty and did it gladly, but with a self-conscious and flowing eloquence, too, which could have cost but little strain of feeling.

He was curious to know what the people in Jersey said about their marriage. He had written to Lorenzo Dow and her grandfather, he said, but had heard afterward that the vessel carrying the letters had been taken by a French privateer; and so they had not arrived in

Jersey. But of course she had told her grandfather and all the island of the ceremony performed at St. Michael's. He was sending her fifty pounds, his first contribution to their home; and, the war over, a beautiful home she certainly should have. He would write to her grandfather again, though this day there was no time to do so.

But Guida had not proclaimed the marriage. She had lived the first months of her wedded life in an aching stillness of secrecy; she had suffered tremors, and apprehensions, and changing moods, and troubled, fevered hours alone, with no confidant, with no supporting tenderness from mother, sister, friend, or husband.

She realized now that she must announce the marriage at once. But yet what proofs of it had she? There was the ring Philip had given her, inscribed with their names; but she was sophisticated enough to know that this would not be adequate evidence in the eyes of her Jersey neighbors. The marriage register, with its record, was stolen, and that proof was gone. Lastly, there were Philip's letters; but no, — a thousand times no! — she would not show Philip's letters to any human being; even the thought of it hurt her pride, her delicacy of feeling, her self-respect. Her heart burned with bitterness to think that there had been a secret marriage. How hard it was, at this distance of time, to tell the world the tale, and to be forced to prove it by Philip's letters! No, no, she could not do it, — not yet. She would still wait the arrival of Philip's letter to her grandfather. If it did not come soon, then she must be brave and tell her story.

She went to the Vier Marchi less now; also fewer folk stood gossiping with her grandfather in the Place du Vier Prison or by the well at the front door, — so far she had not wondered why. To be sure, *Maîtresse Aimable* came oftener; but

since one notable day at Sark Guida had resolutely avoided reference, however oblique, to Philip and herself. Still, in her dark days the only watchful eye upon her was that of the egregiously fat old woman called the "*femme de ballast*," whose thick tongue clave to the roof of her mouth, whose outer attractions were so meagre that even her husband's chief sign of affection was to pull her great toe, passing her bed of a morning to light the fire.

Carterette Mattingley also came, but another friend who had watched over Guida for years before Philip appeared in the Place du Vier Prison never entered her doorway now. Only once or twice since that day on the *Ecréhos*, so fateful to them both, had Guida seen Ranulph Delagarde. He had withdrawn to St. Aubin's Bay, where his trade of ship-building was carried on, and having fitted up a small cottage, lived a secluded life with his father there. Neither of them appeared often in St. Helier's, and they were seldom or never seen in the Vier Marchi.

Carterette saw Ranulph little oftener than did Guida, but she knew what he was doing, being anxious to know, and every one's business being every one else's business in Jersey. In the same way Ranulph knew of Guida. What Carterette was doing Ranulph was not concerned to know, and so knew little; and Guida knew and thought little of how Ranulph fared: which was part of the selfishness of love.

But one day Carterette received a letter from France which excited her greatly, and sent her off hot-foot to Guida; and in the same hour Ranulph heard a piece of hateful gossip which made him fell to the ground the man who told him, and sent him with white face, and sick, affrighted, yet indignant heart, to the cottage in the Place du Vier Prison.

Gilbert Parker.

(To be continued.)

ENGLISH HISTORICAL GRAMMAR.

THE ancient notion of English grammar was one of certain categories of words, and certain rules for their proper use. This is still the idea implied in most of the dictionary definitions of the word. The Parts of Speech were one of the first things the student had to learn: nouns, pronouns, adjectives, etc. Then the Rules of Syntax, "The subject of a finite verb is in the nominative case," and the like, occupied his attention. The final chapter was on Prosody: "A verse of one foot is called a monody," "A verse of two feet is called a dipody," etc. It is not difficult to trace the pedigree of this idea of grammar. The number of exceptions necessary to explain in the chapter on adjectives; the great embarrassment in distinguishing between adverbs and prepositions (not fully removed, either, by pointing out the fact that in Homeric Greek prepositions were originally adverbs); the obvious difficulty to be met if one wanted to put an English subject in the accusative case; the apparent anomalies of Shakespeare's monodies, dipodies, tripodies, and the rest, and the rather clumsy way English poets have always had in using feet, — these make it plain that this grammar is hard doctrine when applied to English, and must have had its origin under happier conditions in some other language; Latin, say. And so it is. The argument which used to be urged for the early and persistent study of Latin — namely, that it cleared up English grammar so — was not without its naïve element of truth. It certainly did make clear this kind of grammar. It was like that time-honored advice to young physicians: "If you don't know the disease, your patient is suffering from, give him one that you do know, and cure that." Under such conditions, the study of grammar, like calling in a doctor, was serious business.

You first learned what English grammar would have been, had English had the good fortune to be Latin; and then you learned Latin grammar to explain it all. This system of teaching English grammar is by no means extinct. It still persists in the mind of many a school-master, and keeps cropping up here and there in elementary textbooks. But we are getting past it; if the subject is not yet taught in the light of modern knowledge, it is rather because teachers have not yet got the light they want than because they are wedded to the ancient system. The danger is now the one of accepting the fallacy "English is a grammarless tongue," and teaching no grammar at all.

But English is not a grammarless tongue; on the contrary, the results of recent investigation point scholars to the conclusion that the process of disintegration so apparent in English is one of growth, and not one of decay, — a growth toward efficiency and perfection. Whether it be reasonable or not to expect English to become the language of the world, it is evident that all modern vernaculars are traveling in the same direction with English, and that our language is in many respects in the van of the race. Nor will the rational study of scientific grammar ever become useless as a means of culture. Experience has already demonstrated beyond all cavil the value of grammar as a means of training the mind, even when grammar is taught in unnatural and inadequate ways; much greater will its value appear when it is properly understood and rationally taught.

Our trouble is that we do not yet understand what grammar is, but, foolishly clogging ourselves with Renaissance notions about it, we vainly expect it to furnish us with canonic authority to de-

cide matters quite properly within the scope of our own judgment. We study it, therefore, not in the hope of understanding through its help the speech we all think with and cannot escape from, but in the hope of obtaining a standard of correctness in the use of language which may separate us from the vulgar who know not grammar. Such an ideal rests upon a false conception of the nature of language and upon ignorance of the history of English speech, as well as upon an inadequate and selfish ideal of culture.

Let us examine for a moment, very generally and briefly, the nature of language. Setting aside the question of its origin, and starting rather from the biological principle that the history of the individual repeats the history of the type, let us think of the development of any one of us in respect to his acquiring and using speech. The early period of this development knows not literature; and there can be a considerable proficiency in the use of speech without a knowledge of literature. Nor, theoretically speaking, is there any point in the development of language where the knowledge of literature becomes indispensable to the existence of speech. Nor has the written language, at least in English, any existence apart and independent from the spoken language. The written word, then, is not an essential part of language, and for our present purpose we can leave it aside. Beginning with the spoken language as the essential language, let us think for a moment how it is acquired. Each normally constituted person who comes into life learns to think in terms of the words he hears from those about him, until the use of them becomes as much an unconscious habit with him as walking. The language which he learns in this way was learned in the same way by those he hears use it, who in turn learned it from others antecedent, and so on all the way back until the line passes into the prehistoric past. But the tradition thus car-

ried on is continually conditioned by inherited predisposition and environment, which are always giving rise to minute variations from the type. These variations, however seemingly accidental and personal, are always making in a certain direction, and cause the development of language as a whole to follow definite laws which it can no more escape than matter can escape gravitation. These laws are not subject to sudden or violent change. They cannot be set aside or materially assisted by any sort of academic legislation or learned prescription. They are beyond the control of the individual as well. He may say how he will use language and explain his method to the people with whom he comes directly in contact, giving them the key to his idiom, but he cannot affect language itself. His idiom will die with him, in spite of all his effort. Universal teaching, too, of a particular idiom may fix it temporarily upon the language; but unless it accord with some easy analogy which will naturally lead to its general use, the idiom will not remain, but will only form a temporary obstruction to the free development of language, like a snag sticking out into a stream. School-teachers may come and school-teachers may go, but they cannot "correct" "bad" English, if the "correction" is against the genius and spirit of English thought.

One of the richest contributions of modern scholarship is the knowledge that this development obeys natural laws of thought, and that, however inscrutable during a short period, it is perfectly clear and continuous over a long one. The next step will be to show that the reason for this lies in the nature of language; that the uniformity of its development is but the expression of a deeper uniformity of thought itself through which the brain unconsciously selects certain associations to make habitual; that the words we say or write down are but a small part of the words we actually use in thinking, day in, day out, year

after year, till the brain ceases to perform its function; that language is thus part of a great act which began we know not when, and will end only when thought itself shall cease and silence reign again.

Our present starved conception of language is like that we used to have of biology, when we thought of animal life in the world as of a gigantic menagerie, designed by a demiurgic showman for our instruction and pleasure. We fail to recognize the real meaning of language because we do not think of it as a part of our life. We treat it as if it were yesterday's creation, not the growth of centuries of experience. We still think of it as being made up of "parts of speech" to be used according to "rules of syntax."

It was this notion which formed the basis of the ancient method of studying grammar. Parts of speech were the necessary outcome of scholastic logic. For it the most important things were names and categories; and so nouns, "the names of things," made the first chapter of grammar; pronouns came in as the next; adjectives, as expressing attributes, next; and so on, a set of mechanically constructed categories of thinking, with appropriate definitions and fixed rules of coördination. The "accidents" of such parts of speech as were capable of "accidence" were then carefully labeled and pigeonholed for future reference or use. The making out of these tables presented a fine opportunity for formal logic, and the resulting paradigms made the real basis of this sort of study. These were learned as the patterns of thinking, and their perfection being possible only in a language like classic Latin, where a complicated system of Indo-Germanic inflection was artificially preserved, such a language became the type by which all others were measured. To form these parts of speech with their accidents into predication was the next step. There was the

"subject," "attribute," "predicate," and "complement," with their various "concordances:" this made syntax. Again, these things were logically clear in Latin: so Latin syntax became the norm of English syntax. It was an easy matter to tack on Latin prosody, and the system was complete. What was good enough for Latin and Greek was surely good enough for English. This grammar was supplemented by an "Etymology," in which the "etyma" were the Latin and Greek words corresponding to the various English borrowings from these tongues. Others were practically ignored.

Such a grammar has for its basis inflection, and for its unit a part of speech. Hence we had — and still have to some extent — inflection playing the chief rôle in the grammar of a language whose tendency has been to shuffle off inflections as fast as possible. The practical aim of its system was to teach the student the "concordances" as they would be if English were a highly inflected language. Its chief concern, therefore, was to get the right form of inflection for various syntactical usages; just the point where the student, who had learned to use inflections when he was learning to talk, could not easily go astray. This sort of grammar considered the study of language as something quite apart from the use of language; its end was perfect mechanical thinking by means of formulas, not perfect natural thinking based upon experience. Its standpoint was metaphysical, and was possible only for a dead language. A living speech like English develops ever at variance with such *a priori* reasoning, and the cleft has been long apparent.

Now it would be unjust in us to charge our ancestors with the ignorance of the real nature of English grammar implied in this conception of the subject, and to find fault with them in their effort to build a didactic grammar upon distinctions found in Latin, and not upon the nature of English. But we can charge

ourselves with folly in persisting to ignore the material that the last few decades have furnished for the scientific study of the subject, and in holding to their inadequate notion when a richer and better is within our reach.

The real nature of English grammar is not metaphysical, but historical. It is the scientific study of a living language in the light of its development. The history of the development may not form a part of the actual grammatical treatment, but it must underlie it. The grammar may be one of late New English, say, restricted to the consideration of only those phenomena which come under our immediate notice, and may have nothing to do with Middle English or Old English. But these phenomena are only scientifically intelligible in the light of their development, and must be studied from an historical basis. In this sense there is for English but one kind of grammar, and that is historical grammar. The terms and definitions of scholastic grammar have their place and use, and are in many cases necessary as being general to all thinking and to all language. The categories, too, are those of thought in general, and are therefore inevitable in describing and classifying the facts of language. But they are not grammar, and learning them is not studying grammar, any more than learning the divisions of the animal kingdom is studying biology. Grammar, to be properly studied, must be based on the nature of language itself, and on the history of its development.

This has been the belief of the best scholars for a number of years, and their study of the subject in this spirit has developed a new method. But it has for the most part remained the method of scholars, and of comparatively few scholars at that. The scientific treatment of the subject is traceable chiefly to Jacob Grimm, though we had beginnings of it in English scholarship as early as the days of Franciscus Junius and George

Hickes. The Germans, who were the first to turn their attention to the matter, made the earliest advances in the field of English; for a knowledge of English has long been recognized in Germany to be essential to the proper understanding of German. The method they have followed has been historical, empirical; and following it, the best scholars have succeeded in establishing the unity of our language and literature, and the continuity of their historical development. English and American scholarship has made use of their work, and has added substantial contributions to it, though often in a rather dull and imitative fashion and without a clear realization of the purpose of it all. But English and American schools and universities have been slow to see the value of this sort of scholarship, and what is more the pity, to see its practical relation to the every-day life and thought of English-speaking people. What is wanted now is a keener appreciation of the practical importance of this scientific grammar and its fitness to be used as a basis for English culture.

It is difficult to describe this new grammar without entering into somewhat tedious detail; but perhaps it will not be impossible, in a few words, to give a general idea of its scope and method. Its chief divisions are, Sounds, Inflections, Syntax, and Rhythm. Its ultimate unit is a single sound. A word cannot express thought unless its component sounds are accurately reproduced, and its sounds are subject to development. If I take the word *bear* and change it to *beer*, I have made in it but a small alteration, and one that is quite in accord with the history of English; yet I have altered the word so that it no longer suggests the thought it suggested before the change was made, but something quite different. It is as much of a change as I should make in 120 by changing the 2 to a 9. So I might do with almost any other word, destroying it entirely by slightly altering in an arbitrary way one of the sounds

which make it up. It is not words, then, but sounds that are the ultimate things in grammar. These sounds, moreover, have as it were a life of their own, which slowly changes their character with the progress of centuries. The changes are so gradual as to be imperceptible during a single generation, yet they affect all sounds where the same conditions are present, and affect them in the same way. To illustrate: the infinitive *to make* was represented by *mācian* in English of the ninth century, by *māken* in English of the twelfth century, by *māken* in English of the fourteenth century, by *māk* in English of the sixteenth century, *māek* in English of the seventeenth, *mēk* in English of the nineteenth. Here the vowel *a* has been changing its character about once in two centuries. And so with all *a*'s under similar conditions. Consonants, too, as well as vowels, alter their nature in the development, but much more slowly. These alterations are gradual, so that the mind adapts itself to them without knowing it; just as many people nowadays would take their oath that they pronounce the initial *h* in *which* as in *whist*, but all the while they are saying *wich*. To hear a word accurately requires a carefully trained ear, and a power, not easily acquired, of diverting one's attention to the sounds of the word as acoustic phenomena. These changes are so general and so numerous as to affect the whole character of the language; so that English even of so recent a date as Shakespeare's would sound to us almost like a foreign tongue did we hear it, and at many points would be quite unintelligible. Yet it is the same language, just as Alfred's is, and with the key of a scientific knowledge of English will yield up its English thought to us with the very words it was written in.

In this part of English historical grammar, it is the significance of the development of the sounds, and not that of their inconsequent representation, that is the first thing to be grasped. We can change

the way of writing words a dozen times a century; in fact, we might write them a dozen ways at once without affecting the sounds themselves. The spoken words are the real things, not the letters which signify them. This first chapter on sounds is therefore the most important of the whole subject; for without an exact knowledge of it grammar will appear capricious and meaningless. This field is left almost entirely to specialists, and their work in it is thought to be too trivial to interest the public. It is only within recent years that the fact of the development of English has been recognized at all; so a clear statement of it in English grammars has not been possible. But the practical importance of such knowledge as it now furnishes us is almost as great as our neglect of it has been. While the study of the whole subject will bring us into a perfect understanding of our literature and will break down our absurd notions of the nature of our language, a complete knowledge of this part of it is the most direct way of accomplishing these ends; for the period over which the development of English sounds extends is unusually long and unusually rich in evidence afforded by literature, and even an elementary knowledge of it is sufficient to make the development clear. Once this part of the subject is fully understood, the student will be in a fair way to understand the growth of literature. He will at least know enough not to be deceived, for instance, into supposing that he is reading Chaucer, when he thinks through his brain the New English words which correspond to Chaucer's written forms, and fills up the gaps with guesses. Nor will he be misled by arbitrary forms of spelling. He will see distinctly that the letters do not represent the sounds they pretend to represent, but quite a different set. He will thus be prepared for a more intelligent study of his literature, and for a more vital and more powerful mastery of his language.

The division of scientific grammar next in order is that which treats of inflections, and deals with the changes of form which words undergo in being modified for different phases and relations of the general ideas which they express. This chapter was made the chief part of our earlier grammars of English, because inflection is the most significant characteristic of classic languages. But English, owing to conditions peculiar to it as a Germanic tongue, has made little use of endings, and has depended upon context and arrangement to make thought clear; so that inflection plays a very minor part in its grammar. Latin and Greek retain a great many of the early conditions of inflection found in Indo-Germanic, where a stem representing a general idea was modified by some change, most commonly by a flexional syllable, to indicate the precise position, condition, or relation which the word assumes in the thought, — in terms of logic, its accidents. For some reason or other, Germanic peoples attached a peculiar significance to the stem, and, uttering it with greater force, neglected the inflectional syllable. This process, once begun, has gone on rapidly, until in modern English the old grammatical system is almost entirely broken up. The discovery that the accident of the word can be sufficiently denoted by its position in the thought, or by the accent it receives in utterance, or by the context, or, when necessary, by accurate and express definition in other words, is the stepping-stone to using it as a particular itself. In English, therefore, we do not use a general term modified by an accident in order to make it a particular, but we think the particular outright. My typewriter, for instance, is as much a particular idea as my pen; I do not think of the one as an instrument to write with by means of type any more than I think of the other as a feather adapted to purposes of writing. So also when my typewriter reproduces the thought for me on

paper, I do not think of it as “typewriter” with a modification of the idea to indicate that it is the subject of the action; and when I wish to think of myself using the typewriter, I do not modify the word for typewriter in a different way to show that in this latter instance the typewriter is the object of an action. Such a distinction is quite useless. I and my typewriter are two such different things, with such different attributes and functions, that there is no danger of any one confusing the two. In almost any possible thought where they are brought together, the mind itself, without any need of labels, will recognize their proper grammatical relation. And even if there was danger of confusion, the fact that in English thinking the subject comes first in the thought would be sufficient to distinguish it without any special mark. So with other types of inflection. It is absurd, then, to study English as a highly inflected language, — to make the student think of such things as “O man” as a vocative case, or “to a man” as a dative, or “if I do” as a subjunctive or conditional mood of the verb “do.”

The burden of the work has thus been thrown upon syntax, — a syntax whose perfection has developed in such a way as to make all but the simplest inflection unnecessary; and syntax, the third general division of grammar, thus becomes most important for English. But it is not the kind of syntax we know from Latin grammar. That, owing to the full inflectional system still preserved in Latin, was a system of concords and artificial agreements. Fixed syllables of inflection denoted certain accidents of a generic idea; syllables of inflection belonging to the same or similar categories pointed out the various parts of a whole idea and their relations one to another, so that the parts could be separated from one another and scattered through the sentence to secure formal symmetry or pleasing cadence without confusion

of the thought itself. The perception of the significance of this "accidence" and the arrangement of these collocations were the field of syntax. The Germanic languages, when they lost this full Indo-Germanic system of inflection, lost also with it the corresponding system of syntax. What had been before an æsthetic end became now a practical one, and the position of the words in the thought denoted their relation to one another. The few inflections preserved were simplified and reduced to great general categories, such as number, objective and subjective case relation, distinction of sex, absolute or conditional action. Nor has this process of development ceased. It is quite possible that the categories will be still further reduced as time goes on. To study this development for English is the field of syntax, and its method is historical, since these arrangements are traditional, depending upon the habit of English thought. The subject has not yet received even in Germany the attention it deserves, because a scientific treatment of *Laut- und Formenlehre* (the development of sounds and inflection) more than occupies the two-semester course of a German university. Then, too, German scholarship is often embarrassed by the lack of the perfect idiomatic familiarity with New English syntax (*englische Sprachgefühl*) necessary to understand the habit of English thought. A full and complete treatment of it will have to come from English scholars. Much has been done already in such books as Mätzner's *Englische Grammatik*, which starts with New English and works back to Old English, and Koch's *Englische Grammatik*, which follows a more scientific order, beginning with Old English and tracing the subject historically. The practical utility of such study lies in the fact that it gives us confidence in native English idioms, and prevents those foolish alterations which arise from an artificial notion of what English syntax is.

A fourth division of English grammar is that which deals with rhythm and the arrangement of words to make poetry. The name Prosody is usually given to it, because that is the title of the corresponding division of Latin grammar. It would take too long to show how this subject has been obscured by centuries of misunderstanding and obstinate persistence in teaching Latin prosody to explain English rhythm. It was obvious that Latin poetry had but two units, a short and a long syllable. As accent took the place of quantity when the system was transferred to English, there were two sorts of syllables recognized in English prosody: a syllable was either "tum" or it was "ty." We have just seen how the loss of Indo-Germanic inflections affected Germanic syntax. The cause of this loss, namely, the fixing of the accent to a particular syllable of the word in all its forms, broke down also the Indo-Germanic system of rhythm. It was no longer possible to write poetry according to the classic system, because the material for it no longer existed. Germanic rhythm, therefore, assumed an entirely new form, based upon the new use of accent, and not upon quantity, though it seems that in the earlier periods quantity was still an element in the verse. This system was used for Old English, which very early developed a rich poetic literature; later on, another kind of accentual system, which had grown into wide use in mediæval Latin, took its place. But not immediately and violently; for English poetry had independently been long working toward this more regular mediæval rhythm, and thus received the new system as a graft, and was not displaced and crowded out by it. At no time in its history, therefore, has English verse been written like classic poetry, for it has always been based upon accentual, and not upon quantitative differences. But our study of classic poetry has made us overlook the exquisite gradations of accent in Eng-

lish verse, and has scaled our poetry down to "tum" and "ty." The appreciation of more gradations than these has been considered to be the concern of elocution, not prosody, and poetry, made to delight the ear with delicate rhythm, becomes, when we study it, a wooden arrangement of "shorts" and "longs" into "iambic acatalectic trimeters" and such things.

To these four divisions, Sounds, Inflections, Syntax, and Rhythm, should logically be added a fifth, namely, the Development of Word-Meanings. But the historical dictionaries of English are assuming this for their special field, and rightly, too; so that there is no need for any but the most general treatment of the subject in English historical grammar. The work in this field is most conveniently accessible when arranged in the form of a dictionary. How important such material is for the study of English literature is shown by the great number of hitherto misunderstood passages in Shakespeare which the Oxford Dictionary clears up.

We have thus traversed the field of English historical grammar, and have incidentally called attention to the method it pursues. Prosecuted in such a way, the subject is as scientific as any of the sciences now studied in the universities, and certainly deserves as conspicuous a place as any in university curricula. For Americans it is practically a fresh field to work in; and when the American genius for discerning essentials from accidents overcomes American tendencies to dilettanteism, we shall no doubt have a rich harvest of scientific truth.

Hitherto the subject has labored under some fundamental misconceptions as to its scope and province, — misconceptions that are for the most part popular, but yet not without their effect upon university teaching. The chief of these is the one that English historical grammar is the same thing as the history of

the English language. This mistaken assumption underlies most of the attempts to teach the subject that have yet been made. It is an easy mistake to make, for the only difference between a complete history of the English language and a perfect English historical grammar would be one of arrangement of material and the point of view from which it was considered. The one would be a chronological account of the development of language from the standpoint of modern English, considering modern English as the apex of the development; the other would be a scientific treatment of the phenomena themselves, considering the present state of the language as an incidental stage of the development. The two are by no means the same. In the point of view there lies a fundamental distinction, and one that is frequently overlooked. There is a still greater distinction between the two when one comes to study this history and this grammar. To memorize a correct account of the history of the English language is not by any means the same thing as to study English historical grammar. In the latter work we deal with the phenomena themselves, not with a general statement of their relation. This distinction is now quite clear for biological science. The study of biology is not that of the history of the development of physical life, though a complete history of biological phenomena might well be one of the ends of biological science. Supposing the links were all clear, a mere account of the development of the primordial cell through the various stages of its life up to man would not be biology, though an intelligent appreciation of the phenomena does depend upon a perception of their historical significance, so to speak. And it is precisely so with English historical grammar. The scientific study of the subject means far more than a description of the sequence of its phenomena. It means the discovery of their relation;

their classification according to real and essential differences, not accidental ones; the causes that have produced them, as far as it is possible to ascertain their causes; the laws which govern their development; their relation to the forms of English thinking; their relation to similar phenomena of other languages. Their nature, their causes, their tendencies, all these enter into a scientific conception of the province of historical grammar. The field the subject thus presents to the student is in its way as wide as that presented by biology, and if intelligently worked would yield as rich a fruitage as the study of biology has. In one sense the history of the English language is but the introductory chapter to all this. To substitute the one for the other is like offering a superficial "Fourteen Weeks in Philosophy" for an adequate course in elementary physics. Such a substitute may possibly be better than nothing, but it is very little better, and it stands in the way of the student ever getting anything like a firm grasp of the matter.

Another misconception of the nature and province of historical grammar is due to the fact that any thorough study of spoken English is confused in the popular mind with the study of phonetics. Students are taught in elementary schools that certain letters have certain sounds, and they are then taught to reproduce these sounds, when acted upon by the stimulus of certain diacritical marks: "pronounce long *ā* as in *māke*," "pronounce short *ă* as in *făt*." Phonetics thus gets to be a matter of pronouncing written forms of expression; so that the student always tries to pronounce all the letters of all the syllables, and we get such monstrosities in English as "pensills," "prack-tick-kal," "in-dif-fi-rence." These spelling-book pronunciations of written forms are not English words at all, though many good people think they are the best English, and painfully make their children pronounce the letters, in

the fear that they may fall into the habit of speaking English in a vulgar fashion if they do not take pains. In this sense the phonetics of English is an absurdity. It considers the written language as the norm, and seeks to explain the spoken form as a capricious deviation from the written type. The truth is the converse of this. *A* has not the sound of *a* in *father*, and of *a* in *late*, and of *a* in *bat*, etc., but the *a* in *father*, and the *a* in *late*, and the *a* in *bat*, and the others are entirely different and distinct sounds, which happen, all of them, to be represented by the same sign, namely *a*. The abnormality is in the writing: the study of these abnormalities ought properly to be called "graphics," not "phonetics." Of course, in its scientific aspect, according to which phonetics is the study of the physiological formation of the sounds used in language, the subject is part of a thorough study of historical grammar, but only a minor part.

Similarly, etymology plays a great part in the notion many people have of the scientific study of English. English is thought to be a conglomerate of various other languages, made up of words derived from Latin, or Greek, or French, or German. To be aware of the meaning these words had in the original speech from which they were derived was a euphuistic accomplishment that gave much pleasure a few generations ago, and the display of such knowledge is still thought to be one of the ornaments of writing. The etymology which had for its concern the elucidation of these words was not historical, but merely devoted itself to the discovery of easily recognizable foreign elements, to unfold or derive which furnished the same sort of pleasure as that obtained from puzzle-solving. To reduce the words capable of such reduction to assumed ultimate roots had the appearance of scientific analysis, and easily passed for scientific study. But it is only loan-words which are capable of such reduction. Though

they occupy a large space in dictionaries of English, such words do not play an important part in its history. A student might know perfectly the "etyma" of all of them, and yet be quite ignorant of English itself. They are for the most part mere additions to the vocabulary of English. It is a general principle of English grammar that borrowed words, from the time they are taken into the language, are treated as if they were English, obeying the same laws of development as the native words. A separate treatment in grammar is not necessary for them. To consider the separate study of such words as an integral part of English grammar is to follow the mediæval method of the study of Latin.

Nor is English historical grammar what is popularly known as English philology. This word "philology" has been given such a variety of meanings, ranging all the way from the encyclopædic German notion of the study of everything remotely or directly concerned with language and literature, to the popular English and American one of the diletante study of words, that it has become well-nigh useless for scientific purposes. In the popular sense, however, it has little to do with historical grammar, — not much more than etymology has. It bears much the same relation to it that collecting butterflies bears to entomology, or collecting fossils to geology. Yet the "study of words," generally from Archbishop Trench's book bearing that title, has long been one of the most common substitutes for English historical grammar in our schools and universities. It can be made comparatively interesting, because it calls attention to peculiar developments of word-meanings and unexpected associations of ideas. But it has little educational value. It only develops a petty attention to details without knowledge of their significance, and produces in the student the idea that he has exhausted the subject.

Rid of these misconceptions, we have in English historical grammar a subject that is scientific, practical, and of great educational value, and, moreover, a subject which can be taught in an elementary way to young students, and can at the same time furnish a field for original scientific work in university teaching. Why should it not be easily possible to put it in the place that dogmatic grammar used to occupy? Why is it necessary to wait until a student is nearly through with a university course to give him a scientific knowledge of the machinery he thinks with? It would not be difficult to teach any boy to read Old English at the time when he begins to read Latin, to continue the work by teaching him to read Middle English, and then to put upon this elementary work, which need only be such as will give him the power roughly to read his own language in any period of its history, a more or less thorough training in English historical grammar. It is not necessary to make him speak Old English or Middle English, or even to seek native idioms in his own use of language. But surely a student with an accurate and correct knowledge of what his language is will be able to use it with more ease and power than one without such knowledge.

We need not expect this sort of training to make us think more clearly and write better than our clearest thinkers and best writers do now; but we can expect it to give this power to more men and women than possess it now; we can expect to get from English historical grammar the basis for a sane and practical didactic grammar which will represent to the student the real nature of his language, and will enable him to see more clearly what "good" English is and teach him how to use it; we can expect it to illuminate and quicken into a newer life for us the best of our English literature.

Mark H. Liddell.

IN BAY STREET.

(NASSAU, N. P.)

"WHAT do you sell, John Camplejohn,
In Bay Street by the sea?"

"Oh, turtle shell is what I sell,
In great variety:

"Trinkets and combs and rosaries,
All keepsakes from the sea;
'T is choose and buy what takes the eye,
In such a treasury."

"'T is none of these, John Camplejohn,
Though curious they be,
But something more I 'm looking for,
In Bay Street by the sea.

"Where can I buy the magic charm
Of the Bahaman sea,
That fills mankind with peace of mind
And soul's felicity?

"Now what do you sell, John Camplejohn,
In Bay Street by the sea,
Tinged with that true and native blue
Of lapis lazuli?

"Look from your door, and tell me now
The color of the sea.
Where can I buy that wondrous dye,
And take it home with me?

"And where can I buy that rustling sound,
In this city by the sea,
Of the plummy palms in their high blue calms;
Or the stately poise and free

"Of the bearers who go up and down,
Silent as mystery,
Burden on head, with naked tread,
In the white streets by the sea?

"And where can I buy, John Camplejohn,
In Bay Street by the sea,
The sunlight's fall on the old pink wall,
Or the gold of the orange tree?"

THE YOUNGEST SON OF HIS FATHER'S HOUSE.

THE eldest son of his father's house,
His was the right to have and hold:
He took the chair before the hearth,
And he was master of all the gold.

The second son of his father's house,
He took the wheatfields broad and fair,
He took the meadows beside the brook,
And the white flocks that pastured there.

*"Pipe high—pipe low! Along the way
From dawn till eve I needs must sing!
Who has a song throughout the day,
He has no need of anything!"*

The youngest son of his father's house
Had neither gold nor flocks for meed.
He went to the brook at break of day,
And made a pipe out of a reed.

*"Pipe high—pipe low! Each wind that blows
Is comrade to my wandering.
Who has a song wherever he goes,
He has no need of anything!"*

His brother's wife threw open the door.
"Piper, come in for a while," she said.
"Thou shalt sit at my hearth, since thou art so poor,
And thou shalt give me a song instead!"

Pipe high—pipe low—all over the wold!
"Lad, wilt thou not come in?" asked she.
"Who has a song, he feels no cold,
My brother's hearth is mine own," quoth he.

*"Pipe high—pipe low! For what care I
Though there be no hearth on the wide gray plain?
I have set my face to the open sky,
And have cloaked myself in the thick gray rain."*

Over the hills where the white clouds are,
He piped to the sheep till they needs must come.
They fed in pastures strange and far,
But at fall of night he brought them home.

They followed him, bleating, wherever he led :

He called his brother out to see.

"I have brought thee my flocks for a gift," he said,

"For thou seest that they are mine," quoth he.

*"Pipe high—pipe low! Wherever I go
The wide grain presses to hear me sing.
Who has a song, though his state be low,
He has no need of anything."*

"Ye have taken my house," he said, "and my sheep,
But ye had no heart for to take me in.

I will give ye my right for your own to keep,
But ye be not my kin.

"To the kind fields my steps are led.
My people rush across the plain.
My bare feet shall not fear to tread
With the cold white feet of the rain.

"My father's house is wherever I pass ;
My brothers are each stock and stone ;
My mother's bosom in the grass
Yields a sweet slumber to her son.

"Ye are rich in house and flocks," said he,

"Though ye have no heart to take me in.
There was only a reed that was left for me,
And ye be not my kin.

*"Pipe high—pipe low! Though skies be gray,
Who has a song, he needs must roam!
Even though ye call all day, all day,
'Brother, wilt thou come home?'"*

Over the meadows and over the wold,
Up to the hills where the skies begin,
The youngest son of his father's house
Went forth to find his kin.

Anna Hempstead Branch.

AT NATURAL BRIDGE, VIRGINIA.

I.

WITH the exception of a tedious delay at East Radford it was a very enjoyable forenoon's ride from Pulaski to Natural Bridge, through a country everywhere interesting, and for much of the distance gloriously wild and beautiful. Splendid hillside patches of mingled Judas-tree and flowering dogwood — one of a bright peach-bloom color, the other royal masses of pure white — brightened parts of the way south of Roanoke. There, also, hovering over a grassy field, were the first bobolinks of the season. From Buchanan northward (new ground to me by daylight) we had the company of mountains and the James River, the road following the windings of a narrow bank between the base of the ridge and the water. It surprised me to see the James so large and full at such a distance from its mouth, — almost as wide, I thought, as the Tennessee at Chattanooga. Shortly before reaching the Natural Bridge station the train stopped for water, and on getting off the steps of the car I heard a Maryland yellow-throat singing just below me at the foot of the bank, and in a minute more a kingfisher flew across the stream, — two additional names for my vacation catalogue. Then, while I waited at the station for a carriage from the hotel, — two miles and a half away, — I added still another. In the cloudy sky, between me and the sun, was a bird which in that blinding light might have passed for a buzzard, only that a swallow was pursuing it. Seeing that sign, I raised my glass and found the bird a fish-hawk. Trifles these things were, perhaps, with mountains and a river in sight; but that depends upon one's scale of values. To me it is not so clear that a pile of earth is more an object of won-

der than a swallow that soars above it; and for better or worse, mountains or no mountains, I kept an ornithological eye open.

On the way to the Bridge (myself the only passenger) the colored driver of the wagon picked up a brother of his own race, who happened to be traveling in the same direction and was thankful for a lift. And a real amusement and pleasure it was to listen to the two men's palaver, especially to their "Mistering" of each other at every turn of the dialogue. I never saw two schoolmasters, even, who could do more in half an hour for the maintenance and increase of their mutual dignity. It was "Mr. Brown" and "Mr. Smith" with every other breath, until the second man was set down at his own gate. From their appearance they must have been of an age to remember the days "before the war," and I did not think it surprising that men who had once been pieces of property should be disposed to make the most of their present condition of manhood, and so to give and take, between themselves, as many reminders and tokens of it as the brevity of their remaining time would permit.

Once at the hotel, installed (literally) in my little room, the only window of which was in the door, — opening upon the piazza, for all the world as a prison cell opens upon its corridor, — once domiciled, I say, and a bite taken, I bought a season ticket of admission to the "glen," and went down the path and a flight of steps, amid a flock of trilling goldfinches and past a row of lordly arbor-vitæ trees, to the brook, and up the bank of the brook to the famous bridge. Of this, considered by itself, I shall attempt no description. The material facts are, in the language of the guidebook, that it is "a huge monolithic arch, 215 feet

high, 100 feet wide, and 90 feet in span, crossing the ravine of Cedar Brook." Magnificent as it is, there is, for me at least, not much to say concerning it, or concerning my sensations in the presence of it. Not that it disappointed me. On the contrary, it was from the first more imposing than I had expected to find it. I loved to look at it, from one side and from the other, from beneath and from above. I walked under it and over it (on the public highway, for it is a bridge not only in name, but in fact) many times, by sunlight and by moonlight, and should be glad to do the same many times more; but perhaps my taste is peculiar; at all events, such "wonders of nature" do not charm me or wear with me like a beautiful landscape. It was so, I remember, at Ausable Chasm; interesting, grand, impressive, but a place in which I had no passion for staying, no sense of exquisite delight or solemnity. In Burlington, just across Lake Champlain, I could sit by the hour, even on the flat roof of the hotel, and gaze upon the blue water and the blue Adirondacks beyond, — the sight was a feast of beauty; but this cleft in the rocks, — well, I was glad to walk through it and to shoot the rapids; there was nothing to be said in disparagement of the place, but it put me under no spell. I fear it would be the same with those marvelous Colorado cañons and "gardens of the gods." A wooded mountain side, a green valley, running water, a lake with islands, best of all, perhaps (for me, that is, and taking the years together), a New England hill pasture, with boulders and red cedars, berry bushes and fern patches, the whole bounded by stone walls and bordered with gray birches and pitch pines, — for sights to live with, let me have these and things like them in preference to any of nature's more freakish work, which appeals rather to curiosity than to the imagination and the affections.

Having gone under the arch (and
VOL. LXXXII. — NO. 489.

looked in vain for Washington's initials on the wall), the visitor to Natural Bridge finds himself following up the brook — a lively stream — between lofty precipitous cliffs, that turn to steep wooded slopes as he proceeds. If he is like me, he pursues the path to the end, stopping here and there, — at the saltpetre cave, at Hemlock Island, and at Lost River, if nowhere else, — till he comes to the end at the falls, a distance of a mile, more or less. That is my way always. I must go straight through the place once; then, the edge of my curiosity dulled, I am in a condition to see and enjoy.

The ravine is a botanist's paradise: that, I should say, must be the first thought of every appreciative tourist. The elevation (fifteen hundred feet), the latitude, and the limestone rocks work together to that end. In a stay of a week I could see, of course, but one set of flowers; and in my preoccupation I passed many herbs and shrubs, mostly out of bloom, the names of which I neither knew nor attempted to discover. One of the things that struck my admiration on the instant was the beauty of the columbine as here displayed; a favorite with me always, for more reasons than one, but never beheld in all its loveliness till now. If the election could be held here, and on the 1st of May, there would be no great difficulty in securing a unanimous vote for *Aquilegia Canadensis* as the "national flower." It was in its glory at the time of my earlier visits, brightening the face of the cliffs, not in a mass, but in scattered sprays, as high as the eyesight could follow it; looking, even under the opera-glass, as if it grew out of the rock itself. With it were sedges, ferns, and much of a tufted white flower, which at first I made no question must be the common early saxifrage. When I came upon it within reach, however, I saw at once that it was a plant of quite another sort, some member of the troublesome mustard family, — *Draba ramosissima*, as afterward turned out. It was wonder-

ful how closely it simulated the appearance of *Saxifraga Virginensis*, though the illusion was helped, no doubt, by the habit I am in of seeing columbine and saxifrage together.

The ground in many places was almost a mat of violets, three kinds of which were in special profusion: the tall, fragrant white *Canadensis*, the long-spurred *rostrata*, — of a very pale blue, with darker streaks and a darker centre (like our blue meadow violets in that respect), — and the common *palmata*. The long-spurred violet was new to me, and both for that reason and for itself peculiarly attractive. As I passed up the glen on the right of the brook beyond Hemlock Island, so called, carpeted with partridge-berry vines bearing a wondrous crop ("See the berries!" my notebook says), I began to find here and there the large trillium (*T. grandiflorum*), some of the blossoms clear white, others of a delicate rosy tint. The rosy ones had been open longer than the others, it appeared; for the flowers blush with age, — a very modest and graceful habit. Like the spurred violet, the trillium is a plant also of northern New England, but happily for my present enjoyment I had never seen it there. And the same is to be said of the large yellow bellwort, which was here the trillium's neighbor, and looked only a little less distinguished than the trillium itself.

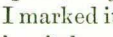

If I were to name all the plants I saw, or even all that attracted my particular notice, the non-botanical reader would quit me for a tiresome chronicler. Hepatica and bloodroot had dropped their last petals; but anemone and rue anemone were still in bloom, with cranesbill, spring beauty, ragwort, mitrewort, robin's plantain, Jack-in-the-pulpit, wild ginger (two thick handsome leaves hiding a dark-purplish three-horned urn of an occult and almost sinister aspect), two or more showy chickweeds, two kinds of white stone-crop (*Sedum ternatum* and *S. Nevii*, the latter a novel-

ty), mandrake (sheltering its precious round bud under an umbrella, though to-day it neither rained nor shone), pepper-root, gill-over-the-ground (where did it come from, I wondered), Dutchman's breeches (the leaves only), *Orchis spectabilis* (which I did not know till after a few days it blossomed), and many more. A new shrub — almost a tree — was the bladder-nut, with drooping clusters of small whitish flowers, like bunches of currant blossoms in their manner of growth and general appearance; especially dear to humble-bees, which would not be done with a branch even while I carried it in my hand. In one place, as I stooped to examine a boulder covered thickly with the tiny walking fern, of which the ravine contains a great abundance, — faded, ill conditioned, and homely, but curious, and, better still, a stranger, — I found the ground littered with bright yellowish magnolia petals; and if I looked into the sky for a passing bird, it was almost as likely as not that I should find myself looking through the branches of a soaring tulip-tree, — a piece of magnificence that is one of the most constant of my Alleghanian admirations. All the upper part of the glen is pervaded by a dull rumbling or moaning sound, — the voice of Lost River, out of which the tourist is supposed to have drunk at the only point where it shows itself (and there only to those who look for it), a quarter of a mile back. Another all-pervasive thing is the wholesome fragrance of arbor-vitæ. It is fitting, surely, that the tree of life should be growing in this floral paradise. There are few places, I imagine, where it flourishes better.

On my way back toward the bridge I discovered, as was to be expected, many things that had been overlooked on my way out; and every successive visit was similarly rewarded. A pleasing sight at the bridge itself was the continual fluttering of butterflies — Turnus and his smaller and paler brother Ajax, espe-

cially — against the face of the cliffs, sipping from the deep honey-jars of the columbines. Here, too, I often stopped awhile to enjoy the doings of several pairs of rough-winged swallows that had their nests in a row of holes in the rock, between two of the strata. Most romantic homes they looked, under the overhanging ledge, — a narrow platform below, ferns and sedges nodding overhead, with tall arbor-vitæ trees a little higher on the cliff, and water dropping continually before the doors. One of the nests, I noticed, had directly in front of it a patch of low green moss, the neatest of door-mats. The holes were only a few feet above the level of the stream, but there was no approach to them without wading; for which reason, perhaps, the owners paid little attention to me, even when I got as near them as I could. In and out they went, quite at their ease, resting now and then upon a jutting shelf, or perching in the branches of some tree near at hand. Once three of them sat side by side before one of the openings, which after all may have admitted to some sizable cavern wherein different pairs were living together. They are the least beautiful of swallows, but for this time, at all events, they had displayed a remarkably pretty taste in the choice of a nesting-site.

The birds of Cedar Creek, however, were not the rough-wings, but the Louisiana water thrushes. On my first jaunt through the ravine (May 1) I counted seven of them, here one and there another, the greater part in free song; and while I never found so many again at any one visit, I was never there without seeing and hearing at least two or three. It was exactly such a spot as the water thrush loves, — a quick stream, with boulders and abundant vegetation. The song, I am sorry to be obliged to confess, as I have confessed before, is not to me all that it appears to be to other listeners; probably not all that a longer acquaintance and a more intimate association

would make it. It is loud and ringing, — for a warbler's song, I mean; in that respect well adapted to the bird's ordinary surroundings, being easily heard above the noise of a pretty lively brook. It is heard the better, too, because of its remarkably disconnected, staccato character. Every note is by itself. Though the bird haunts the vicinity of running water, there is no trace of fluidity in its utterance. No bird-song could be less flowing. It neither gurgles nor runs smoothly, note merging into note. It would be too much to call it declamatory, perhaps, but it goes some way in that direction. At least we may call it emphatic. At different times I wrote it down in different words, none of which could be expected to do more than assist, first the writer's memory, and then the reader's imagination, to recall and divine the rhythm and general form of the melody. For that — I speak for myself — a verbal transcription, imperfect as it must be, in the nature of the case, is likely to prove more intelligible, and therefore more useful, than any attempt to reproduce the music itself by a resort to musical notation. As most frequently heard here, the song consisted of eight notes, like "Come — come — come — come, — you're a beauty," delivered rather slowly. "Lazily" was the word I sometimes employed, but "slowly" is perhaps better, though it is true that the song is cool and, so to speak, very unpassionate. Dynamically I marked it , while the variations in pitch may be indicated roughly thus: . Two of the lower notes, the fifth and sixth, were shorter than the others, — half as long, if my ear and memory are to be trusted. Sometimes a bird would break out into a bit of flourish at the end, but to my thinking such improvised cadenzas, as they had every appearance of being, only detracted from the simplicity of the strain without adding anything appreciable to its beauty or its effectiveness.

This song, which the reader will perhaps blame me for trying thus to analyze (I shall not blame *him*), very soon grew to be almost a part of the glen; so that I never recall the brook and the cliffs without seeming to hear it rising clear and sweet above the brawling of the current; and when I hear it, I can see the birds flitting up or down the creek, just in advance of me, with sharp *chips* of alarm or displeasure; now balancing uneasily on a boulder in mid-stream (a posterior bodily fluctuation, half graceful, half comical, slanderously spoken of as teetering) and singing a measure or two, now taking to an overhanging branch, sometimes at a considerable height, for the same tuneful purpose. One acrobatic fellow, I remember, walked for some distance along the seemingly perpendicular face of the cliff, slipping now and then on the wet surface and having to "wing it" for a space, yet still pausing at short intervals to let out a song. In truth, the happy creatures were just then brimming over with music; and if I seem to praise their efforts but grudgingly, it is to be said, on the other hand, in justice to the song and to myself, that my appreciation of it grew as the days passed. Whatever else might be true of it, it was the voice of the place.

Of birds beside the rough-wings and the water thrushes there were surprisingly few in the glen, though, to be sure, there may well have been many more than I found trace of. The splashing of a mountain brook is very pleasing music, — more pleasing, in itself considered, than the great majority of bird-songs, perhaps, — but an ornithological hobbyist may easily have too much of it. I call to mind how increasingly vexatious, and at last all but intolerable, a turbulent Vermont stream (a branch of Wait's River) became to me, some years ago, as it followed my road persistently mile after mile in the course of a May vacation. One gets on the track of the smaller birds through hearing their faint calls

in the bushes and treetops; and how was I to catch such indispensable signals with this everlasting uproar in my ears? So it was here in Cedar Creek ravine; it would have to be a pretty loud voice to be heard above the din of the hurrying water. And the birds, on their side, had something of the same difficulty; or so I judged from the unconventional behavior of a blue yellow-backed warbler that flitted through the hanging branches of a tree within a few inches of my hat, having plainly no suspicion of a human being's proximity. The tufted titmouse could be heard, of course. He would make a first-rate auctioneer, it seemed to me, with his penetrating, indefatigable voice and his genius for repetition. Now and then, too, I caught the sharp, sermonizing tones of a red-eyed vireo. Once an oven-bird near me mounted a tree hastily, branch by branch, and threw himself from the top for a burst of his afternoon medley; and at the bridge a phoebe sat calling. These, with a pair of cardinal grosbeaks, were all the birds I saw in the glen during my first day's visit.

In fact, I had the place pretty nearly to myself, not only on this first day, but for the entire week. Once in a great while a human visitor was encountered, but for the most part I went up and down the path with no disturbance to my meditations. Happily for me, the Bridge was now in its dull season. Many tourists had been here. The trunks of the older trees, the beeches especially, were scarred thickly with inglorious initials, some of them so far from the ground that the authors of them must have stood on one another's shoulders in their determination to get above the crowd. (In work of this kind an inch or two makes all the difference between renown and obscurity.) The fact was emblematic, I thought. So do men hoist and boost themselves into fame, not only in Cedar Creek ravine, but in the "great world," as we call it, outside. Who so lowly-

mind as not to believe that he could make a name for himself if only he had a step-ladder? At the arch, likewise, such autographers had been busy ever since Washington's day. I peeped into a crevice to obtain a closer view of a tiny fern, and there before me was a penciled name, invisible till I came thus near to it. One of the meek the writer must have been; a lead pencil, and so fine a hand! Dumphy of New Orleans. Why should I not second his modest bid for immortality? A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches. By all means let Dumphy of New Orleans be remembered.

As for Washington's "G. W.," the letters are said to be still decipherable by those who know exactly where to look and exactly what to look for; but I can testify to nothing of myself. I was told where the initials were; one was much plainer than the other, my informant said, — which seemed to imply that one of them, at least, was more or less a matter of faith; he would go down with me some day and point them out; but the hour convenient to both of us never came, and so, although I almost always spent a minute or two in the search as I passed under the arch, I never detected them or anything that I could even imagine to stand for them. I have had experience enough of such things, however, to be aware that my failure proves nothing as against the witness of other men's eyesight. Certainly I know of no ground for doubting that Washington cut his initials on the cliff; and if he did, it seems reasonable to believe that tradition would have preserved a knowledge of the place, and so have made it possible to find them now in all their inevitable indistinctness after so long an exposure to the wear of the elements. Neither do I esteem it anything but a natural and worthy curiosity for the visitor to wish to see them; and I may add my hope that all young men who are destined to achieve Washington's mea-

sure of distinction will cut their names large and deep in every such wall, for the benefit of future generations. As for the rest of us, if we must scratch our names in stone or carve them on the bark of trees, let us seek some sequestered nook, where the sight of our doings will neither be an offense to others nor make us a laughing-stock.

I have said that I discovered Dumphy of New Orleans while leaning against the cliff to peer into a crevice in search of a diminutive fern. This fern was of much interest to me, being nothing less than the wall-rue spleenwort (*Asplenium Ruta-muraria*), for which I had looked without success in years past on the limestone cliffs of northern Vermont, at Willoughby and elsewhere. The fronds, stipe and all, last-year plants in full fruit, were less than three inches in length. Another fern, one size larger, but equally new and interesting, was the purple-stemmed cliff-brake (*Pellaea atropurpurea*), which also had eluded my search in its New England habitat. Both these rarities (plants which will grow only on limestone cannot easily be degraded into commonness) I could have gathered here in moderate numbers, but of course collecting is not permitted; it cannot be, in a spot so frequented by curiosity-seekers. It was pleasure enough for me, at any rate, to see them.

Along the bottom of the ravine I had remarked a profusion of a strikingly beautiful larger fern (but still "smallish," as my pencil says), with showy red stems and a most graceful curving or drooping habit. This I could not make out for a time; but it proved to be, as I soon began to suspect, *Cystopteris bulbifera*, to my thinking one of the loveliest of all things that grow. I had seen it abundant at Willoughby, Vermont, and at Owl's Head, Canada, ten years before; but either my memory was playing me a trick, or there was here a very considerable diminution in the length of the fronds, accompanied by a decided

heightening in the color of the stalk and rhachis. Before long, however, I found a specimen already beginning to show its bulblets, and these, with a study of Dr. Eaton's description, left me in no doubt as to the plant's identity.

What other ferns may have been growing in the ravine I cannot now pretend to say. I remember the Christmas fern, a goodly supply of the dainty little *Asplenium trichomanes*, and tufts of what I took with reasonable certainty for *Cystopteris fragilis* in its early spring stage, than which few things can be more graceful. On the upper edge of the ravine, when I left the place one day by following a maze of zigzag cattle-paths up the steep slope, and found myself, to my surprise, directly in the rear of the hotel, I came upon a dense patch of a smallish, very narrow, dark-stemmed fern, new to my eyes, — the hairy lip-fern, so called (*Cheilanthes vestita*). These fronds, too, like those of the cliff-brake and the wall-rue spleenwort, were of last year's growth, thickly covered on the back with brown "fruit-dots," and altogether having much the appearance of dry herbarium specimens; but they were good to look at, nevertheless. Here, as in the case of *Pellaea atropurpurea*, it was a question not only of a new species, but of a new genus.

From my account of the scarcity of birds in Cedar Creek ravine the reader will have already inferred, perhaps, that I did not spend my days there, great as were its botanical attractions. My last morning's experience at Pulaski, the evidence there seen that the vernal migration was at full tide, or near it, had brought on a pretty acute attack of ornithological fever, — a spring disease which I am happy to believe has become almost an epidemic in some parts of the United States within recent years, — and not even the sight of new ferns and new flowers could allay its symptoms. I had counted upon finding a similar state of things here, — all the woods astir with

wings. Instead of that, I found the fields alive with chipping sparrows, the air full of chimney swifts, the shade trees in front of the hotel vocal with gold-finch notes, and, comparatively speaking, nothing else. By the end of the second day I was fast becoming disconsolate. "No birds here," I wrote in my journal. "I have tried woods of all sorts. A very few parula warblers, two or three red-eyed vireos, one yellow-throated vireo, seven Louisiana water thrushes in the glen, one prairie warbler, and a few oven-birds! No Bewick wrens. Two purple finches and one or two phœbes have been the only additions to my Virginia list." A pitiful tale. Vacations are short and precious, and it goes hard with us to see them running to waste.

The next evening (May 3) it was the same story continued. "It is marvelous, the difference between this beautiful place, diversified with fields and woods, — hard wood, cedar, pine, — it is marvelous, the difference between this heavenly spot and Pulaski in the matter of birds. There I registered six new arrivals in half an hour Wednesday morning; here I have made but six additions to my list in two full days. There is scarcely a sign of warbler migration. Was it that in Pulaski the woods were comparatively small, and the birds had to congregate in them? Or does Pulaski lie in a route of migration?" Wild surmises, both of them; but wisdom is not to be looked for in a fever patient.

"Six additions in two full days," I wrote; but the second day was not yet full. As evening came on I went out to stand awhile upon the bridge; and while I listened to the brawling of the creek and admired the beautiful scene below me, the moon shining straight down upon it, a nighthawk called from the sky, and afterward — not from the sky — a whippoorwill. Here, then, were two more names for my catalogue; but even so, — six or eight, — it was a beggarly rate of increase in such a favored spot and

in the very nick of the season. The "six additions," it may ease the reader's curiosity to know, were the Carolina wren, the summer tanager, the purple finch, the indigo bunting, the blue-gray gnatcatcher, and the phœbe.

One compensation there was for the ornithological barrenness of these first few days: I had the more leisure for botany. And the hours were not thrown away, although at the time I was almost ready to think they were, with so many of them devoted to ransacking the Manual; for a man who does not collect specimens to carry home with him must, as it were, drive his field work and his closet work abreast; he must study out his findings as he goes along. On the evening of the second day, for example, I wrote in my journal thus, — the final entry under that date, as the reader may guess: "In bed. Strange how we flatter ourselves with a knowledge of names. I have spent much time to-day looking up the names of flowers and ferns, and somehow feel as if I had learned something in so doing. Really, however, I have learned only that some one else has seen the things before me, and called them so and so. At best that is *nearly* all I have learned." But after setting down the results of my investigations, especially of those having to do with the pretty draba and the bulbiferous fern, I concluded in a less positive strain: "Well, the hunt for names does quicken observation and help to relate and classify things." That was a qualification well put in. The whole truth was never written on one side of the leaf. If *all* our botany were Latin names, as Emerson says, we should have little to boast of; yet even that would be one degree better than nothing, as Emerson himself felt when he visited a museum and saw the cases of shells. "I was hungry for names," he remarks. So have all men of intelligence been since the day of the first systematic, name-conferring naturalist, the man who dwelt in Eden. Let us be thankful for man-

uals, I say, that offer on easy terms a speaking acquaintance, if nothing more, with the world of beauty about us. Things take their value from comparison, and my own ignorance was but a little while ago so absolute that now I am proud to know so much as a name.

Meanwhile, to come back to Natural Bridge, I had found the country of a most engaging sort. In truth, while the bridge itself is the "feature" of the place, as we speak in these days, it is by no means its only, or, as I should say, its principal attraction, so far, at least, as a leisurely visit is concerned. A man may see it and go, — as most tourists do; but if he stays, he will find that the region round about not only has charms of its own, but is one of the prettiest he has ever set eyes on; and that, I should think, though he be neither a botanist, nor an ornithologist, nor any other kind of natural historian. For myself, at all events, I had already come to that conclusion, notwithstanding I had yet to see some of the most beautiful parts of the country, and was, besides, far too much concerned about the birds (the absentees in particular) and the flowers to have quieted down to any adequate appreciation of the general landscape. I have never yet learned to see a prospect on the first day, or while in the eager expectation of new things, although, like every one else, I can exclaim with a measure of shallow sincerity, "Beautiful! beautiful!" even at the first moment.

As my mood now was, at any rate, fine scenery did not satisfy me; and on the morning of May 4, after two days and a half of botanical surfeit and ornithological starvation, I packed my trunk preparatory to going elsewhere. First, however, I would try the woods once more, if perchance something might have happened overnight. Otherwise, so I informed the landlord, I would return in season for an early luncheon, and should expect to be driven to the station for the noon train northward.

I went to a promising-looking hill covered with hard-wood forest, a spot already visited more than once, — Buck Hill I heard it called afterward, — and was no sooner well in the woods than it became evident that something *had* happened. The treetops were swarming with birds, and I had my hands full with trying to see and name them. Old trees are grand creations, — among the noblest works of God, I often think; but for a bird-gazer they have one disheartening drawback, especially when, as now, the birds not only take to the topmost boughs (even the hummer and the magnolia warbler, so my notes say, went with the multitude to do evil), but, to make matters worse, are on the move northward or southward, or flitting in simple restlessness from hill to hill. However, I did my best with them while the fun lasted. Then all in a moment they were gone, though I did not see them go; and nothing was left but the wearisome iterations of oven-birds and red-eyes where just now were so many singers and talkers, among which, for aught I could tell, there might have been some that it would have been worth the price of a long vacation to scrape even a treetop acquaintance with.

Indeed, it was certain that one member of the flock was a rarity, if not an absolute novelty. That was the most exciting and by all odds the most deplorable incident of the whole affair. I had obtained several glimpses of him, but had been unable to determine his identity; a warbler, past all reasonable doubt, with pure white under parts (the upper parts quite invisible) except for a black or blackish line, barely made out, across the lower throat or the upper breast. He, of course, had vanished with the rest, the more was the pity. I had made a guess at him, to be sure; it is a poor naturalist who cannot do as much as that (but a really good naturalist would “form a hypothesis,” I suppose) under almost any circumstances.

I had called him a cerulean warbler. Once in my life I had seen a bird of that species, but only for a minute. If he wore a black breast-band, I did not see it, or else had forgotten it. If I could only have had a look at this fellow’s back and wings! As it was, I was not likely ever to *know* him, though the printed description would either demolish or add a degree of plausibility to my offhand conjecture.

The better course, after losing a bevy of wanderers in this way, is perhaps to remain where one is and await the arrival of another detachment of the migratory host. This advice, or something like it, I seem to remember having read, at all events; but I have never schooled myself to such a pitch of quietism. For a time, indeed, I could not believe that the birds *were* lost, and must hunt the hilltop over in the hope of another chance at them. An empty hope. So I did what I always do: the game having flown, I took my own departure also. I should not find the same flock again, but with good luck — which now it was easy to expect — I might find another; and except for the single mysterious stranger, that would be better still. One thing I was sure of, — Natural Bridge was not to be left out of the warbler migration; and one thing I forgot entirely, — that I had planned to leave it by the noonday train.

My useless chase over the broad hilltop had brought me to the side opposite the one by which I had ascended, and to save time, as I persuaded myself, I plunged down, as best I could, without a trail, — a piece of expensive economy, almost of course. In the first place, this haphazardous descent took me longer than it would have done to retrace my steps; and in the second place, I was compelled for much of the distance to force my way through troublesome underbrush, in doing which I made of necessity — being a white man — no little noise, and so was the less likely to hear the note of any small bird, or to come

close upon him without putting him to flight. In general, let the bird-gazer keep to the path, except in open woods, or as some specific errand may lead him away from it. In one way and another, nevertheless, I got down at last, and after beating over a piece of pine wood, with little or no result, I crossed a field and a road, and entered a second tract of hardwood forest.

The trees were comfortably low, with much convenient shrubbery, and after a little, seeing myself at the centre of things, as it were, I dropped into a seat and allowed the birds to gather about me. At my back was a bunch of white-throated sparrows. From the same quarter a chat whistled now and then, and white-breasted nuthatches and a Carolina chickadee did likewise, the last with a noticeable variation in his tune, which had dwindled to three notes. Here, as on the hill I had just left, wood pewees and Acadian flycatchers announced themselves, in tones so dissimilar as to suggest no hint of blood relationship. The wood pewee is surely the gentleman of the family, so far as the voice may serve as an indication of character. In dress and personal appearance he is a flycatcher of the flycatchers; but what a contrast between his soft, plaintive, exquisitely modulated whistle, the very expression of refinement, and the wild, rasping, over-emphatic vociferations that characterize the family in general! The more praise to him. The Acadians seemed to have come northward in a body. Nothing had been seen or heard of them before, but from this morning they abounded in all directions. In a single night they had taken possession of the woods. Here was the first Canadian warbler of the season, singing from a perch so uncommonly elevated (he is a lover of bushy thickets rather than of trees) that for a time it did not come to me who he was, — so exceedingly earnest and

voluble. A black-throated blue warbler almost brushed my elbow. Redstarts were never so splendid, I thought, the white of the dogwood blossoms, now in their prime, setting off the black and orange of the birds in a most brilliant manner, as was true also of the deep vermilion of the summer tanager. A Blackburnian warbler, whose flame-colored throat needs no setting but its own, had fallen into a lyrical mood very unusual for him, and sang almost continuously for at least half an hour, — a poor little song in a thin little voice, but full of pleasant suggestions in every note. The first Swainson thrush was present, with no companion of his own kind, so far as appeared. I prolonged my stay on purpose to hear him sing, but was obliged to content myself with the sight of him and the sound of his sweet, quick whistle.

All the while, as I watched one favorite another would come between us. Once it was a humming-bird, a bit of animate beauty that must always be attended to; and once, when the place had of a sudden fallen silent, and I had taken out a book, I was startled by a flash of white among the branches, — a red-headed woodpecker, in superb color, new for the year, and on all accounts welcome. He remained for a time in silence, and then in silence departed (he had been almost too near me before he knew it); but having gone, he began a little way off to play the tree-frog for my amusement. After him a hairy woodpecker made his appearance, with sharp, peremptory signals, highly characteristic; and then, from some point near by, a rose-breasted grosbeak's *hic* was heard.

It was high noon before I was done with "receiving" (one of the prettiest "functions" of the year, though none of the newspapers got wind of it), and returned to the hotel, where the landlord smiled when I told him that some friends of mine had arrived, and I should stay a few days longer.

Bradford Torrey.

SOME NEW LETTERS BY LEIGH HUNT AND STEVENSON.

ALEXANDER IRELAND is known to most book-lovers chiefly as the compiler of *The Book-Lover's Enchiridion*, but it will perhaps be as the friend of some of the greatest literary celebrities of his day that he will longest be borne in remembrance. And that day was a long one, for he was born in Edinburgh on May 9, 1810, and died in Manchester on December 7, 1895.

Although he was not actively connected with journalism until 1846, when he became business manager of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*, Mr. Ireland had been keenly interested in literature for many years, and as early as 1835 had made the acquaintance of Emerson and Robert Chambers. The history of his friendship with Emerson he himself has given in his *Memoir and Recollections of Emerson* (1892). For nine years (1834-43) he was a constant visitor at the home of Robert Chambers, coming into contact there with many interesting people. It was through Mr. Ireland that *Vestiges of Creation* was first published; and later, it was he who divulged the secret of the authorship, as he was the last survivor of the four to whom it had been entrusted. It must remain a matter for infinite regret that he never put together his recollections of the distinguished writers whom he had known.

It was on the occasion of a visit to London, in the spring of 1838, that Mr. Ireland made the acquaintance of Leigh Hunt, introduced by Robert Chambers in the first of the following letters:—

EDINBURGH, *March 28, 1838.*

MY DEAR SIR, — A young friend of mine, who often reads and converses upon your works with me, and is, though in business, capable of appreciating their thought, fancy, and benevolence, is about

to visit London, and I have thought of gratifying both him and myself by commissioning him to take this letter to you, to inquire how you do, and to give you my kind remembrances, and to bring me from your own lips, if possible, some intelligence regarding you. All I have heard of you for some time is that you conduct the *Monthly Repository*, which is not to be seen in Scotland, or which, at any rate, *I* have not seen since you began to be connected with it. I should like to know if *Fortune* is kinder to you than she has been, and how your lambs suck and ewes feed; how your young people, I mean, are getting on. You and the world have somehow been unconvertible strata, which surely there was no need for; and as I think it owes you something, I should like to learn that it has begun to pay the debt. My friend's name is Ireland; he is the son of an eminent Edinbro' patriot, and an excellent young man, setting aside all regard to literary taste and philosophic principle. Next to Lamb, I believe you are his favourite author, and you can sympathize in the pleasure which a young man of refined feelings, brought up in the country, must be disposed to experience on being admitted to see, in very habit as he lives, one of the objects of his worship. If his good fortune and your convenience unite to favour him with an interview of a few minutes, it will make me, as his friend, your grateful debtor.

Trusting to hear all that is good of you, and with sentiments of sincere regard, I remain, my dear sir,

Yours ever faithfully,

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

ALEXANDER IRELAND TO LEIGH HUNT.

EDINBURGH, *May 18, 1838.*

MY DEAR SIR, — I beg your acceptance of the accompanying works, of

which I spoke to you when I saw you. I should like to know your opinion of both, but particularly of Combe's work. It appears to me to unfold very important views relative to the advancement and amelioration of the species, and affords a solution, in my humble opinion, of many of those difficulties connected with the moral government of the universe which puzzle those accustomed to think of such subjects.

I sincerely trust that you may preserve your health, because upon it depend cheerfulness and all the blessings. A Spanish proverb says, "He who loves wealth loves much; he who loves friends loves more; but he who loves health loves all." May happier and brighter days be yet in store for you and yours! I retain the most pleasing recollection of my interview with you, and I shall have resort to your works with greater delight than ever, now that I know you. Mr. Chambers desires me to return you his grateful thanks for your kindness to me as his friend. I shall be exceedingly happy to hear from you when you have leisure to write; and believe me, I will always continue to feel the liveliest interest in your welfare.

Yours faithfully, A. IRELAND.

ALEXANDER IRELAND TO LEIGH HUNT.

MANCHESTER, *May 4, 1845.*

MY DEAR SIR, — You may not perhaps recollect me; but I shall never forget a delightful evening I spent with you six or seven years ago in Chelsea, where you welcomed me to your house, and allowed me the privilege of a few hours' conversation with you about Lamb, Hazlitt, Coleridge, and Poetry and Life, and all these glorious things.

Since then many things have happened to me, both sad and sweet, but all tending to make me love my fellow creatures more and more, and to have stronger and firmer hopes in the advancement of our common nature.

I have been for two years residing in

Manchester, engaged in commercial pursuits. I am connected with the *Athenæum*, a literary institution of considerable importance, and of which you have doubtless heard. My object in writing to you is to ascertain whether you would be willing to be chairman at our next great *soirée*. Dickens was our first chairman, Disraeli our second, and we are now beginning to think of a third. . . .

Leigh Hunt's first letter to Ireland shows that even in the chorus of fame which was then assailing him the author enjoyed the single but sincere note which his young worshiper sounded: —

CHelsea, *February 21* [about 1840].

MY DEAR SIR, — I wish I could write you as long and welcome a letter as the one I have received, and cram it full of all impossible good things besides; but overwhelmed as I am with heaps of written and printed congratulations, every one of which I am bound in gratitude, as well as impelled with delight, to answer, I am forced to make my thanks as brief as I can, consistently with my feelings. Many thanks for the letter itself, and the length of it, and all you say in it, and the time at which it was written, and above all for the news you tell me of Mrs. Ireland; for the breath of a woman ever sounds the best as well as the highest of all the notes of joy. With best returns of congratulations to you both, and hope to see you together some day on the green borders of London (for I am going to flit northward towards my old meadows), I am ever, dear sir,

Your faithful and obliged servant,

LEIGH HUNT.

Like everybody else, Hunt seems to have fallen victim to the memorable epidemic of influenza in 1841; for he writes from Kensington under date of February 16 of that year: —

MY DEAR IRELAND, — Pardon this brief word of a note. I have been so unwell with influenza, and am so with the consequences of it, I seem as if I had been walking a hundred miles, and could n't get the fatigue out of my limbs.

Ever most truly yours, L. H.

The next letters show that Mr. Ireland's admiration for his gifted friend continued to find expression: —

KENSINGTON, May 31.

MY DEAR IRELAND, — My friend Mr. Ollier informs me that "some weeks ago" there was a very kind notice of me in an article in your old godfather the Examiner. I fear the godson must have thought me very insensible for saying nothing about it, but I have never seen the article. The number of the Manchester Examiner containing it never came into my hands.

Observing the series of notices which your paper was giving of contemporary journals, etc., I had delayed making a remark or two on itself till I had seen the number in question; and its non-arrival was therefore doubly perplexing. Will you have the goodness to inquire whether any accident stopped it at the office? When I receive it I will write again. I have another request to make you; which is, to constitute yourself, for one minute, my spiritual representative at the Amateur supper (luckily for you, you cannot represent me in the flesh), and getting up, glass in hand, drink my kindest affectionate remembrances to my famous friend, and cordiallest wishes for the Shakespearean welfare of Knowles.

Ever most sincerely yours,

LEIGH HUNT.

P. S. You will be glad to know that Webster has accepted my play, and that he promises to bring it out early next season.

KENSINGTON, June 23.

MY DEAR SIR, — A million thanks for papers and their contents, and all

kindness. I am forced to write very briefly, owing to a bad *biliosified* head; but you may well imagine what I feel, at what all kind friends are saying and doing.

I hope to thank the Manchester portion of them by and by in person, for, if I prosper, there is nothing which will add to my good and pleasure so much as taking a journey or two gratitude-wards: in which hope I am ever, my dear sir, most sincerely

Your obliged and faithful friend,

LEIGH HUNT.

The following extract from a letter of Ireland's to Leigh Hunt, referring to the production of Hunt's play, *A Legend of Florence*, in London, shows the continued recollection of the memorable first meeting ten years before: —

. . . I have just been reading in the Morning Chronicle and Examiner accounts of your new play. Allow me to express to you the sincere pleasure and glow of satisfaction with which I read them. Amongst the many congratulations of your friends, be assured none can be more heartfelt than mine. Your works have been to me for years a solace and delight; a kind of sanctuary where I can retire from the rush of this workaday world. I cannot resist the occasion of sending you a few lines, prompted to it by this pleasing passage in your history. Never shall I forget your kindness in permitting me, an entire stranger ("No!" I hear you say; "an author and his reader cannot be strangers"), to spend a few hours with you some ten years since.

That "the gray-haired boy whose heart can ne'er grow old" may long be spared to utter sweet and generous thoughts, diffusing wherever they go a cheerful humanity and mirthfulness, is the prayer of

Your sincere well-wisher,

ALEXANDER IRELAND.

This last letter of Hunt's shows his reverence for "royalty," and reveals the sensitive vanity of the man. A play is, after all, the last thing in the world on which a man can rationally take criticism.

HAMMERSMITH, *October 27* [about 1849].

MY DEAR SIR, — Many thanks for your handsome notice of my play. Next to this, your approbation of it. I was particularly pleased to find that Mr. Montgomery gave way to his fervour so properly, on the occasion you allude to.

I used to make Ellen Tree laugh, during the rehearsals of the part, by reminding Mr. Anderson that he was not to be *indecent*, but to clasp his mistress right heartily, and as if the only thing to be ashamed of were his doing it by halves. For you know there is apt to be a cold suggestiveness on the stage, on such occasions, which is the most indecent of all things. Ah! I wish everybody had understood the play as thoroughly as her fine nature did, or as that (let me proudly add) of the Queen did. I do not speak of the poetry, but of the heart and justice of it. It would have had a better fortune. But "thereby hangs a tale."

You speak of the emptiness of the boxes. There were so few men, one night, among the audience at Covent Garden that the same charming actress wittily said, "Those are all the good husbands in London." The same inequality of the sexes will perhaps have been observable in the Manchester audiences. If so, it might be worth your while (and edifying for *them*) to notice it. Madame Vestris, with an instinctive apprehension to that effect, wished me to let Agolanti have his wife back again, and said that if I did so she would undertake that the play should have a run of sixty nights. I told her that my conscience would not allow me; that I felt I had a piece of legislation in my hands, the duty of which I could not give up; and that as the man was not to be di-

vorced (for she would not have the divorce in the play, as originally written) nothing remained for justice but to kill him.

A queen's opinion, however, may do much, in spite of conventional errors. How it happened that the Legend of Florence was not repeated at the Princess's Theatre, as other plays performed at Windsor had been, I have yet to learn, and even to inquire, — so strangely incurious am I, and so much in the habit of waiting events; but I ought to have done so, and must, now that my Autobiography is to be continued. Strange things have been told me, but I have never investigated them. Not that the Queen had anything to do with them. Her Majesty (God bless the dear, warm-hearted woman) has never done me anything but good and honour, from first to last.

Perhaps you are not aware that after she had first witnessed the performance of the play at Covent Garden, the Queen, on her way out of the theatre, said to the stage manager, "This is a beautiful play you have given us to-night, Mr. Bartyly." Bartyly, with great good nature as well as presence of mind, said to the Queen, "I think the author would be very happy if I might repeat to him those gracious words of your Majesty." "Do so, by all means," said the cordial sovereign.

Lord John Russell told me that Prince Albert expressed the same opinion of the piece. You are aware, I believe, that the Queen went more than once to see it at Covent Garden; twice, I know, but Madame Vestris told a friend that she went four times. She afterward had it performed at Windsor; and this, I think, it might have been good for the Manchester people to be told, in the play's announcements. I had thought of saying as much to the manager, myself, in a letter to him; but living so retired, and ignorant of so many things which other people know, I am not acquainted with

his name, and did not like to address him merely by his office. Perhaps, if you, or some friend of yours, have personal knowledge of him, you would be kind enough to convey my compliments to him and state my opinion on the subject; perhaps let him have a sight of this letter.

I cannot help thinking, knowing what an effect royalty has at all times, and how just a sympathy the people have with it, in its present English shape, that if the manager were to speak of the play in his bills and announcements as "performed by her Majesty's command at Windsor Castle," the result to the boxes might be good for all parties concerned.

With constant pleasure in reading, every Saturday or Monday (according as the postman chooses to gratify me), both your original articles (often plucking out the whole heart of the questions) and the judicious and entertaining selections which you make from books, I am ever, dear sir,

Thankfully and faithfully yours,

LEIGH HUNT.

Another of the literary men whom Mr. Ireland had among his correspondents was Robert Louis Stevenson. The first of the following letters from him — the only real letter of the three; the others are but notes — is very characteristic, intense, eager, and hopeful.

DAVOS, SWITZERLAND [1881 ?].

MY DEAR SIR, — This formidable paper need not alarm you: it argues nothing beyond penury of other sorts, and it is not at all likely to lead me into a long letter. If I were at all grateful, it would, for yours has just passed for me a considerable part of a stormy evening. And speaking of gratitude, let me at once, and with becoming eagerness, accept your kind invitation to Bowden. I shall hope, if we can agree as to dates, when I am nearer hand, to come to you some time in the month of May. I was

pleased to hear you were a Scot, — I feel more at home with my compatriots always; perhaps the more we are away, the more we feel that bond.

You ask about Davos. I have discoursed about it already, rather sillily, I think, in the Pall Mall, and I mean to say no more; but the ways of the Muse are dubious and obscure, and who knows? I may be wild again. As a place of residence, beyond a splendid climate, it has to my eyes but one advantage, — the neighbourhood of J. A. Symonds. I dare say you know his work, but the man is far more interesting. Davos has done me, in my two winters of Alpine exile, much good; so much that I hope to leave it now forever, but would not be understood to boast. In my present unpardonably crazy state, any cold night sends me skipping, either back to Davos or further off. It is dear, a little dreary, very far from many things that both my taste and my needs prompt me to seek, and altogether not the place I should choose of my free will.

I am chilled by your description of the man in question; though I had almost argued so much from his cold and undigested volume. If the republication does not interfere with my publisher, it will not interfere with me; but there, of course, comes the hitch. I do not know Mr. Bentley, and I fear all publishers like the devil, from legend and experience both. However, when I come to town, we shall, I hope, meet and understand each other, as well as author and publisher ever do. I liked his letters; they seemed hearty, kind, and personal. Still, I am notably suspicious of the trade; your news of this republication alarms me.

The best of the present French novelists seems to me, incomparably, Daudet. *Les Rois en Exil* comes very near being a masterpiece. For Zola I have no toleration, though the curious, eminently bourgeois, and eminently French creature has power of a kind. But I

would he were deleted! I would not give a chapter of old Dumas (meaning himself, not his collaborators) for the whole boiling of the Zolas. Romance with the smallpox (or the great one), — diseased — and black-hearted, and fundamentally at enmity with joy.

I trust that Mrs. Ireland does not object to smoking; and if you are a tea-totaler, I beg you to mention it before I come. I have all the vices; some of the virtues also, let us hope, — that, at least, of being a Scotchman and

Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

P. S. My father was in the old High School the last year, and walked in the procession to the new. I blush to own I am an Academy boy; it seems modern, and smacks of the soil.

P. P. S. I enclose a good joke, — at least, I think so, — my first attempts, and wood-engravings printed by my stepson, a boy of thirteen. I will put in also one of my later attempts. I have been nine days at the art: observe my progress.

R. L. S.

The shadow of illness lay over all the work Stevenson did, but he maintained a merry daring till the end.

SPEY VIEW, KINGROSSIE, *August 18 [1883 ?]*.

MY DEAR SIR, — I am afraid the 14th of September is too late for me, and we'll have to delay the visit till next summer. I regret this extremely; but I must be thinking of something more to the purpose — finding a shelter for my head — by that date.

I am feeling better, though I have been worse, since I saw you; but I am in hopes that I shall get through the summer, at least, without harm, and then some better climate in winter will enable me to progress. Summer seems worse than winter, somehow.

Pray excuse my delay. This is a formula of mine, — a *cliché*.

But my wife has had a relapse, and be-

tween that and dyspepsia I have not had my head on my shoulders this while past.

With many thanks, believe me,

Yours very truly,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

Did I ever tell you with how great an interest I had read your reminiscences of Carlyle and Mrs. C.? If not, it was tenfold ungrateful. I have not often read anything so convincing. I believe I *felt* both of them more nearly in your paper than anywhere else.

R. L. S.

The pages below referred to, which Stevenson found so much pleasure in having reprinted in the *Enchiridion*, were taken from an article published in the *Fortnightly Review* of April, 1881, on *The Morality of the Profession of Letters*. "The Hazlitt scheme" was a proposal by Stevenson to prepare a volume on William Hazlitt for the *English Men of Letters* series.

HÔTEL DES ILES D'OR,
HYÈRES, FRANCE, *November [1883 ?]*.

MY DEAR SIR, — Much ill health, and a whole odyssey of changes, and a sea of confused affairs must stand my excuse for this long silence. I am now better, much better, and have got to a place where, at least, I take a moment's breath; and so I hasten to thank you for your having kindly sent me the *Enchiridion*, and still more kindly found a place for a word of mine in so select a company. It is much easier for you to imagine than for me to express (that, at least, is an original phrase) the gratification I felt when I saw my name in your collection: I fear it was the extract I enjoyed the most! — but the whole work seems admirably done, and I find it not only a beautiful little book for the eye, but quite one of those pocket volumes that a man can read and re-read, without end or weariness.

The Hazlitt scheme lies, for the present, high and dry; I do not even see my way to revisit England this year, and it would be tempting Providence to make

sure of the next. I believe I require a long absence and much care, to get properly on my legs again, and the abominable folly of getting well in winter, only to come home and fall ill again in autumn, is one which I am eager to avoid repeating. Please pardon me as well as you can for that sort of fault to which, I fear, I have already only too much accustomed you, and believe me,

Yours very sincerely,

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

A. IRELAND, ESQ.

As these fragmentary letters show, Mr. Ireland was exceedingly rich in reminiscence; he could tell of interviews with Sir Walter Scott, De Quincey, and William and Dorothy Wordsworth; he numbered among his friends Thomas Campbell, Leigh Hunt, Thomas Carlyle, Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, Oliver Wendell Holmes, James Russell Lowell, Robert Louis Stevenson, and

many more. Carlyle, from whose caustic portraiture so few of his friends did not suffer, said of Mr. Ireland in 1847: "A solid, dark, broad, rather heavy man; full of energy and broad sagacity and practicability,—infinitely well affected to the man Emerson." And the "man Emerson" has said of him, with equal truth and greater warmth: "At the landing in Liverpool I found my Manchester correspondent awaiting me. . . . He added to solid virtues an infinite sweetness and bonhomie. There seemed a pool of honey about his heart which lubricated all his speech and action with fine jets of mead."

At the age of seventy Mr. Ireland retired from active connection with the *Examiner* and *Times*, and the gradual failure of the paper (which was actually sold, and passed out of existence some ten years later) obliged him to spend the remaining years of his life in the greatest simplicity of living.

Ethel Alleyne Ireland.

THE RUSSIAN JEW IN AMERICA.

ONE afternoon in the summer of 1881, when the Jewish quarter of Kieff was filled with groans and its pavements were strewn with the débris of destroyed homes, a group of young men entered one of the synagogues of the ancient city. They were well dressed, and their general appearance bespoke education and refinement. The rabbi had proclaimed a day of fasting and prayer, and the house of God was crowded with sobbing victims of the recent riots, but as the newcomers made their way to the Holy Ark silence fell upon the congregation. The young men were students of the University of St. Vladimir, and although sons of Israel like the others, their presence at a synagogue was an unusual sight.

"Brethren," said the spokesman of the

delegation, struggling with his sobs, "we are a committee of the Jewish students of the university, sent to clasp hands with you and to mingle our tears with your tears. We are here to say to you, 'We are your brothers; Jews like yourselves, like our fathers!' We have striven to adopt the language and manners of our Christian fellow countrymen; we have brought ourselves up to an ardent love of their literature, of their culture, of their progress. We have tried to persuade ourselves that we are children of Mother Russia. Alas! we have been in error. The terrible events which have called forth this fast and these tears have aroused us from our dream. The voice of the blood of our outraged brothers and sisters cries unto us that we are only

strangers in the land which we have been used to call our home; that we are only stepchildren here, waifs to be trampled upon and dishonored. There is no hope for Israel in Russia. The salvation of the downtrodden people lies in other parts, — in a land beyond the seas, which knows no distinction of race or faith, which is a mother to Jew and Gentile alike. In the great republic is our redemption from the brutalities and ignominies to which we are subjected in this our birthplace. In America we shall find rest; the stars and stripes will wave over the true home of our people. To America, brethren! To America!"

On February 2, 1882, a public meeting was held at Chickering Hall, New York. The proceedings were presided over by William R. Grace, then mayor of the city, with Judge Noah Davis, Hamilton Fish, Robert L. Stuart, Anson Phelps Stokes, Charles H. Van Brunt, Joseph H. Choate, and other well-known citizens as vice-chairmen. Ex-Secretary Evarts and the Rev. Dr. Hale were the principal speakers. The resolutions, adopted unanimously, and which met with the hearty approval of the entire American people, recited "that the citizens of New York have heard with sadness and indignation of the sufferings inflicted upon the Jews of Russia," and "that in the name of civilization we protest against the spirit of mediæval persecution. In this age the recognized equality of all men, irrespective of their religious confessions, an essential element in American constitutions, is a principle and a practice which secures the loyal devotion of all classes. This is eminently true of the Hebrews, who constitute faithful citizens and subjects wherever accorded the rights of manhood." The resolutions continued: "We sympathize with our fellow citizens of the Hebrew faith in their sorrow for their afflicted brethren in Russia, and in their energetic efforts for the welcome of the exiles."

The two gatherings, held in two hemi-

spheres, mark the opening of an important chapter in the history of the Jewish race, the beginning of a new great exodus of the wandering people. In the summer following the Chickering Hall meeting almost every incoming transatlantic steamship brought hundreds of Russian refugees to these shores.

Before 1882 the emigration of Russian Jews to America was restricted to the provinces lying about the Niemen and the Dwina, notably to the government of Souvalki, where economical conditions caused Catholic peasants as well as Jewish tradesmen and artisans to go elsewhere "in search of bread." Some of these Lithuanian and Polish Jews sought their fortune in the southern districts of the empire, where their brethren enjoyed a high average of prosperity, while the more venturesome crossed the frontier to embark for the New World. Among the Jews of the south (Ukraine and New Russia) and of the central provinces (Great Russia) self-expatriation was an unknown thing. But with the breaking out of the epidemic of anti-Jewish riots, which rendered thousands of well-to-do families homeless and penniless, Hebrew immigration to this country underwent an abrupt change in character as well as in volume.

Not only did the government of Alexander III. blink at the atrocities and practically encourage them, but it even sent a series of measures in their wake which had the effect of depriving new multitudes of "stepchildren" of their means of livelihood, and of dislodging thousands of families from their long-established homes. The cry "To America!" was taken up by city after city and hamlet after hamlet, till its fascinating echo reached every synagogue in the empire. Many left because they had been driven from their homes, and these were joined by many others who, while affected neither by the outbursts of mob violence nor by the new restrictions, succumbed to the contagious example of their

co-religionists and to a general sense of insecurity and of wounded race pride. The efflux which had hitherto been sporadic suddenly became epidemic. The prosperous and the cultivated — an element formerly rare among the Jewish arrivals at New York — came to form a respectable minority in nearly every company of immigrants which, thanks to the assistance of the Hebrew communities of western Europe and of this country, the steamships brought from the domains of the Czar. The Jewish college student, whose faith barred him from the educational institutions of the empire, sought these shores in order to complete his studies, and many a graduated physician, chemist, dentist, architect, and artist came here to take up the profession from which he was interdicted at his birthplace.

Sixteen years have elapsed. The Jewish population in the United States has grown from a quarter of a million to about one million. Scarcely a large American town but has some Russo-Jewish names in its directory, with an educated Russian-speaking minority forming a colony within a Yiddish-speaking colony, while cities like New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, and Boston have each a Ghetto rivaling in extent of population the largest Jewish cities in Russia, Austria, and Roumania. The number of Jewish residents in Manhattan Borough is estimated at two hundred and fifty thousand, making it the largest centre of Hebrew population in the world. The Russian tongue, which twenty years ago was as little used in this country as Persian, has been added to the list of languages spoken by an appreciable portion of the polyglot immigrant population.

Have the newcomers justified the welcome extended to them from Chickering Hall? Have they proved a desirable accession to the American nation?

"Let another man praise thee, and not thine own mouth; a stranger, and not thine own lips," is a proverb current

among the people who form the subject of this paper; and being one of them, I feel that it would be better, before citing figures and facts, to let Gentile Americans who have made a study of the New York Ghetto answer the question. Here is what Mr. Jacob A. Riis, an accepted authority on "how the other half lives," has to say of Jewish immigrants: —

"They [the Jews] do not rot in their slum, but, rising, pull it up after them. . . . As to their poverty, they brought us boundless energy and industry to overcome it. . . . They brought temperate habits and a redeeming love of home. Their strange customs proved the strongest ally of the Gentile health officer in his warfare upon the slum. The death-rate of poverty-stricken Jew-town, despite its crowding, is lower always than that of the homes of the rich. . . . I am a Christian, and hold that in his belief the Jew is sadly in error. So that he may respect mine I insist on fair play for him all round. I am sure that our city has to-day no better and no more loyal citizen than the Jew, be he poor or rich, and none she has less to be ashamed of."

The late Miss Ida Van Etten, who, as a worker among the factory girls of the East Side, had ample opportunities to study the Russian Jew at close range, found that "politically the Jews possess many characteristics of the best citizens."

Mr. James B. Reynolds, who, in his capacity of head worker of the university settlement of New York, has for many years been in direct touch with the people of the very heart of the Jewish district, gives the following general description of Hebrew immigrants: —

"My acquaintance has been mainly with the Russian, Polish, and Roumanian Jews. The first quality in them which impresses me is their intellectual avidity. Much has been said about their desire for gain. But while one must recognize among them an almost universal and certainly commendable desire to improve

their condition, the proportionate number of those with intellectual aims is larger than that of any other race that I have encountered. An essential oriental quality of mind and character also impresses me. This is reflected in a deep intensity of feeling, high imagination, and quickly varying emotions. Another oriental attribute is an occasional outburst of the extremest idealism, with an utter disregard of the restraining power of circumstances and conditions. This extreme idealism sometimes makes them impractical, but combined with their intellectual traits produces a character often full of imagination, aspiration, and appreciation."

Another Gentile American whose statement is entitled to consideration is Mr. Lawrence Dunphy, superintendent of the workhouse at Blackwell's Island (New York city), who is quoted in the report submitted in 1893 by Dr. Radin, visiting chaplain of prisons, to the Jewish Ministers' Association.

"Rabbi," said Mr. Dunphy (in 1892, ten years after the beginning of the great Jewish influx) to the author of the report, "I am happy to say that we do not need a Jewish chaplain at the workhouse. We have a very small number of Jews among the prisoners. You can be proud of your race: you are indeed a good class of citizens. Usually, the degraded people confined at the workhouse once are brought back very often; but I have very seldom seen a Jew brought back here a second time."

Such are the impressions of Christian Americans on a subject upon which they speak with the confidence of positive knowledge, the result of close and unbiased observation. If there are people who take a less favorable view of the Russian and the Polish Hebrew, they are not to be found among those whose opportunities for studying the subject by personal observation and whose qualifications for the task are known to the public.

The question of limiting immigration engages the attention of Congress at frequent intervals, and bills aiming at reform in this direction are brought before the Senate and the House. In its bearings upon the Russian, Austrian, or Roumanian Jew, the case is summed up by the opinions cited. Now let us hear the testimony of facts on the subject. The invasion of foreign illiteracy is one of the principal dangers which laws restricting immigration are meant to allay, and it is with the illiteracy of the New York Ghetto that we shall concern ourselves first.

The last report of the commissioner-general of immigration gives twenty-eight per cent as the proportion of illiterates among the immigrants who came during the past year from Russia. The figure would be much lower, should the computation be confined to immigrants of the Mosaic faith instead of including the mass of Polish and Lithuanian peasants, of whose number only a very small part can read and write. It may not be generally known that every Russian and Polish Jew, without exception, can read his Hebrew Bible as well as a Yiddish newspaper, and that many of the Jewish arrivals at the barge office are versed in rabbinical literature, not to speak of the large number of those who can read and write Russian. When attention is directed to the Russian Jew in America, a state of affairs is found which still further removes him from the illiterate class, and gives him a place among the most ambitious and the quickest to learn both the written and the spoken language of the adopted country, and among the easiest to be assimilated with the population.

The cry raised by the Russian anti-Semites against the backwardness of the Jew in adopting the tongue and the manners of his birthplace, in the same breath in which they urge the government to close the doors of its schools to subjects of the Hebrew faith, reminds one of the hypocritical miser who kept his gate

guarded by ferocious dogs, and then reproached his destitute neighbor with holding himself aloof. This country, where the schools and colleges do not discriminate between Jew and Gentile, has quite another tale to tell. The several public evening schools of the New York Ghetto, the evening school supported from the Baron de Hirsch fund, and the two or three private establishments of a similar character are attended by thousands of Jewish immigrants, the great majority of whom come here absolutely ignorant of the language of their native country. Surely nothing can be more inspiring to the public-spirited citizen, nothing worthier of the interest of the student of immigration, than the sight of a gray-haired tailor, a patriarch in appearance, coming, after a hard day's work at a sweat-shop, to spell "cat, mat, rat," and to grapple with the difficulties of "th" and "w." Such a spectacle may be seen in scores of the class-rooms in the schools referred to. Hundreds of educated young Hebrews earn their living, and often pay their way through college, by giving private lessons in English in the tenement houses of the district, — a type of young men and women peculiar to the Ghetto. The pupils of these private tutors are the same poor overworked sweat-shop "hands" of whom the public hears so much and knows so little. A tenement house kitchen turned, after a scanty supper, into a class-room, with the head of the family and his boarder bent over an English school reader, may perhaps claim attention as one of the curiosities of life in a great city; in the Jewish quarter, however, it is a common spectacle.

Nor does the tailor or peddler who hires these tutors, as a rule, content himself with an elementary knowledge of the language of his new home. I know many Jewish workmen who before they came here knew not a word of Russian, and were ignorant of any book except the Scriptures, or perhaps the Talmud, but whose range of English reading places

them on a level with the average college-bred American.

The grammar schools of the Jewish quarter are overcrowded with children of immigrants, who, for progress and deportment, are rated with the very best in the city. At least 500 of 1677 students at the New York City College, where tuition and books are free, are Jewish boys from the East Side. The poor laborer who will pinch himself to keep his child at college, rather than send him to a factory that he may contribute to the family's income, is another type peculiar to the Ghetto.

The innumerable Yiddish publications with which the quarter is flooded are also a potent civilizing and Americanizing agency. The Russian Jews of New York, Philadelphia, and Chicago have within the last fifteen years created a vast periodical literature which furnishes intellectual food not only to themselves, but also to their brethren in Europe. A feverish literary activity unknown among the Jews in Russia, Roumania, and Austria, but which has arisen here among the immigrants from those countries, educates thousands of ignorant tailors and peddlers, lifts their intelligence, facilitates their study of English, and opens to them the doors of the English library. The five million Jews living under the Czar had not a single Yiddish daily paper even when the government allowed such publications, while their fellow countrymen and co-religionists who have taken up their abode in America publish six dailies (five in New York and one in Chicago), not to mention the countless Yiddish weeklies and monthlies, and the pamphlets and books which to-day make New York the largest Yiddish book market in the world. If much that is contained in these publications is rather crude, they are in this respect as good — or as bad — as a certain class of English novels and periodicals from which they partly derive their inspiration. On the other hand, their readers are sure to find

in them a good deal of what would be worthy of a more cultivated language. They have among their contributors some of the best Yiddish writers in the world, men of undeniable talent, and these supply the Jewish slums with popular articles on science, on the history and institutions of the adopted country, translations from the best literatures of Europe and America, as well as original sketches, stories, and poems of decided merit. It is sometimes said (usually by those who know the Ghetto at second hand) that this unnatural development of Yiddish journalism threatens to keep the immigrant from an acquaintance with English. Nothing could be further from the truth. The Yiddish periodicals are so many preparatory schools from which the reader is sooner or later promoted to the English newspaper, just as the several Jewish theatres prepare his way to the Broadway playhouse, or as the Yiddish lecture serves him as a stepping-stone to that English-speaking, self-educational society, composed of workingmen who have lived a few years in the country, which is another characteristic feature of life in the Ghetto. Truly, the Jews "do not rot in their slum, but, rising, pull it up after them."

Foreign criminality is the next evil with which restrictive legislation is to grapple. As to the Jews, it may suffice, in addition to Superintendent Dunphy's experience, to point out the fact that while they constitute six per cent of the total population of the state of New York, they furnish only three per cent of the prisoners of that state. When attention is limited to the immigrant residents in the state, which is more to the point, the statistical data on the subject are still more favorable to the Jews. The ratio of foreign-born Jews to the total immigrant population is fifteen per cent, yet less than five per cent of the foreign-born prisoners in the state are of the Hebrew race.

The influx of foreign pauperism is an-

other source of alarm to the immigration reformer. "The foreign population of this country," says Dr. Wines in his Eleventh Census Bulletin, "contributes, directly or indirectly, in the persons of the foreign-born or of their immediate descendants, very nearly three fifths of all the paupers supported in almshouses." In the case of the Jews, however, the situation is more than reassuring. This will be seen by contrasting this general proportion with the figures quoted in Dr. Radin's report: "That eleven Jewish inmates are to be found at the Blackwell's Island almshouse among a total of 2170 males is sufficient proof how little the poor and needy among us become a burden on public charity. Those who are opposed to the immigration of Jews may heed this."

Of far greater importance, however, is the effect which immigration has upon the general scale of wages. Speaking of the poor and ignorant foreigners who seek these shores, United States Senator Fairbanks observed (in his speech delivered before the Senate in defense of the anti-illiteracy bill, January 11, 1898): "Their standard of living and wages is such that they will accept lower compensation and harder conditions than our own workmen could or should accept. The natural and inevitable result of their coming will be to depress the wages of labor. . . . The consideration of the pending measure, as Mr. Blaine said of the Chinese exclusion act, 'connects itself intimately and inseparably with the labor question.' " It is labor, then, whose interests are to be consulted primarily; and against the Jewish immigrants labor has no grievance.

The only time when Jewish laborers threatened to come in serious conflict with the cause of American workingmen was during the great 'longshoremen's strike of 1882, at the very beginning of the new era in the history of Jewish immigration. Ignorant of the meaning of strikes, the newcomers blindly allowed them-

selves to be persuaded by representatives of ship-owners to take the places of former employees. No sooner, however, had the situation been explained to the "scabs" than they abandoned their wheelbarrows, amid the applause of the striking Gentiles. Since then the Jewish workmen have been among the most faithful members of the various trades-unions of the country. Outside of the clothing trades, Russian and Polish Jews are to be found in considerable numbers in the cigar industry, in the silk factories and the hat factories of New Jersey, in the shoe factories of Massachusetts, in the machine shops of Connecticut, among the jewelers of Rhode Island, and in several other trades: in all these employments their relations with their American associates are of the most cordial nature. Whatever may be the social chances of a Jewish banker, the Jewish workingmen of New England and their American shopmates are on visiting terms. So far from depressing wages and bringing down the standard of living, the Jewish workman has been among the foremost in the struggle for the interests of the wage-earning class of the country. If he brings with him a lower standard of living, his keen susceptibilities, his "intellectual avidity," and his "almost universal and certainly commendable desire to improve his condition" impel him to raise that standard to the level of his new surroundings. Unlike some of the immigrants of other nationalities, the Essex Street Jew does not remain here in the same plight in which he came. Poor as he is, he strives to live like a civilized man, and the money which another workman perhaps might spend on drink and sport he devotes to the improvement of his home and the education of his children. When Senator Fairbanks speaks of "that immigration which does not seek to build homes among us" as the most objectionable element, as one whose "exclusion will be no loss," he surely cannot refer to the Russian Jew;

and if "it may be stated as axiomatic that home-builders are good citizens," the Jewish immigrant makes a very good citizen indeed.

I have visited the houses of many American workingmen, in New England and elsewhere, as well as the residences of their Jewish shopmates, and I have found scarcely a point of difference. The squalor of the typical tenement house of the Ghetto is far more objectionable and offensive to the people who are doomed to live in it than to those who undertake slumming expeditions as a fad, and is entirely due to the same economical conditions which are responsible for the lack of cleanliness in the homes of such poor workingmen as are classed among the most desirable contribution to the population. The houses of the poor Irish laborers who dwell on the outskirts of the great New York Ghetto (and they are not worse than the houses occupied by the poor Irish families of the West Side) are not better, in point of cleanliness, than the residences of their Jewish neighbors. The following statement, which is taken from the report made by the tenement house committee to the Senate and Assembly of the state of New York on January 17, 1895, throws light on the subject.

"It is evident," says the committee, "that there are other potent causes besides density of population at work to affect the death-rate of the tenement districts, and the most obvious one is race or nationality. It will be observed at once that the wards showing the greatest house density combined with a low death-rate, namely the tenth and seventh wards, are very largely populated by Russian and Polish Jews. This is, in fact, the Jewish quarter of the city. On the other hand, the wards having the highest death-rate . . . constitute two of the numerous Italian colonies which are distributed through the city. . . . The greatest density (57.2 tenants to a house) is in the tenth ward (almost

exclusively occupied by Jews), which also has the lowest death-rate. . . . The low death-rates of the seventh and tenth wards are largely accounted for by the fact previously mentioned, that they are populated largely by Russian Jews."

To be sure, life in a tenth ward tenement house is wretched enough, but this has nothing to do with the habits and inclinations of its inmates. It is a broad subject, one which calls in question the whole economic arrangement of our time, and of which the sweating system — the great curse of the Ghetto — is only one detail.

Is the Russian Jew responsible for the sweating system? He did not bring it with him. He found it already developed here. In its varied forms it exists in other industries as well as in the tailoring trades. But far from resigning himself to his burden the Jewish tailor is ever struggling to shake it from his shoulder. Nor are his efforts futile. In many instances the sweat-shop system has been abolished or its curse mitigated. The sweating system and its political ally the "ward heeler" are accountable for ninety-nine per cent of whatever vice may be found in the Ghetto, and the Jewish tailor is slowly but surely emancipating himself from both. "The redemption of the workers must be effected by the workers themselves" is the motto of the two dailies which the Jewish workingmen publish for themselves in New York. The recurring tailor strikes, whose frequency has been seized upon by the "funny men" of the daily press, are far less droll than they are represented to be. Would that the public could gain a deeper insight into these struggles than is afforded by newspaper reports! Hidden under an uncouth surface would be found a great deal of what constitutes the true poetry of modern life, — tragedy more heart-rending, examples of a heroism more touching, more noble, and more thrilling, than anything that the richest imagination of the

romanticist can invent. While to the outside observer the struggles may appear a fruitless repetition of meaningless conflicts, they are, like the great labor movement of which they are a part, ever marching onward, ever advancing.

The anti-Semitic assertion that the Jew as a rule avoids productive labor, which is pure calumny so far as the Jews of Russia, Austria, and Roumania are concerned, would certainly be out of place in this country, where at least eighty per cent of all Jewish immigrants are among the most diligent wage-earners. As to the remainder, it includes, besides a large army of poor peddlers, thousands of such "business men" as news-dealers and rag-men, whose occupations are scarcely less productive or more agreeable than manual labor. More than ninety per cent of all the news-stands and news-routes in the city of New York are now in the hands of Russian Jews, and most of the rag-peddlers of New England are persons of the same nationality.

Farming settlements of Jews have not been very successful in this country. There are some Jews in Connecticut, in New Jersey, and in the Western states who derive a livelihood from agriculture, but the majority of the Jewish immigrants who took to tilling the soil in the eighties have been compelled to sell or to abandon their farms, and to join the urban population. But how many American farmers have met with a similar fate! This experience is part of the same great economic question, and it does not seem to have any direct bearing on the peculiar inclinations or disinclinations of the Hebrew race. It may not be generally known that in southern Russia there are hundreds of flourishing farms which are owned and worked by Jews, although, owing to their legal disabilities, the titles are fictitiously held by Christians.

Hundreds of Russian and Polish Jews have been more or less successful in business, and the names of several of them

are to be found on the signs along Broadway, but the richest is hardly worth a quarter of a million.

As to the educated Jewish immigrants, the college-bred men and women who constitute the professional class and the intellectual aristocracy of the Ghetto, judged by the *standard* of the slum district, they are prosperous.

The first educated Russian Hebrews to come to this country were attracted neither by the American colleges nor by the access of their race to a professional career. In the minds of some cultured enthusiasts, the general craze for shaking off the dust of the native land and seeking shelter under the stars and stripes crystallized in the form of a solution of the Jewish question. Of the two movements which were set on foot in 1882 by the Palestinians and the Americans, the American movement seemed the more successful. Several emigrant parties (the Eternal People, New Odessa) were sent out with a view to establishing agricultural colonies. The whole Jewish race was expected by the Americans to follow suit in joining the farming force of the United States, and numbers of Jewish students left the Russian universities and gymnasiums to enlist in the pioneer parties. All these parties broke up, some immediately upon reaching New York, others after an abortive attempt to put their plans into practice, although in several instances undertakings in the same direction have proved partially successful. The would-be pioneers were scattered through the Union, where they serve their brethren as physicians, druggists, dentists, lawyers, or teachers.

Only from three to five per cent of the vacancies in the Russian universities and gymnasiums are now open to applicants of the Mosaic faith. As a consequence, the various university towns of Germany, Switzerland, Belgium, France, and Austria have each a colony of Russo-Jewish pilgrims of learning. The impatient student, however, finds a univer-

sity course in those countries inaccessible. Much more favorable in this respect is the United States, where students from among the Jewish immigrants find it possible to sustain themselves during their college course by some occupation; and this advantage has to some extent made this country the Mecca of that class of young men. It is not, however, always the educated young men, the graduates of Russian gymnasiums, from whom the Russian members at the American colleges are recruited. Not to speak of the hundreds of immigrant boys and girls who reach the New York City College or the Normal College by way of the grammar schools of the Ghetto, there are in the colleges of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Boston, as well as among the professional men of the Jewish colonies, not a few former peddlers or workmen who received their first lessons in the rudimentary branches of education within the walls of an American tenement house. I was once consulted by an illiterate Jewish peddler of thirty-two who was at a loss to choose between a medical college and a dry goods store. "I have saved two thousand dollars," he said. "Some friends advise me to go into the dry goods business, but I wish to be an educated man and live like one." There are several practicing physicians with a similar history in the Ghetto, and in fairness it must be said that by reading and study, while at college and afterward, some of them have become well-informed and cultivated men. Altogether there are in New York alone about one hundred and fifty Russian physicians, about five hundred druggists and drug clerks, some twenty lawyers, from thirty to forty dentists, and several representatives of each of the other professions.

The Russian-speaking population is represented also in the colleges for women. There are scores of educated Russian girls in the sweat-shops, and their life is one of direst misery, — of over-

work in the shop, and of privations at home.

Politically the Jewish quarter is among the most promising districts in the metropolis. The influence of the vote-buyer, which is the blight of every poor neighborhood in the city, becomes in the Ghetto smaller and smaller. There is no method of determining the number of votes which are secured for either of the two leading parties by any of the several forms of bribery enumerated by Mr. James Bryce; but there are always some reform parties in the field which have no money to put up, and whose vote — whatever might be said of their doctrines — is exclusively one of principle. At the last municipal election there were four such parties in Greater New York. These were, the Citizens' Union, — whose candidate for mayor, Mr. Low, appealed to the voters for purity in municipal elections, — the Socialist Labor Party, the Henry George Democracy, and the Prohibitionists. In the four Assembly districts (the fourth, eighth, twelfth, and sixteenth) composing the main Ghetto of the metropolis, the aggregate vote polled by these four reform parties was 8678 (with Low in the lead, and the Socialist as a good second) in a total vote of 25,643, — a proportion which gives the Jewish quarter a place among the least corruptible districts in the city.

If some immigrants have not the "adequate conception of the significance of our institutions" of which Senator Fairbanks speaks, it is the American slum politician who gives the newcomer lessons in that conception; and if it happens to be an object lesson in the form of a two-dollar bill and a drink, the political organization which depends upon such a mode of "rolling up a big vote" is certainly as much to blame as the ignorant bribe-taker.

The ward heeler is as active in the Ghetto as elsewhere. Aided by an army of "workers," which is largely made up of the lowest dregs of the neighborhood,

he knocks, on election day, at the door of every tenement house apartment, while on the street the vote market goes on in open daylight as freely as it did before there was a Parkhurst to wage war against a guilty police organization. This statement is true of every destitute district, and the Jewish quarter is no exception to the rule. As was revealed by the Lexow committee, some of the leading district "bosses" in the great city, including a civil justice, owe their power to the political coöperation of criminals and women of the street. Unfortunately this is also the case with the Jewish neighborhood, where every wretch living on the profits of vice, almost without exception, is a member of some political club and an active "worker" for one of the two "machines," and where, during the campaign, every disreputable house is turned into an electioneering centre. If the tenth ward has come to be called "the Klondike" of the police, so much the worse for the parties who are directly responsible for the evil which justifies both that appellation and the name of "Tenderloin," which is borne by a more prosperous neighborhood than the Ghetto.

The malady is painful enough, but it is not the guilty politician from whom the remedy is to be expected. As to the Jewish quarter, the doctrine of self-help is practiced by the workingmen politically as well as economically. In proportion as the intelligence of the district is raised by the thousand and one educational agencies at work, "the many characteristics of the best citizens" with which Miss Van Etten was impressed in the Jews of the East Side come to the front, and the power of the corruptionist wanes.

The immigration reformer's dread of foreign socialism is scarcely consistent with his classification of the various nationalities who immigrate in large numbers. To judge from the overwhelming social-democratic vote in Germany, a large proportion of the Germans who

come to our ports are socialists, and yet they are placed at the very top of the list of desirable immigrants. Moreover, with some twenty states of the Union officially recognizing the Socialist Labor Party and printing its ballots, a crusade against the doctrine by the government would be a self-contradiction. Nor is it true that socialism is a foreign importation. The two socialist aldermen in the country (at Paterson, New Jersey, and Haverhill, Massachusetts) were elected by American workingmen; the new socialist organization called the Social Democracy is largely composed of Americans, and makes converts among the native elements of the working class. The Jewish immigrants, at all events, bring no socialism with them; and if it is true that the socialist following among Jewish workingmen is considerable and is growing, they owe it to the economic conditions which surround them here and to the influence of the American socialist with whom they come in contact. Like other socialists, they look to the ballot-box for the changes which they advocate. It is the Jewish socialist who leads the neighborhood in its fight against the political and moral turpitude which the politician spreads in the tenement houses.

The Jewish immigrants look upon the United States as their country, and now that it is engaged in war they do not shirk their duty. They have contributed three times their quota of volunteers to the army, and they had their representatives among the first martyrs of the campaign, two of the brave American sailors who were wounded at Cardenas and Cienfuegos being the sons of Hebrew immigrants.

The Russian Jew brings with him the quaint customs of a religion full of poetry and of the sources of good citizenship. The orthodox synagogue is not merely a house of prayer; it is an intellectual centre, a mutual aid society, a fountain of self-denying altruism, and a literary club, no less than a place of

worship. The study-rooms of the hundreds of synagogues, where the good old people of the Ghetto come to read and discuss "words of law" as well as the events of the day, are crowded every evening in the week with poor street peddlers, and with those gray-haired, misunderstood sweat-shop hands of whom the public hears every time a tailor strike is declared. So few are the joys which this world has to spare for these overworked, enfeebled victims of "the inferno of modern times" that their religion is to many of them the only thing which makes life worth living. In the fervor of prayer or the abandon of religious study they forget the grinding poverty of their homes. Between the walls of the synagogue, on the top floor of some ramshackle tenement house, they sing beautiful melodies, some of them composed in the caves and forests of Spain, where the wandering people worshiped the God of their fathers at the risk of their lives; and these and the sighs and sobs of the Days of Awe, the thrill that passes through the heart-broken talith-covered congregation when the shoffar blows, the mirth which fills the house of God and the tenement homes upon the Rejoicing of the Law, the tearful greetings and humbled peacemakings on Atonement Eve, the mysterious light of the Chanuccah candles, the gifts and charities of Purim, the joys and kingly solemnities of Passover, — all these pervade the atmosphere of the Ghetto with a beauty and a charm without which the life of its older residents would often be one of unrelieved misery.

How the sweat-shop striker and the religious enthusiast are found in the same person is an interesting question, and the following little episode may not be out of place.

It was a late hour during the recent strike of the Vest-Makers' Union, and the Jewish quarter was enveloped in the quiet of night. As I made my way

through the market-place, a merry, bizarre hubbub of singing voices broke upon the stillness of the street. The voices came from a tumble-down frame house, and were traced to three tiny low-ceiled rooms on the second floor. A Holy Ark and a reading-desk betokened the character of the place. The little synagogue was crowded with be-whiskered, pious, ragged old men. They sat at long tables, swaying and nodding, curling their side-locks or stroking their beards, as they sang a joyous Sabbath melody. Their faces shone and their voices trembled with emotion. A dark-eyed little girl of ten and her gaunt, sallow-faced father were hovering about, serving barley soup, cake, and beer to the company.

"I am no waiter," explained the gaunt man. "I am a member, like the others; but my wife prepared the feast, and somebody must serve it, so my little girl and I took the task upon ourselves. We are a Mishnah class. We meet every evening, after work, to study the holy words, and now that we have concluded the sixth tractate we celebrate the event. Each of us has contributed twenty-five cents, and so we are enjoying what the Uppermost has sent us. What other delights are open to us in this world?"

The assemblage proved to be made up of striking vest-makers. "Yes, we

attended the meeting to-day," said a shaggy, red-haired man, "but you know the saying, 'Half for yourselves and half for your God.' To-morrow we shall go to the meeting again. Ours is a just cause. It is for the bread of our children we are struggling. We want our rights, and we are bound to get them through the union. Saith the Law of Moses: 'Thou shalt not withhold anything from thy neighbor nor rob him; there shall not abide with thee the wages of him that is hired through the night until morning.' So it stands in Leviticus. So you see that our bosses who rob us and who don't pay us regularly commit a sin, and that the cause of our union is a just one. What do we come to America for? To bathe in tears, and to see our wives and our children rot in poverty? Tears and sighs we had in plenty in the old country."

A frown had settled upon his face, but it suddenly disappeared as he said, with a wave of his hand: "Well, this is not the time to discuss matters such as these. We have enough of them during the day. This is our holy feast,—a time for joy, not for woe. We have concluded the sixth tractate, thank the Uppermost."

The shaggy vest-maker shut his eyes, and with his features relaxed in a smile of unfeigned bliss, he burst out singing and snapping his fingers with the rest.

Abraham Cahan.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

THE heroine of our choice has always been a more difficult creation than the hero. The pages of fiction are full of Mortons, Orvilles, Lydgates, Wentworths, Heldars, irresistible heroes every one, and yet how few of them have won such ladies as they deserve! Sir Walter mercifully

draws the curtain over the prosaic sequel of Morton's life. We hope that Lord Orville was amused for a year or two. We know the fate of Lydgate and of Dick Heldar. Captain Wentworth, it is true, won a rare prize, but Anne Elliots are few in fiction as in the world to-day.

If we except the lovely sisterhood of

The Heroine of the Future.

Shakespeare's heroines whom any coward would die for, there are a scant score of women in English literature whose colors any one of us were proud to wear against all comers. Di Vernon, Dorothea Brooke, Elizabeth Bennet, Lady Castlewood, Katriona, and a dozen of their kin make up the sum. Our modern chivalry must have incentive. Our imagination must be aroused. For imagination is not dead, but sleeping. It slumbers soundly in the presence of the excellent Marcella, dozes in the face of Bathsheba Everdene, nods over Lord Ormont's Aminta, and turns a deaf ear to the melodious voice of Glory Quayle. But let another Beatrix (oh that there could be another!) come tripping down the stair to meet us in a modern chapter, wearing in our honor her white shoes and her scarlet stockings, and imagination will start up hotly enough at her approach.

The heroine such as the imagination cherishes has disappeared from our literature. Her place is filled by intelligent young women of various types. They are preferably serious. Then their forte is religion and their foible philanthropy. They probe the questions of society and life, and become at once the subjects of conversation in serious drawing-rooms. But a heroine of this class is always subordinate in interest to her ideas. She is impersonal, or her personality is obscured by the bright halo of her intellect.

Or again, the young woman is anything but serious. She may, perhaps, figure in one of Mr. Anthony Hope's romances. Surely she is not a heroine to touch the imagination. Our attention is riveted to the story. In the dove-tailed succession of alarms, excursions, entrances, retreats, adventures, escapades, a few brisk words of love are our only key to the lady's character. The swift lunge and parry of her speech amuse, but do not captivate. As we close the book, we are on no nearer terms with her than with some pretty actress when the curtain is rung down.

The heroine of to-day is most apt to be a dramatic character. The story is preferably tragic. With grim determination, the novelist stretches his reader on the rack, adjusts the thumbscrews, tightens the iron boots. The proof of the novel is in the pain it gives. With few exceptions, the plot is one of two or three established types. The "inexpressive She" is separated from her lover by the prejudices of caste, as in Mr. Caine, or by the intolerance of parents, as in Mr. Meredith. Or perhaps our story-tellers solve to their own satisfaction the problem so popular in the novels of France, and ring the changes upon "*Monsieur, Madame et l'autre*," as the French critics say. Here the psychologist has free range. Conditions and conclusion must be scientific, — no matter about the reader. The pathos of the story centres round the heroine. She is dramatic, passionate, intense. But it is not the intense, passionate, dramatic woman whom we commonly grow fond of in life. Why should she win us in books? She may be interesting, touching, absorbing, but that is quite a different matter. Such cannot be the heroine of our choice. Were her complexities incarnate upon earth, as they may be in a galaxy of women, should we follow her? Surely. Admire her? Perhaps. Love her? No, — a thousand times, no! Her passion, beauty, and suffering might conspire to insure the aim,

"But it's innocence and modesty
That polishes the dart,"

and we are proof against her enmity.

Nothing is so elusive as feminine charm. Photograph it, and you will not find its counterfeit upon the plate. Print it in books, and your description is cold as the type that stamped the paper. Only a few great artists have succeeded in this most difficult of portraitures. Whether it be Jane Austen or Ivan Turgeneff who draws the picture, we love and are grateful.

That a novel without a heroine whom

we delight to think of is imperfect, few will gainsay. In these days of novel-writing and novel-reading, it is interesting to notice how wide the author shoots of the difficult mark. Yet if the novelist holds up the mirror to life, great are his opportunities. Mr. Henry James, in a recent essay, comments upon the fresh field offered by the modern business man, "whose song has still to be sung, and his portrait still to be painted." This is most true, but how much vaster the province presented by the modern woman! Away with the humdrum hackneyed models of the past! Away with the Priscillas of an outworn age! Let every novelist set upon his marks, for surely his goal is within sight.

The progress of woman is evident on every hand. Far be it from us to belittle her advancing strides. Now, discarding the thwarting skirt, she climbs the Alps and lends a helping hand to the lagging mountaineer. Now we hear of her directing an army of sweepers and cleansing the Augean streets of Chicago. Now, scarcely pausing to vote, if we may trust the papers, she rushes to mass-meetings and proposes to join the National Guard. If the existing uniform must be altered, more 's the pity, but even so there will be something gained. Or again, she enters the quieter walks of life, and becomes a physician, lawyer, or mere clergywoman. If your novelist is still dissatisfied with these riches of material, let him turn for his heroine to the "sweet girl-graduate." Think of the plot of psychological problems which can be made to thicken about her! Armed from mortar-board to heel, she can meet the hero on his own ground, give him the choice of weapons, and beat him roundly.

Let the story-teller sweep the horizon with his literary glasses. Everywhere he will see the army of new women demanding recognition. Choice is invidious, but choose he must. Now at last he can find a heroine worthy of his novel.

A novel, forsooth! Why, she would queen it in an epic, while former heroes flee to Dunciads!

These are auspicious times for the maker of heroines. Well may he look forward to the new century with confidence in the approaching consummation of his art. The development of the heroine will increase the scope of the plot. The seductive villain will be thrown on the defensive, and it is the hero who will be won. The new heroine will be masterful, accomplished, dazzling, if you will, but will she charm? Will it be she whom the young men of the next generation will wish to dream of? Will her qualities go to make their ideals? Will they reverse the novelist's process, and run to seek her likeness through the world, or will they cling to the magic memory of the few lovely portraits they possess?

The story-teller must pursue his destiny. He will sketch the world about him in flattery, caricature, or truth. What will be the heroine of *his* choice?

"An' forward though I canna see,
I guess an' fear."

FROM the days of papyrus to the nineteenth century, when of the **Concerning Bibliomania.** making of books there is no end, bibliomania has affected mankind in more or less intensified form. Ineffectually has it been diagnosed and treated by bibliographs of all ages. Peignot defines it as "a passion for possessing books; not so much to be instructed by them as to gratify the eye by looking on them. He who is affected by this mania knows books only by their titles and dates, and is rather seduced by the exterior than the interior."

The symptoms of so virulent a disease are not to be mistaken. They can be instantly known, says Dibdin, by a passion for (1) large paper copies; (2) uncut copies; (3) illustrated copies; (4) unique copies; (5) copies printed upon vellum; (6) first editions; (7) true editions; (8) a general desire for the

black letter. I would add to these a passion for (9) editions printed at private presses; (10) editions privately bound.

A characteristic of the disease is that it succumbs to no known remedies. All applications, external as well as internal, seem but to increase its fervency; neither does poverty allay it, once the craze is on. Many a one so afflicted has gone starving to bed, transported by the possession of an incunabulum for which he has expended his last sou. No condition, no age, is exempt, no climate. It rages among royalty as among the commoner herd of humanity.

French book-collectors, and notably the mesdames de France, have displayed peculiar and luxurious tastes in binding. We are told that of the daughters of Louis XV., Adélaïde affected red morocco; Sophie, citron; and Victoire, olive. Catharine de' Medici was so great a connoisseur of finely bound books that authors and booksellers tried to distinguish themselves in bindings made expressly for her. Such was their success that it was deemed expedient, upon her death, to strip the books of their ornate and costly dress, lest they should fall a prey to her creditors. Marie Antoinette had a library of upwards of five thousand volumes in the Petit Trianon; and Madame de Pompadour, whose conduct was not in every respect above criticism, must surely be commended for her love of books, as she was the possessor of three thousand volumes. Her bookbinder was no less a personage than the celebrated Anton Michel Padeloup. Madame de Maintenon, too, had rare and exquisite taste in books and bindings; and enrolled among book-lovers are to be found the names of Marguerite d'Angoulême, Margaret of Valois, Diana of Poitiers, as well as the Duchesse de Montpensier, "La Grande Mademoiselle," the Marquise de Montespan, and the Duchesse du Berry. To them we owe some of the finest examples of the bookbinder's art. The idiosyncrasies of their dispositions

we can almost forgive by reason of that taste which to-day makes glad the heart of the book-fancier.

Nor do these names close the list of bibliophiles. Charles the Bald was a lover of books and learning. A Bible was illuminated expressly for his private use, and his love of learning often carried him to royal extremes. The story goes that one "Johannes Erigena, surnamed Scotus, a man renowned for learning, sitting at table, in respect of his learning, with Charles the Bauld, Emperor and King of France, behaved himself as a slovenly scholler, nothing courtly; whereupon the Emperor asked him merrily, *Quid interest Scotum et Sotum?* [What is there between a Scot and a Sot?] He merrily, but yet malapertly answered, *Mensa* [The table]; as though the Emperor were the Sot, and he the Scot."

Of English book-lovers the name is legion. Dibdin tells us that Richard de Bury, tutor to Edward III., and afterward Bishop of Durham, was the first affected. However this may be, certain it is that he owned more books than all the other bishops of England. Dean Colet and Erasmus abetted the mania, and Sir Thomas More was not exempt. Queen Elizabeth and Lady Jane Grey were given over to bibliophilism; and Henry VII. and James I., both book-lovers, even attempted literary production on their own account.

Pepys, despite his feminine frailties, was a collector of rare books; and sundry kicks disposed gratuitously among his servants, his flirtatious deportment at church when full of years, his maltreatment of the partner of his joys and sorrows, all these are of little moment in comparison with that worthy love of "an old book, a rare book, a grave, innocent book."

His Grace the Duke of Roxburghe conceived a passion for first editions. It has been related with all due authenticity that at a certain sale a first edition

of Shakespeare was offered. The duke's friends were deputed to bid it in, while he viewed the contest at a distance. Twenty guineas and more had been offered, when a slip was handed his Grace asking if his friends should continue bidding. The duke wrote in reply : —

“ Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, ' Hold,
enough ! ' ”

It is needless to say that the duke became the happy possessor of the folio.

Undoubtedly, it is to the bookbinder of the past that we owe in a very large degree the extension of the mania. Such exquisite workmen as Grolier, Maioli, Le Gascon, Derôme, and Padeloup worked for all time ; and how amazed, not to say dumfounded, would these worthies be to behold the methods we employ to supply the ever increasing demand for books ! Nowadays we preserve a book of American manufacture, not for the beauty of its binding, not for the tooling on this one or that, not for the rare quality of the morocco, but, perchance, because it is a first edition of Hawthorne or of Poe's Tamerlane, or, what is more than probable, because undue use would soon end in its destruction, such is the ephemeral nature of our art of to-day. The signs, however, are propitious ; and when once we have recovered from extreme youth, with its hurry and bluster and unsophistication, then shall our versatility be turned toward the arts, of which not the least is the art of binding.

The peculiar ideas in bookbinding are many and curious. The Golden Ass of Apuleius was once bound in ass's skin ; a collection of pamphlets respecting one Mary Tufts, reputed to have been confined of rabbits, was sent forth to the world in rabbit skin ; Tuberville on Hunting was bound by Whittaker in deer skin ; Fox's historical works met the gaze of humanity in fox skin, and Bacon's works in hog skin.

On May 15, 1874, there was sold in Paris, by auction, a part of the library of

M. Lucien de Rosuy, father of the eminent Japanese scholar. Some of the books, we are told, were bound in cat skin colored garnet and buff ; others in the skins of the crocodile, royal tiger, rattlesnake, seal, otter, white bear, and Canadian black wolf. I confess to little, if any, sympathy for the taste of M. Lucien de Rosuy, authority in binding though he may have been. How much more healthful and normal that of him who has written concerning his simple wants : —

“ Of books but few, — some fifty score
For daily use, and bound for wear ;
The rest upon an upper floor ;
Some *little* luxury *there*
Of red morocco's gilded gleam
And vellum rich as country cream.”

In addition to the many evils we lay at the door of the French Revolution is the morbid practice of binding in human skin. What must have been the feelings of that lady whose lover, a Russian poet, is said to have presented her with a volume of his sonnets bound in his own skin, taken from an amputated leg ! More desirable by far, from a moral point of view, as a salutary warning to the young and to evil doers generally, was the practice in vogue in the less enlightened past of flaying criminals to obtain materials for binding contemporary legal documents. This recalls an edition of The Newgate Calendar, being the memoirs of the most notorious characters convicted of outrages on the laws of England since the eighteenth century, the binding of which was ornamented in gold with designs suggestive of the contents ; to wit, dark lanterns, masks, pistols, handcuffs, shackles, and other reminders of crime. A public library in Bury St. Edmunds contains a full account of the execution of a murderer, in an octavo volume bound in the murderer's own skin by a surgeon of the town.

A more elegant, and certainly a less gruesome habiliment for a book was a piece of the waistcoat of Charles I., in

which a volume was bound relating to the dwarf Jeffrey Hudson. A copy of the New Year's Gift was appareled in a like manner. With this the supply must have been exhausted, since we read of no further use being made of the garment.

To the bibliognostic the following lines from Pope's *Dunciad* are eloquent with meaning : —

"There Caxton sleeps with Wynkyn at his side,
One clasped in wood, and one in strong cow-hide."

Another fancy that obtained at an early date was the insertion of jewels into the bindings of books. St. Jerome is said to have exclaimed, "Your books are covered with precious stones, and Christ died naked before his temple!"

By a law of March 24, 1583, Henry III. of France forbids the bourgeois to wear precious stones in their dress, but such is the graciousness of his Majesty he allows their books of devotion to be adorned with diamonds, not exceeding four, while the nobility are allowed five, and the princes are not limited as to number. It was the same monarch who, when he instituted the order of Penitents, invented a binding consisting of the cheerful device of death's-heads, cross-bones, tears, crosses, and other instruments of the Passion, on black morocco, relieved, however, by the inscription "*Spes mea Deus.*"

Carlyle, it is said, had no love for books *per se*, and Darwin was not deterred by any sentimental notions of sacrilege from cutting an unwieldy volume in two for easier manipulation. Not so Petrarch, who would suffer the loss of a leg rather than submit to such torture an edition of the *Epistles of Cicero*, transcribed by himself, and bound so massively as to be constantly falling upon

that unfortunate member. But Carlyle was too "sairously" bent upon the reformation of humanity, and Darwin too much absorbed in the origin of that humanity, to have time for the indulgence of a fancy so pertinacious as bibliophilism. If a portion of the *Iliad* was found in the hands of a mummy, think you it was more precious in the eyes of Carlyle, the lover of great men, — Carlyle, who styles the immortal Johnson the withered pontiff of Encyclopædism? To him books were of intrinsic worth only for the soul and thought that were in them. The value of Boswell's *Letters* was not enhanced in Temple's eyes because they were discovered in a shop at Boulogne in use for wrapping-paper; nor of Sterne's *Diary* in that it was found in a plate-warmer. He was an admirer of Luther's *Table Talk*, not because it was unearthed from an old foundation, wrapped in strong linen cloth, waxed within and without, in which condition it had lain since its suppression. And so he writes: "In books lies the soul of the whole past; the articulate audible voice of the past, when the body and material substance of it has altogether vanished like a dream. All that mankind has done, thought, gained, or been, — it is lying as in magic preservation in the pages of books." And again: "Is it not verily, at bottom, the highest act of man's faculty that produces a book?" And as such the Sage of Chelsea revered it; not for any atmosphere of antiquity that proceeded from it.

But let me not seem to discourage the bibliomaniac's profession; this were the part of no true bibliophile. Rather do I say, Love a book! — in any way, whether its age, or dress, or thought appeals to you, love it with all the ardor of your soul.